

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

VOL. LVII, No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1898

PRICE, 35 CENTS.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



MACMILLAN AND CO. BEDFORD ST. LONDON
THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE. NEW YORK

Copyright 1898, by The Century Co. (Trade Mark Registered Oct. 18th, 1881) Entered at N. Y. Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter

An illustration of pine branches with several cones, rendered in a detailed, etched style. The branches and cones are arranged to frame a central rectangular text box. The pine needles are long and thin, while the cones are of varying sizes and orientations. The entire illustration is enclosed within a decorative border consisting of a repeating floral or leaf-like motif.

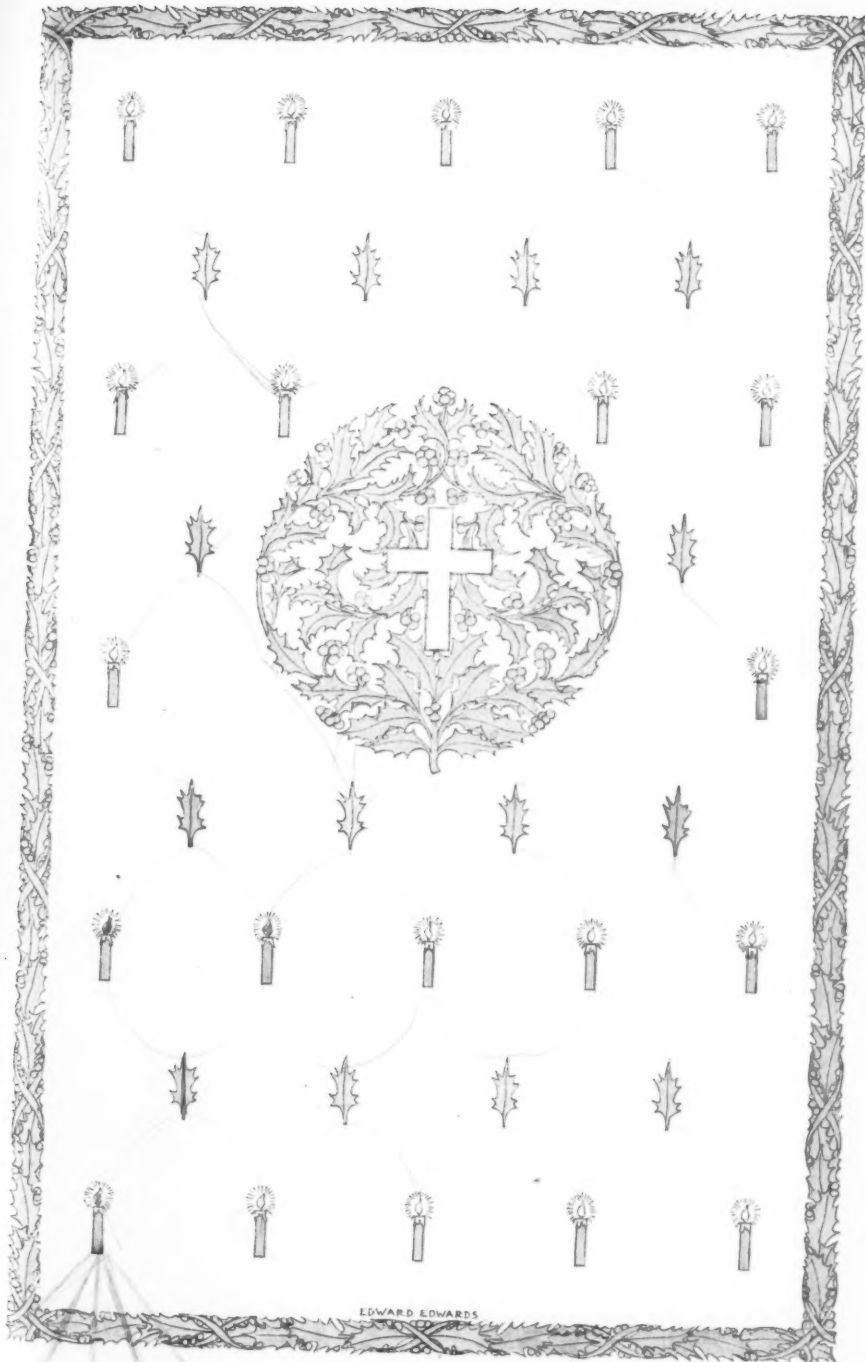
Anna G. Packer

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

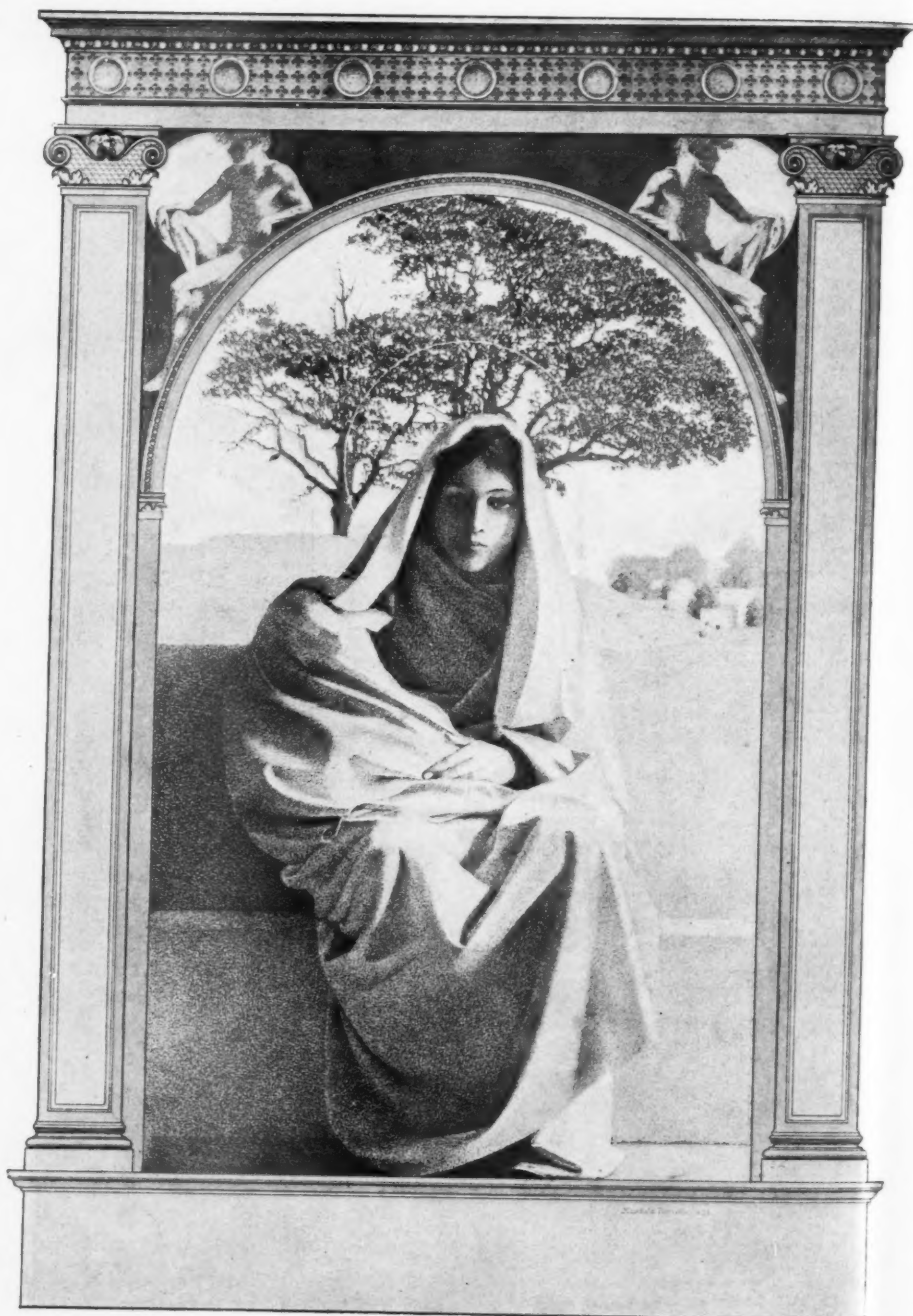
is peculiarly adapted
to the protection of
the skin under all
climatic changes and
conditions. It keeps
the hands smooth
and supple, quickly
correcting ROUGH-
NESS and CHAPPING.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK.

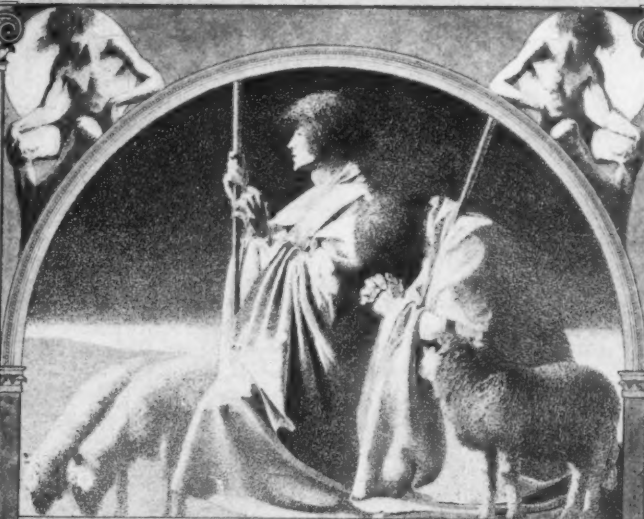
UNIV. OF TORONTO
8 DEC 1898



GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MI
3 DEC 1893



C H R I S T M A S E V E



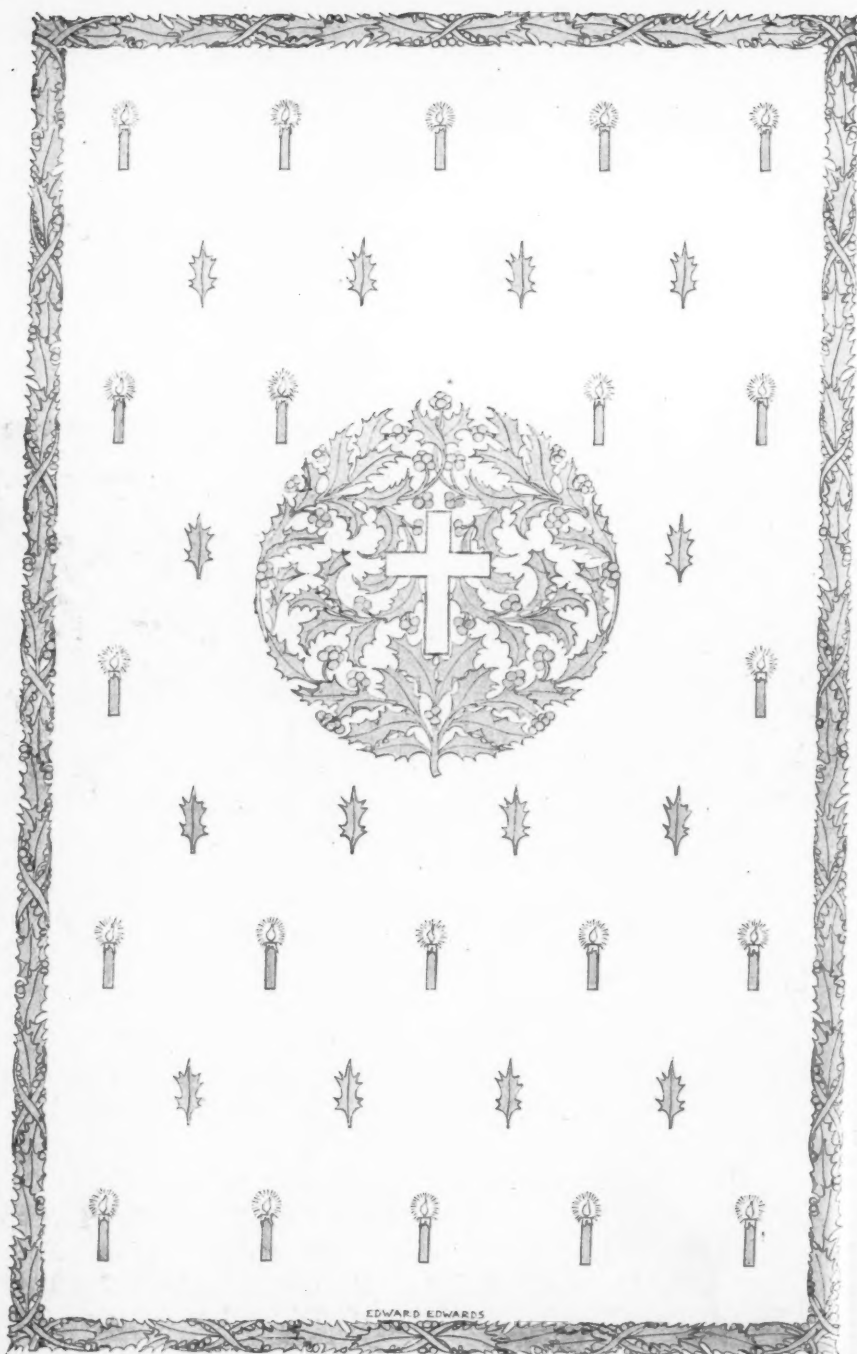
BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE. * * *

NOT to Jerusalem's palm-welcomed King,
Not to the Man reviled on Calvary's height,
Not to the risen God, my heart doth lift
In wondering awe to-night:

But to the Baby, shut from Bethlehem's Inn,
About whose feet the wise, dumb creatures pressed,—
The downy head, the little nestling hands,
On Mary's breast.

There were so many ways Thou couldst have come,—
Lord of incarnate life and form Thou art,—
That Thou shouldst choose to be a helpless Babe,
Held to a woman's heart,

Doth seem Thy tenderest miracle of love;
For this, more wondrous than Love sacrificed,
All women, till the utmost stars grow dim
Must love Thee, Christ!



EDWARD EDWARDS

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
3 DEC 1898

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LVII.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.



TO A MAGNOLIA FLOWER, IN THE GARDEN OF THE ARMENIAN CONVENT AT VENICE.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.

I SAW THY BEAUTY IN ITS HIGH ESTATE
OF PERFECT EMPIRE, WHERE AT SET OF SUN
IN THE COOL TWILIGHT OF THY LUCENT LEAVES
THE DEWY FRESHNESS TOLD THAT DAY WAS DONE.

HAST THOU NO GIFT BEYOND THINE IVORY CONE'S
SURPASSING LOVELINESS? ART THOU NOT NEAR-
MORE NEAR THAN WE - TO NATURE'S SILENTNESS;
IS IT NOT VOICEFUL TO THY FINER EAR?

Copyright, 1898, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

VOL. LVII. - 21.

161



THY FOLDED SECRECY DOTH LIKE A CHARM
COMPEL TO THOUGHT. WHAT SPRING-BORN YEARNING LIES
WITHIN THE QUIET OF THY STAINLESS BREAST
THAT DOTHS WITH LANGUOROUS PASSION SEEM TO RISE?

THE SOUL DOTHS TRUANT ANGELS ENTERTAIN
WHO WITH RELUCTANT JOY THEIR THOUGHTS CONFESS:
LOW-BREATHING, TO THESE SISTER SPIRITS GIVE
THE VIRGIN MYSTERIES OF THY HEART TO GUESS.

WHAT WHISPERS HAST THOU FROM YON CHILDLIKE SEA
THAT SOBS ALL NIGHT BESIDE THESE GARDEN WALLS?
CANST THOU INTERPRET WHAT THE LARK HATH SUNG
WHEN FROM THE CHOIR OF HEAVEN HER MUSIC FALLS?

IF FOR COMPANIONSHIP OF PURITY
THE EQUAL PALLOR OF THE RISEN MOON
DISTURB THY DREAMS, DOST KNOW TO READ ARIGHT
HER SILVER TRACERY ON THE DARK LAGOON?

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
8 DEC 1898




THE MISCHIEF-MAKING FRUITFULNESS OF MAY
STIRS ALL THE GARDEN FOLK WITH VAGUE DESIRES:
DOTH THERE NOT REACH THINE APPREHENSIVE EAR
THE FADED LONGING OF THESE DARK-ROBED FRIARS,

WHEN, IN THE EVENING HOUR TO MEMORIES GIVEN,
SOME GRAY-HAIRED MAN AMID THE GATHERING GLOOM
FOR ONE DELIRIOUS MOMENT SEES AGAIN
THE GLEAM OF EYES AND WHITE-WALLED ERZEROUZ?

HAST THOU NOT LOVED HIM FOR THIS HUMAN DREAM?
OR SIGHED WITH HIM WHO YESTER-EVENING SAT
UPON THE LOW SEA-WALL, AND SAW THROUGH TEARS
HIS RUINED HOME, AND SNOW-CLAD ARARAT?

IF THOU ART DOWERED WITH SOME REFINED SENSE
THAT SHARES THE COUNSELS OF THE NESTING BIRD,
CANST HEAR THE MIGHTY LAUGHTER OF THE EARTH,
AND ALL THAT EAR OF MAN HATH NEVER HEARD,

IF THE ABYSMAL STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT
BE ELOQUENT FOR THEE, IF THOU CANST READ
THE GLOWING RUBRIC OF THE MORNING SONG,
DOTH EACH NEW DAY NO GENTLE WARNING BREED?



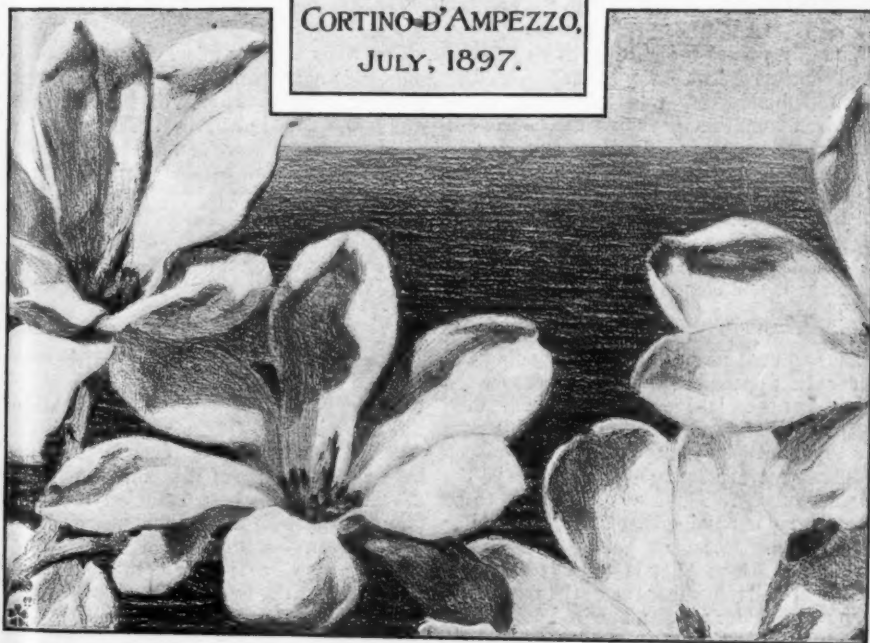
SHALL NOT THE GOSSIP OF THE MAUDLIN BEE,
THE FRAGRANT HISTORY OF THE FALLEN ROSE,
UNTO THE PRESCIENCE OF INSTINCTIVE LOVE
SOME HUMBLER PROPHECY OF JOY DISCLOSE?

COLD VESTAL OF THE LEAFY CONVENT CELL,
THE TRAITOR DAYS HAVE THY CALM TRUST BETRAYED;
THE SEA-WIND BOLDLY PARTS THY SHINING LEAVES
TO LET THE ANGEL IN. BE NOT AFRAID!

THE GOLD-WINGED SUN, DIVINELY PENETRANT,
THE PURE ANNUNCIATION OF THE MORN
BREATHES O'ER THY CHASTITY, AND TO THY SOUL
THE TENDER THRILL OF MOTHERHOOD IS BORNE.

SET WIDE THE GLORY OF THY PERFECT BLOOM!
CALL EVERY WIND TO SHARE THY SCENTED BREATHS!
NO LIFE IS BRIEF THAT DOTHS PERFECTION WIN.
TO-DAY IS THINE - TO-MORROW THOU ART DEATH'S!

CORTINO-D'AMPEZZO,
JULY, 1897.



THE PASSING OF CAT ALLEY.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,
Author of "How the Other Half Live," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.



WHEN Santa Claus comes around to New York this Christmas he will look in vain for some of the slum alleys he used to know. They are gone. Where some of them were, there are shrubs and trees and greensward; the sites of others are holes and hillocks yet, that by and by, when all the official red tape is unwound,—and what a lot of it there is to plague mankind!—will be leveled out and made into playgrounds for little feet that have been aching for them too long. Perhaps it will surprise some good people to hear that Santa Claus knew the old alleys; but he did. I have been there with him, and I knew that, much as some things which he saw there grieved him,—the starved childhood, the pinching poverty, and the slovenly indifference that cut deeper than the rest because it spoke of hope that was dead,—yet by nothing was his gentle spirit so grieved and shocked as by the show that proposed to turn his holiday into a battalion drill of the children from the alleys and the courts for patricians, young and old, to review. It was well meant, but it was not Christmas. That belongs to the home, and in the darkest slums Santa Claus found homes where his blessed tree took root and shed its mild radiance about, dispelling the darkness and bringing back hope and courage and trust.

They are gone, the old alleys. Three years of reform wiped them out. It is well. Santa Claus will not have harder work finding the doors that opened to him gladly, because the light has been let in. And others will stand ajar that before were closed. The chimneys in tenement-house alleys were never built on a plan generous enough to let him in in the orthodox way. The cost of coal had to be considered in putting them up. Bottle Alley and Bandits' Roost are gone with their bad memories. Bone Alley is gone, and Gotham Court. I well remember the Christmas tree in the court, under which a hundred dolls stood in line, craving partners among the girls in its tenements. That was the kind of battal-

ion drill that they understood. The ceiling of the room was so low that the tree had to be cut almost in half; but it was beautiful, and it lives yet, I know, in the hearts of the little ones, as it lives in mine. The "Barracks" are gone, a little ahead of time, it is true; but it was a good riddance. I believe the courts decided that they might have another chance, but they were gone then. The sanitary authorities were not so long-suffering as the judges, but then they had had the Barracks on their hands for half a lifetime. Child-murder was the profession of the old pigsty. We had almost forgotten that Hell's Kitchen existed till, the other day, it was heard from again in the old way of riot and murder. Never a squeak came from it in the three years of reform rule and Roosevelt. Nipsey's Alley is gone, where the first Christmas tree was lighted the night poor Nipsey lay dead in his coffin. And Cat Alley is gone.

Cat Alley was my alley. It was mine by right of long acquaintance. We were neighbors for twenty years. Yet I never knew why it was called Cat Alley. There was the usual number of cats, gaunt and voracious, which foraged in its ash-barrels; but beyond the family of three-legged cats, that presented its own problem of heredity,—the kittens took it from the mother, who had lost one leg under the wheels of a dray,—there was nothing specially remarkable about them. It was not an alley, either, when it comes to that, but rather a row of four or five old tenements in a back yard that was reached by a passageway somewhat less than three feet wide between the sheer walls of the front houses. These had once had pretensions to some style. One of them had been the parsonage of the church next door that had by turns been an old-style Methodist tabernacle, a fashionable negroes' temple, and an Italian mission church, thus marking time, as it were, to the upward movement of the immigration that came in at the bottom, down in the Fourth Ward, fought its way through the Bloody Sixth, and by the time it had traveled the length of

Mulberry street had acquired a local standing and the right to be counted and rounded up by the political bosses. Now the old houses were filled with newspaper offices and given over to perpetual insomnia. Week-days and Sundays, night or day, they never slept. Police Headquarters was right across the way, and kept the reporters awake. From his window the chief looked down the narrow passageway to the bottom of the alley, and the alley looked back at him, nothing daunted. No man is a hero to his valet, and the chief was not an autocrat to Cat Alley. It knew all his human weaknesses, could tell when his time was up generally before he could, and winked the other eye with the captains when the newspapers spoke of his having read them a severe lecture on gambling or Sunday beer-selling. Byrnes it worshiped, but for the others who were before him and followed after it cherished a neighborly sort of contempt.

In the character of its population Cat Alley was properly cosmopolitan. The only element that was missing was the native American, and in this also it was representative of the tenement districts in America's chief city. The substratum was Irish, of volcanic properties. Upon this were imposed layers of German, French, Jewish, and Italian, or, as the alley would have put it, Dutch, Sabé, Sheeny, and Dago; but to this last it did not take kindly. With the experience of the rest of Mulberry street before it, it foresaw its doom if the Dago got a footing there, and within a month of the moving in of the Gio family there was an eruption of the basement volcano, reinforced by the sanitary policeman, to whom complaint had been made that there were too many "Guineas" in the Gio flat. There were four—about half as many as there were in some of the other flats when the item of house-rent was lessened for economic reasons; but it covered the ground: the flat was too small for the Gios. The appeal of the signora was unavailing. "You got-a three bambino," she said to the housekeeper, "all four, lika me," counting the number on her fingers. "I no putta me broder-in-law and me sister in the street-a. Italian lika to be together."

The housekeeper was unmoved. "Humph!" she said, "to liken my kids to them Dagos! Out they go." And they went.

Up on the third floor there was the French couple. It was another of the contradictions of the alley that of this pair the man should have been a typical, stolid German, she a mercurial Parisian who at seventy

sang the "Marseillaise" with all the spirit of the Commune in her cracked voice, and hated from the bottom of her patriotic soul the enemy with whom the irony of fate had yoked her. However, she improved the opportunity in truly French fashion. He was rheumatic, and most of the time was tied to his chair. He had not worked for seven years. "He no goode," she said, with a grimace, as her nimble fingers fashioned the wares by the sale of which, from a basket, she supported them both. The wares were dancing-girls with tremendous limbs and very brief skirts of tricolor gauze,—*"ballerinas,"* in her vocabulary,—and monkeys with tin hats, cunningly made to look like German soldiers. For these she taught him to supply the decorations. It was his department, she reasoned; the ballerinas were of her country and hers. *Parbleu!* must one not work? What then? Starve? Before her look and gesture the cripple quailed, and twisted and rolled and pasted all day long, to his country's shame, fuming with impotent rage.

"I wish the devil had you," he growled, with black looks across the table.

She regarded him maliciously, with head tilted on one side, as a bird eyes a caterpillar it has speared.

"Hein!" she scoffed. "Du den, vat?"

He scowled. She was right; without her he was helpless. The judgment of the alley was unimpeachable. They were and remained "the French couple."

Cat Alley's reception of Madame Klotz at first was not cordial. It was disposed to regard as a hostile act the circumstance that she kept a special holiday of which nothing was known except from her statement that it referred to the fall of somebody or other whom she called the Bastille, in suspicious proximity to the detested battle of the Boyne; but when it was observed that she did nothing worse than dance upon the flags "*avec ze leetle bébé*" of the tenant in the basement, and torture her "Dooch" husband with extra monkeys and gibes in honor of the day, unfavorable judgment was suspended, and it was agreed that without a doubt the "bastard" fell for cause; wherein the alley showed its sound historical judgment. By such moral pressure when it could, by force when it must, the original Irish stock preserved the alley for its own quarrels, free from "foreign" embroilments. These quarrels were many and involved. When Mrs. M'Carthy was to be dispossessed, and insisted, in her cups, on killing the housekeeper as a necessary preliminary, a study of the causes



THE BIG CHRISTMAS TREE, CAT ALLEY.

that led to the feud developed the following normal condition: Mrs. M'Carthy had the housekeeper's place when Mrs. Gehegan was poor, and fed her "kids." As a reward, Mrs. Gehegan worked around and got the job away from her. Now that it was Mrs. M'Carthy's turn to be poor, Mrs. Gehegan insisted upon putting her out. Whereat, with righteous wrath, Mrs. M'Carthy proclaimed from the stoop: "Many is the time Mrs. Gehegan had a load on, an' she went up-stairs an' slept it off. I did n't. I used to show meself, I did, as a lady. I know ye 're in there, Mrs. Gehegan. Come out an' show yerself, an' I've the alley to judge betwixt us." To which Mrs. Gehegan prudently vouchsafed no answer.

Mrs. M'Carthy had succeeded to the office of housekeeper upon the death of Miss Mahoney, an ancient spinster who had collected the rents since the days of "the riot," meaning the Orange riot—an event from which the alley reckoned its time, as the ancients did from the Olympian games. Miss Mahoney was a most exemplary and worthy old lady, thrifty to a fault. Indeed, it was said when she was gone that she had literally starved herself to death to lay by money for the rainy day she was keeping a lookout for to the last. In this she was obeying her in-

stincts; but they went counter to those of the alley, and the result was very bad. As an example, Miss Mahoney's life was a failure. When at her death it was discovered that she had bank-books representing a total of two thousand dollars, her nephew and only heir promptly knocked off work and proceeded to celebrate, which he did with such fervor that in two months he had run through it all and killed himself by his excesses. Miss Mahoney's was the first bank-account in the alley, and, so far as I know, the last.

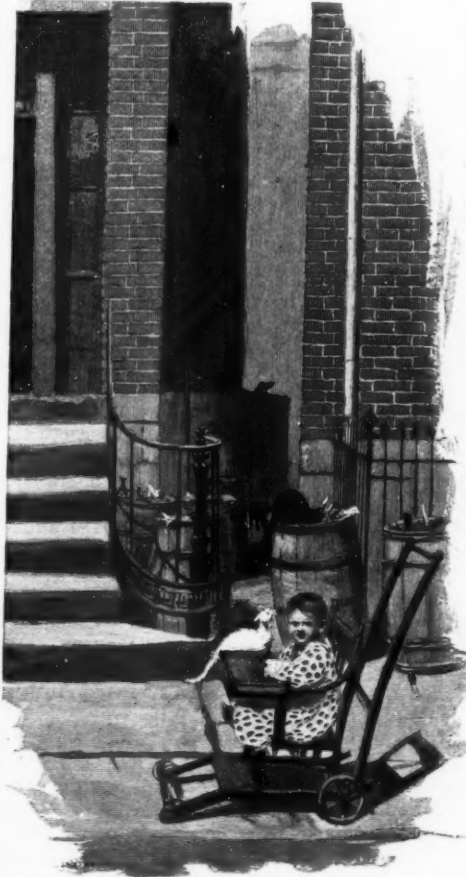
From what I have said, it must not be supposed that fighting was the normal occupation of Cat Alley. It was rather its relaxation from unceasing toil and care, from which no to-morrow held promise of relief. There was a deal of good humor in it at most times. "Scrapping" came naturally to the alley. When, as was sometimes the case, it was the complement of a wake, it was as the mirth of children who laugh in the dark because they are afraid. But once an occurrence of that sort scandalized the tenants. It was because of the violation of the Monroe Doctrine, to which, as I have said, the alley held most firmly, with severely local application. To Mulberry street Mott street was a foreign foe from which no interference was desired or long endured. A tenant in "the back"

had died in the hospital of rheumatism, a term which in the slums sums up all of poverty's hardships, scant and poor food, damp rooms, and hard work, and the family had come home for the funeral. It was not a pleasant home-coming. The father in his day had been strict, and his severity had driven his girls to the street. They had landed in Chinatown, with all that that implies, one at a time; first the older and then the younger, whom the sister took under her wing and coached. She was very handsome, was the younger sister, with an innocent look in her blue eyes that her language belied, and smart, as her marriage-ring bore witness to. The alley, where the proprieties were held to tenaciously, observed it and forgave all the rest, even her "Chink" husband. While her father was lying ill, she had spent a brief vacation in the alley. Now that he was dead, her less successful sister came home, and with her a delegation of girls from Chinatown. In their tawdry finery they walked in, sallow and bold, with Mott street

The alley had withheld audible comment with a tact that did it credit; but when at night Mott street added its contingent of "fellows" to the mourners properly concerned in the wake, and they started a fight among themselves that was unauthorized by local sanction, its wrath was aroused, and it arose and bundled the whole concern out into

the street with scant ceremony. There was never an invasion of the alley after that night. It enjoyed home rule undisturbed.

Withal, there was as much kindness of heart and neighborly charity in Cat Alley as in any little community up-town or down-town, or out of town, for that matter. It had its standards and its customs, which were to be observed; but underneath it all, and not very far down either, was a human fellowship that was capable of any sacrifice to help a friend in need. Many was the widow with whom and with whose children the alley shared its daily bread, which was scanty enough, God knows, when death or other disaster had brought her to the jumping-



THE ENTRANCE TO CAT ALLEY.

and the accursed pipe written all over them, defiant of public opinion, yet afraid to enter except in a body. The alley considered them from behind closed blinds, while the children stood by silently to see them pass. When one of them offered one of the "kids" a penny, he let it fall on the pavement, as if it were unclean. It was a sore thrust, and it hurt cruelly; but no one saw it in her face as she went in where the dead lay, with scorn and hatred as her offering.

off place. In twenty years I do not recall a suicide in the alley, or a case of suffering demanding the interference of the authorities, unless with such help as the hospital could give. The alley took care of its own, and tided them over the worst when it came to that. And death was not always the worst. I remember yet with a shudder a tragedy which I was just in time with the police to prevent. A laborer, who lived in the attic, had gone mad, poisoned by the stench of

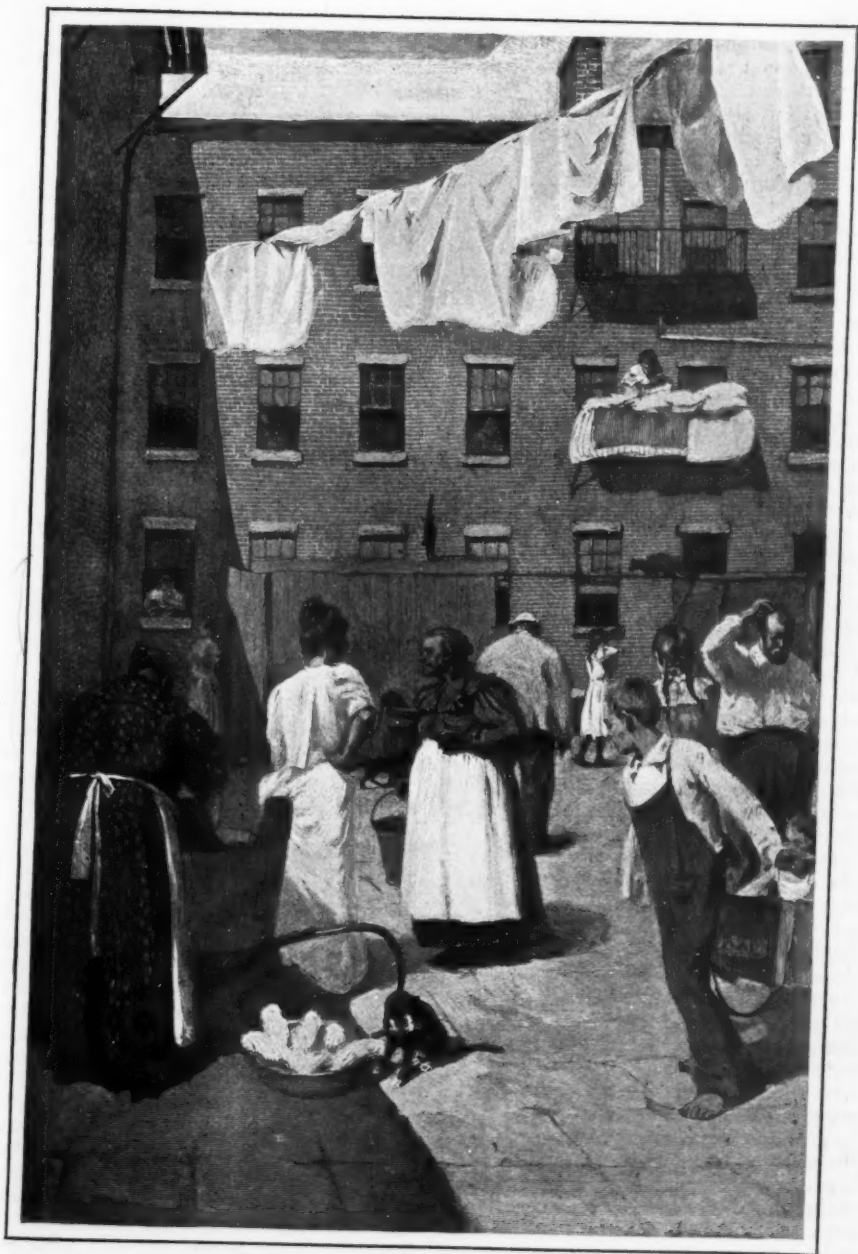
the sewers in which he worked. For two nights he had been pacing the hallway muttering incoherent things, and then fell to sharpening an ax, with his six children playing about—beautiful, brown-eyed girls they were, sweet and innocent little tots. In five minutes we should have been too late, for it appeared that the man's madness had taken on the homicidal tinge. They were better out of the world, he told us as we carried him off to the hospital. When he was gone, the children came upon the alley, and loyally did it stand by them until a job was found for the mother by the local political boss. He got her appointed a scrub-woman at the City Hall, and the alley, always faithful, was solid for him ever after. Organized charity might, and indeed did, provide groceries on the instalment plan. The Tammany captain provided the means of pulling the family through and of bringing up the children, although there was not a vote in the family. It was not the first time I had met him and observed his plan of "keeping close" to the people. Against it not the most carping reform critic could have found just ground of complaint.

The charity of the alley was contagious. With the reporters' messenger boys, a harum-scarum lot, in "the front," the alley was not on good terms for any long stretch at a time. They made a racket at night, and had sport with "old man Quinn," who was a victim of dropsy. He was "walking on dough," they asseverated, and paid no attention to the explanation of the alley that he had "kidney feet." But when the old man died and his wife was left penniless, I found some of them secretly contributing to her keep. It was not so long after that that another old pensioner of the alley, suddenly drawn into their cyclonic sport in the narrow passageway, fell and broke her arm. Apparently no one in the lot was individually to blame. It was an unfortunate accident, and it deprived her of her poor means of earning the few pennies with which she eked out the charity of the alley. Worse than that, it took from her hope after death, as it were. For years she had pinched and saved and denied herself to keep up a payment of twenty-five cents a week which insured her decent burial in consecrated ground. Now that she could no longer work, the dreaded trench in the Potter's Field yawned to receive her. That was the blow that broke her down. She was put out by the landlord soon after the accident, as a hopeless tenant, and I thought that she had

gone to the almshouse, when by chance I came upon her living quite happily in a tenement on the next block. "Living" is hardly the word; she was really waiting to die, but waiting with a cheerful content that amazed me until she herself betrayed the secret of it. Every week one of the messenger boys brought her out of his scanty wages the quarter that alike insured her peace of mind and the undisturbed rest of her body in its long sleep, which a life of toil had pictured to her as the greatest of earth's boons.

Death came to Cat Alley in varying forms, often enough as a welcome relief to those for whom it called, rarely without its dark riddle for those whom it left behind, to be answered without delay or long guessing. There were at one time three widows with little children in the alley, none of them over twenty-five. They had been married at fifteen or sixteen, and when they were called upon to face the world and fight its battles alone were yet young and inexperienced girls themselves. Improvidence! Yes. Early marriages are at the bottom of much mischief among the poor. And yet perhaps these, and others like them, might have offered the homes from which they went out as a valid defense. To their credit be it said that they accepted their lot bravely, and, with the help of the alley, pulled through. Two of them married again, and made a bad job of it. Second marriages seldom turned out well in the alley. They were a refuge of the women from work that was wearing their lives out, and gave them in exchange usually a tyrant who hastened the process. There was never any sentiment about it. "I don't know what I shall do," said one of the widows to me, when at last it was decreed that the tenements were to be pulled down, "unless I can find a man to take care of me. Might get one that drinks? I would hammer him half to death." She did find her "man," only to have him on her hands, too. It was the last straw. Before the wreckers came around she was dead. The amazed indignation of the alley at the discovery of her second marriage, which till then had been kept secret, was beyond bounds. The supposed widow's neighbor across the hall, whom we knew in the front generally as "the Fat One," was so stunned by the revelation that she did not recover in season to go to the funeral. She was never afterward the same.

In the good old days when the world was right, the Fat One had enjoyed the distinction of being the one tenant in Cat Alley whose growler never ran dry. It made no



THE COURT OF CAT ALLEY.

difference how strictly the Sunday law was observed toward the rest of the world; the Fat One would set out from the alley with her growler in a basket,—this as a concession to the unnatural prejudices of a misguided community, not as an evasion, for she made a point of showing it to the policeman on the corner,—and return with it filled. Her look of scornful triumph as she marched through the alley, and the backward toss of her head toward Police Headquarters, which said plainly: "Ha! you thought you could! But you did n't, did you?" were the admiration of the alley. It allowed that she had met and downed Roosevelt in a fair fight. But after the last funeral the Fat One never again carried the growler. Her spirit was broken. All things were coming to an end, the alley itself with them.

One funeral I recall with a pleasure which the years have in no way dimmed. It was at a time before the King's Daughters' Tenement-house Committee was organized, when out-of-town friends used to send flowers to my office for the poor. The first notice I had of a death in the alley was when a delegation of children from the rear knocked and asked for daisies. There was something unnaturally solemn about them that prompted me to make inquiries, and then it came out that old Mrs. Walsh was dead and going on her long ride up to Hart's Island; for she was quite friendless, and the purse-strings of the alley were not long enough to save her from the Potter's Field. The city hearse was even then at the door, and they were carrying in the rough pine coffin. With the children the crippled old woman had been a favorite; she had always a kind word for them, and they paid her back in the way they knew she

would have loved best. Not even the coffin of the police sergeant, who was a brother of the district leader, was so gloriously decked out as old Mrs. Walsh's when she started on her last journey. The children stood in the passageway with their arms full of daisies, and gave the old soul a departing cheer; and though it was quite irregular, it was all right, for it was well meant, and Cat Alley knew it.

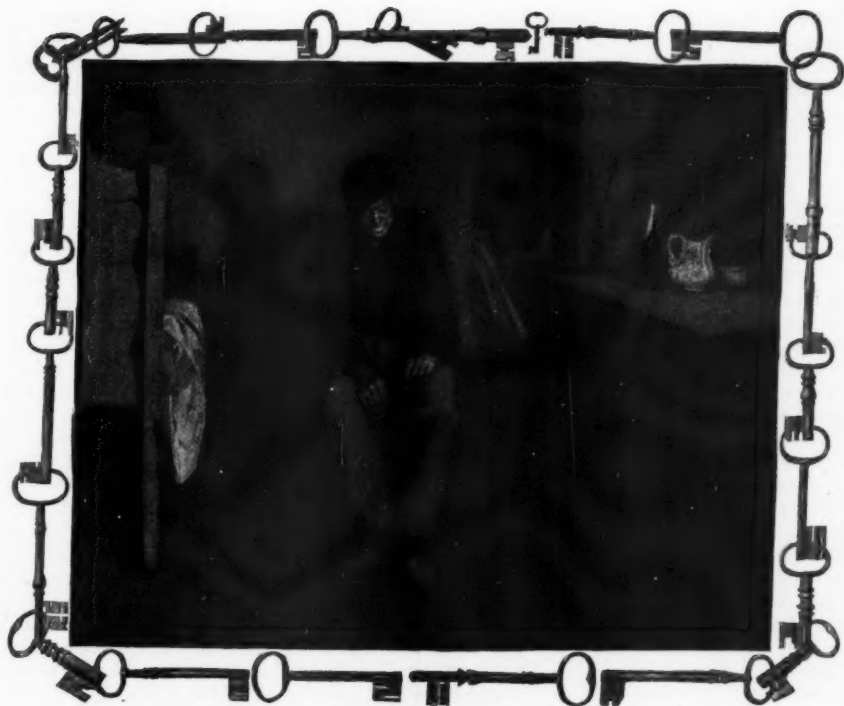
They were much like other children, those of the alley. It was only in their later years that the alley and the growler set their stamp upon them. While they were small, they loved,

like others of their kind, to play in the gutter, to splash in the sink about the hydrant, and to dance to the hand-organ that came regularly into the block, even though they sadly missed the monkey that was its chief attraction till the aldermen banished it in a cranky fit. Dancing came naturally to them, too; certainly no one took the trouble to teach them. It was a pretty sight to see them stepping to the time on the broad flags at the mouth of the alley. Not rarely they had for an appreciative audience the Big Chief himself, who looked down from his window, and the uniformed policeman at the door. Even the commissioners deigned to smile upon the impromptu show in breathing-spells between their heavy labors in the cause of politics and pull. But the children took little notice of them; they were too happy in their play.

They loved my flowers, too, with a genuine love that did not spring from the desire to get something for nothing, and the parades on Italian feast-days that always came through the street. They took a fearsome delight in watching for the big Dime Museum giant, who lived around in Elizabeth street, and who in his last days



OLD BARNEY.



BARNEY INTRENCHED.

looked quite lean and hungry enough to send a thrill to any little boy's heart, though he had never cooked one and eaten him in his whole life, being quite a harmless and peaceable giant. And they loved Trilby.

Trilby was the dog. As far back as my memory reaches there was never another in Cat Alley. She arrived in the block one winter morning on a dead run, with a tin can tied to her stump of a tail, and with the Mott-street gang in hot pursuit. In her extremity she saw the mouth of the alley, dodged in, and was safe. The Mott-streeters would as soon have thought of following her into Police Headquarters as there. Ever after she stayed. She took possession of the alley and of Headquarters, where the reporters had their daily walk, as if they were hers by right of conquest, which in fact they were. With her whimsically grave countenance, in which all the cares of the vast domain she made it her daily duty to oversee were visibly reflected, she made herself a favorite with every one except the "beanery-man" on the corner, who denounced her angrily, when none of her friends were near, for coming in with his customers at lunch-time on pur-

pose to have them feed her with his sugar, which was true. At regular hours, beginning with the opening of the department offices, she would make the round of the police building, calling on all the officials, forgetting none. She rode up in the elevator and left it at the proper floors, waited in the anterooms with the rest when there was a crowd, and paid stated visits to the chief and the commissioners, who never omitted to receive her with a nod and a "Hello, Trilby!" no matter how pressing the business in hand. The gravity with which she listened to what went on, and wrinkled up her brow in an evident effort to understand, was comical to the last degree. She knew the fire-alarm signals and when anything momentous was afoot. On the quiet days, when nothing was stirring, she would flock with the reporters on the stoop and sing.

There never was such singing as Trilby's. That was how she got her name. I tried a score of times to find out, but to this day I do not know whether it was pain or pleasure that was in her note. She had only one, but it made up in volume for what it lacked in range. Standing in the circle of her friends,

she would raise her head until her nose pointed straight toward the sky, and pour forth her melody with a look of such unutterable woe on her face that peals of laughter always wound up the performance; whereupon Trilby would march off with an injured air and hide herself in one of the offices, refusing to come out. Poor Trilby! with the passing away of the alley she seemed to lose her grip. She did not understand it. After wandering about aimlessly for a while, vainly seeking a home in the world, she finally moved over on the East Side with one of the dispossessed tenants. But on all Sundays and holidays, and once in a while in the middle of the week, she comes yet to inspect the old block in Mulberry street and to join in a quartet with old friends.

Trilby and Old Barney were the two who stuck to the alley longest. Barney was the star boarder. As everything about the place was misnamed, the alley itself included, so was he. His real name was Michael, but the children called him Barney, and the name stuck. When they were at odds, as they usually were, they shouted "Barney Blue-beard!" after him, and ran away and hid in trembling delight as he shook his key-ring at them, and showed his teeth with the evil leer which he reserved specially for them. It was reported in the alley that he was a woman-hater; hence the name. Certain it is that he never would let one of the detested sex cross the threshold of his attic room on any pretext. If he caught one pointing for his aery, he would block the way and bid her sternly begone. She seldom tarried long, for Barney was not a pleasing object when he was in an ugly mood. As the years passed, and cobweb and dirt accumulated in his room, stories were told of fabulous wealth which he had concealed in the chinks of the wall and in broken crocks; and as he grew constantly shabbier and more crabbed, they were readily believed. Barney carried his ring and filed keys all day, coining money, so the reasoning ran, and spent none; so he must be hiding it away. The alley hugged itself in the joyful sensation that it had a miser and his hoard in the cockloft. Next to a ghost, for which the environment was too matter-of-fact, that was the thing for an alley to have.

Curiously enough, the fact that, summer and winter, the old man never missed early mass and always put a silver quarter—even a silver dollar, it was breathlessly whispered in the alley—in the contribution-box, merely served to strengthen this belief. The fact

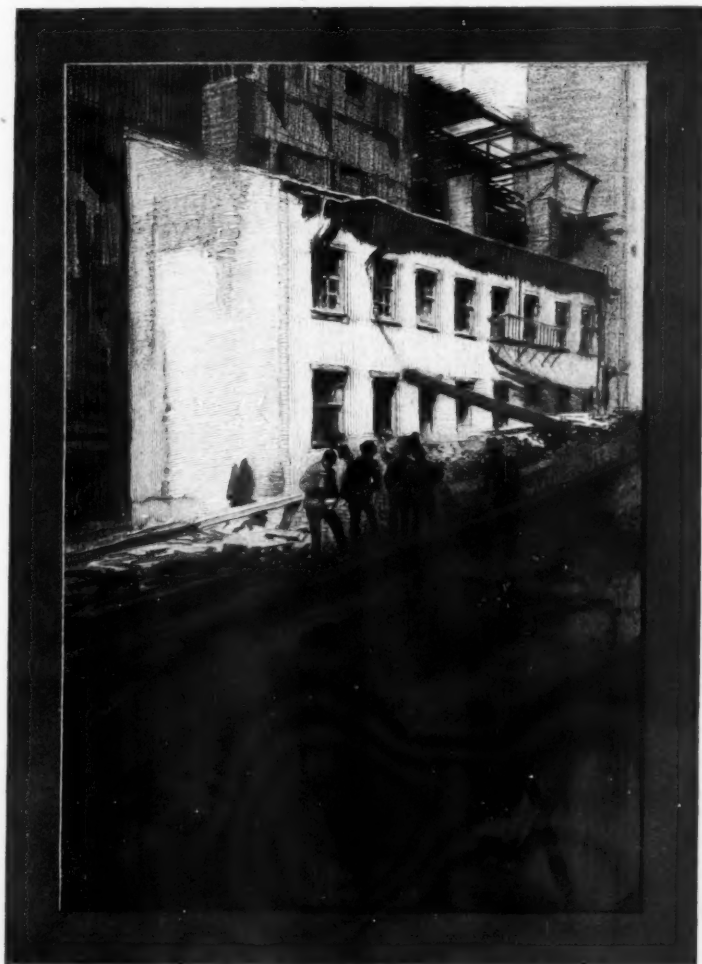
was, I suspect, that the key-ring was the biggest end of the business Old Barney cultivated so assiduously. There were keys enough on it, and they rattled most persistently as he sent forth the strange whoop which no one ever was able to make out, but which was assumed to mean "Keys! keys!" But he was far too feeble and tremulous to wield a file with effect. In his younger days he had wielded a bayonet in his country's defense. On the rare occasions when he could be made to talk, he would tell, with a smoldering gleam in his sunken eyes, how the Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers had battled with the Rebs weary nights and days without giving way a foot. The old man's bent back would straighten, and he would step firmly and proudly, at the recollection of how he and his comrades earned the name of the "heroes of Lexington" in that memorable fight. But only for the moment. The dark looks that frightened the children returned soon to his face. It was all for nothing, he said. While he was fighting at the front he was robbed. His lieutenant, to whom he gave his money to send home, stole it and ran away. When he returned after three years there was nothing, nothing! At this point the old man always became incoherent. He spoke of money the government owed him and withheld. It was impossible to make out whether his grievance was real or imagined.

When Colonel Grant came to Mulberry street as a police commissioner, Barney brightened up under a sudden idea. He might get justice now. Once a week, through those two years, he washed himself, to the mute astonishment of the alley, and brushed up carefully, to go across and call on "the general's son" in order to lay his case before him. But he never got farther than the Mulberry-street door. On the steps he was regularly awe-struck, and the old hero, who had never turned his back to the enemy, faltered and retreated. In the middle of the street he halted, faced front, and saluted the building with all the solemnity of a grenadier on parade, then went slowly back to his attic and to his unrighted grievance.

It had been the talk of the neighborhood for years that the alley would have to go in the Elm-street widening which was to cut a swath through the block, right over the site upon which it stood; and at last notice was given about Christmas-time that the wreckers were coming. The alley was sold,—thirty dollars was all it brought,—and the old

tenants moved away, and were scattered to the four winds. Barney alone stayed. He flatly refused to budge. They tore down the church next door and the buildings on

over, he punched a hole in the rear wall and stuck the stovepipe through that, where it blew defiance to the new houses springing up almost within arm's-reach of it. It suggested



THE DESTRUCTION OF CAT ALLEY.

Houston street, and filled what had been the yard, or court, of the tenements with debris that reached half-way to the roof, so that the old locksmith, if he wished to go out or in, must do so by way of the third-story window, over a perilous path of shaky timbers and sliding brick. He evidently considered it a kind of siege, and shut himself in his attic, bolting and barring the door, and making secret sorties by night for provisions. When the chimney fell down or was blown

guns pointing from a fort, and perhaps it pleased the old man's soldier fancy. It certainly made smoke enough in his room, where he was fighting his battles over with himself, and occasionally with the janitor from the front, who climbed over the pile of bricks and in through the window to bring him water. When I visited him there one day, and, after giving the password, got behind the bolted door, I found him, the room, and everything else absolutely covered with soot, coal-black

from roof to rafters. The password was "Let-
tér!" yelled out loud at the foot of the stairs.
That would always bring him out, in the belief
that the government had finally sent him the
long-due money. Barney was stubbornly de-
fiant; he would stand by his guns to the
end: but he was weakening physically under
the combined effect of short rations and
nightly alarms. It was clear that he could
not stand it much longer.

The wreckers cut it short one morning by
ripping off the roof over his head before he
was up. Then, and only then, did he retreat.
His exit was characterized by rather more
haste than dignity. There had been a heavy
fall of snow overnight, and Barney slid down
the jagged slope from his window, dragging
his trunk with him, in imminent peril of
breaking his aged bones. That day he dis-
appeared from Mulberry street. I thought
he was gone for good, and through the Grand
Army of the Republic had set inquiries on
foot to find what had become of him, when
one day I saw him from my window, standing
on the opposite side of the street, key-ring in
hand, and looking fixedly at what had once
been the passageway to the alley, but was
now a barred gap between the houses, lead-

ing nowhere. He stood there long, gazing
sadly at the gateway, at the children dan-
cing to the Italian's hand-organ, at Trilby
trying to look unconcerned on the stoop, and
then went his way silently, a poor castaway,
and I saw him no more.

So Cat Alley, with all that belonged to it,
passed out of my life. It had its faults, but
it can at least be said of it, in extenuation,
that it was very human. With them all it
had a rude sense of justice that did not dis-
tinguish its early builders. When the work
of tearing down had begun, I watched, one
day, a troop of children having fun with a see-
saw that they had made of a plank laid across
a lime-barrel. The whole Irish contingent
rode the plank, all at once, with screams of
delight. A ragged little girl from the de-
spised "Dago" colony watched them from the
corner with hungry eyes. Big Jane, who was
the leader by virtue of her thirteen years and
her long reach, saw her and stopped the show.

"Here, Mame," she said, pushing one of
the smaller girls from the plank, "you get
off an' let her ride. Her mother was stabbed
yesterday."

And the little Dago rode, and was made
happy.

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM

BY J. JAMES TISSOT.¹

THE town of Bethlehem is shaped in the
form of a crescent, descending, terrace
by terrace, the side of the hill on which it is
built. On one of these terraces are grouped
the massive buildings of the Latin and Greek
convents, between which stands the basilica,
charming the eye by the peculiar grace of
its lines. All the houses are distinctly Jew-
ish in appearance, with flat roofs capped
by cupolas, and many of them have pointed
archways which offer pleasant places for re-
pose in hours of sun or shade.

This creeping of the houses down into the
very gardens of the valley heightens won-
derfully the beauty of the landscape; while
in the background, toward the Dead Sea, the
mountains of Moab tower majestically above
the gentle undulations of hill and vale. Every
feature of this never-to-be-forgotten scene

is full of sacred significance. In front of the
city you are shown the field where Ruth and
Boaz met, and near by is the spot where the
shepherds were told of our Saviour's birth.
At a point still nearer the crescent-shaped
city is the well from which David so desired
drink after doing battle. A little farther on,
and quite by itself, is the tomb of Rachel,
beyond which are other battle-fields men-
tioned in the Bible. Here one is in the very
heart of the country described in the Holy
Scriptures, and naturally scores of legends
are called to mind, returning again and again
to sweeten the soul through the weary hours
of horseback journeying across desert wastes.

On the occasion of the Christmas fêtes, I
was invited by the late French consul-gen-
eral, M. Ledoulx, to accompany him to
Bethlehem and pass the night at the Casa-
Nova. While awaiting midnight, we had
supper with the Rev. Father Didon, who,
I recall, was fairly teeming with wit and

¹ See articles in THE CENTURY for June, 1894, and
December, 1895, on Tissot's illustrations of "The Life
of Our Saviour Jesus Christ."—EDITOR.

wisdom. His arguments that night were in support of the Jews, in the persecution of whom all the races of the world seem to be united. This gifted Dominican contended with his usual eloquence that our religion is based upon the best features of ancient Judaism—that the first Christians were themselves Jews, that Jews were the pillars of the early church, and that, finally, we owe to them the very foundations of our cathedrals. Convinced by the logic and silenced by the eloquence of his intelligent arguments, we now awaited the beginning of the ceremonies.

These in the main proved long and monotonous, although relieved now and again by piquant episodes. One entire side of the Church of the Fathers of the Holy Land was occupied by crowds of Bethlehem women, attired for the occasion in their most beautiful costumes. Little gold tiaras glistened under their heavily embroidered veils, while shining coins dangled about faces lighted by more or less naturally brightened eyes. The scene called to mind an immense harem, for the women were seated or spread out on the floor, and all were profiting by the occasion to chatter among themselves like a parcel of magpies. In the midst of all this finery, of all this superexcited Oriental femininity, there suddenly appeared a young Franciscan friar, whose bearded countenance bore the unmistakable stamp of youthful vigor and intensity. Thrashing them right and left with his heavy rope girdle, fiercely cursing them in the Arabic, he actually trampled underfoot any who fell in his path. He seemed in very truth a young anchorite transported by the ardor of chastisement. The trembling crowd quieted down without a word; but ten minutes later the same chatter, chatter, broke out again. It seemed as though the lashings only made them worse, for the young monk was obliged to return twice, beating them furiously each time with his thick Franciscan girdle.

Finally order was restored, and the women, seemingly awed by the thunder-like tones of the great organ (played in the stiff-wristed Italian manner), suddenly became silent. The procession began at last, and what a procession it proved to be! How I remember being carried back hundreds of years by its strange, old-time features! The costumes of the monks, for example, have not changed in the least since their orders were founded: their hoods are still cut in the same way, and their heads are still capped by a crown of hair, while the veils of the sisters are precisely like those worn in the middle ages. Although

somewhat deadened by the subterranean passages, their chants could still be heard.

Through thick clouds of incense and the smoke from hundreds of tapers, we move on and on, down and down. Sometimes, owing to the windings of the path, we can distinguish for an instant, across the smoke-laden atmosphere, the embroidered uniform of some European dignitary, on whose breast dozens of decorations flash, or whose waistcoat is cross-barred by numerous *grands cordons*. Halts are often made before grottoes in which are altars to various early saints. We march along, two by two, and often in single file, through room after room, dedicated to St. Jerome, St. Joseph, and a score or more whose names I have quite forgotten. At every step the atmosphere becomes denser and hotter from the furnace of burning tapers.

We follow the human rope which stretches farther and farther in the distance; the journey is long; where can we be now? Have we not already passed the place where Christ was born—the manger? For a long time we have gone down and then up, and then down again; turning now to the right, and then to the left. Finally, after mounting upward again, we are at last in the principal church. Shortly afterward I turned into my cell, where I soon fell fast asleep.

During that half-comatose state which often precedes slumber, I managed, however, to rehearse the events of the day: departure from Jerusalem in the brilliant cavalcade escorting the consul; episodes during the journey; fantasia on the top of a wall by numerous daring dragomans; being photographed by a long-bearded Italian dressed in the traditional brown-velvet costume; more fantasias, this time by sheiks of the neighboring villages, who galloped their fine Arabian mounts under the olive-trees and broke off branches, which they presented to the consul, displaying, alas! much bravery for few bakshish.

Afterward came the reception on our arrival in the town, the visit to the convent, the official reception, the supper, the church services and procession, and now, at last, a halt—a moment's repose. And to think that I had not yet heard the midnight mass, not yet said my prayers here at Bethlehem at Christmas-tide—on Christmas eve! I was even a trifle wakeful and restless, when some one came to call me, and I quickly rejoined Father Didon, who was already arrayed in his sacerdotal robes for the mass which was about to be celebrated at the Altar of the

Manger. Accompanying him, I followed, as best I could, the holy rites held on that sacred spot, for I was greatly incommoded by the dense crowd which thronged the narrow sanctuary. Thousands of female eyes burning with curiosity were riveted upon us. It was an infantile crowd, inoffensive, but so avaricious and importunate that, in order to collect my thoughts, I was forced to take refuge behind a screen and bury my face in my hands. Into this retreat I retired, placing my soul at the feet of Him who was born there only a few paces from me, of Him of whose body and whose blood I was about to partake. At length mass was over, and in departing I was surprised to see a long line of priests of all nationalities, wearing chasubles and holding in their hands covered chalices. They also were waiting for mass, and were pressing forward vigorously in order not to lose their places in the great crowd which thronged the sanctuary. When, at last, overcome with emotion and fatigue, I regained my cell, I solemnly vowed that I should never again run the risk of being literally ground to powder in that veritable mill of public prayers and ceremonies, which, instead of promoting the devout concentration of spirit which one has come so far to find, has quite the opposite effect. The following year, having these experiences fresh in mind, I gladly left the crowd to its churches, its processions, and its services.

THERE had been a snowfall during the day, and the ground glistened white beneath a brilliant moon as I directed my steps toward the newly established convent of the Sisters of *Marie réparatrice*, near Birket-Mamilla. I was certainly amply repaid for my trouble, for I there listened to the most eloquent and touching sermon it has ever been my good fortune to hear. Being addressed only to a dozen or so sisters and one solitary layman

(myself), who was installed behind the screen, the sermon was delivered in low, measured tones which could be easily heard throughout the small vaulted chapel. Turning toward the altar, the priest (who wore the blond beard of a missionary) began as follows:

"On this night and at this very hour the thoughts of the entire world are turned toward Bethlehem, where, long since, a child was born. This child, when he had grown to manhood, went often to Jerusalem in the furtherance of his divine mission. You know this; you know who he was; you know that he was there seized by the Jews, condemned to death, and crucified but a short distance from this very spot where we now are. You have all seen the holy sepulcher—but a stone's throw or so from here—where he was buried, and whence, on the third day, he arose, and before the eyes of all ascended into heaven from that selfsame Mount of Olives we can so easily see by day.

"This same man who was born in Bethlehem, who died upon the cross and was raised again, and who ascended into heaven, is the Son of God; it is his sacred memory which is being worshiped in that near-by village, and it is his body here beside me in the tabernacle of which you are now about to partake in solemn and holy communion."

I, having nothing to regret in the way of a crowded or uncomfortably filled sanctuary, passed the time in profound religious meditation.

Need I say more, or is it already appreciated—the vast difference between such exquisite religious calm and that absolute annihilation of it which obtains in churches on crowded fête-days? Of how much more moment is it to wander alone in the pure air on the heights about Jerusalem, where quiet contemplation is at once more possible and more profitable!

IF I REMEMBER YOU.

BY SARAH PIATT.

IF I remember you, it must be only
As this spent, lightning-shattered cloud I see
Remembers yon high star, divinely lonely,
The namesake of a god, and bright as he.

If I remember you—so loved, so hated!—
Why, it were better that the grave-rose grew
Between us (where yon hurt dove moans, unmated)
Forevermore—if I remember you.

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.



"WHEN WE LEFT CORDOVA."

"I DON'T see how you can help having your picture taken in these days," I said; "even if you refuse to go to a photographer's, you can't escape the kodak people. You have a striking presence."

"Oh, I can't get away from photographers," he answered. "I have had a number of pictures taken, at the request of my wife and other people. It is impossible to avoid it, and that is one of the reasons why I am now telling you my story. What is the other point about which you wished to ask me?"

"I cannot comprehend," I answered, "how you should ever have found yourself poor and obliged to work. I should say that a man who had lived so long would have accumulated, in one way or another, immense wealth, inexhaustible treasures."

"Oh, yes," said he, with a smile; "Monte Cristo, and all that sort of thing. Your notion is a perfectly natural one, but I assure

you, Mr. Randolph, that it is founded upon a mistake. Over and over and over again I have amassed wealth; but I have not been able to retain it permanently, and often I have suffered for the very necessities of life. I have been hungry, knowing that I could never starve. The explanation of this state of things is simple enough: I would trade; I would speculate; I would marry an heiress; I would become rich; for many years I would enjoy my possessions. Then the time would come when people said: 'Who owns these houses?' 'To whom belongs this money in the banks?' 'These properties were purchased in our great-grandfathers' times; the accounts in the banks were opened long before our oldest citizens were born. Who is it who is making out leases and drawing checks?' I have employed all sorts of subterfuges in order to retain my property, but I have always found that to prove my con-

tinued identity I should have to acknowledge my immortality; and in that case, of course, I should have been adjudged a lunatic, and everything would have been taken from me. So I generally managed, before the time arrived when it was actually necessary for me to do so, to turn my property, as far as possible, into money, and establish myself in some other place as a stranger. But there were times when I was obliged to hurry from my home and take nothing with me. Then I knew misery.

"It was during the period of one of my greatest depressions that I met with a monk who was afterward St. Bruno, and I joined the Carthusian monastery which he founded in Calabria. In the midst of their asceticism, their seclusion, and their silence I hoped that I might be asked no questions, and need tell no lies; I hoped that I might be allowed to live as long as I pleased without disturbance: but I found no such immunity. When Bruno died, and his successor followed him into the grave, it was proposed that I should be the next prior; but this would not have suited me at all. I had employed all my time in engrossing books, but the duties of a prior were not for me, so I escaped, and went out into the world again."

As I sat and listened to Mr. Crowder, his story seemed equally wonderful to me, whether it were a plain statement of facts or the relation of an insane dream. It was not a wild tale, uttered in the enthusiastic excitement of a disordered mind; but it was a series of reminiscences, told quietly and calmly, here a little, there a little, without chronological order, each one touched upon as it happened to suggest itself. From wondering I found myself every now and then believing; but whenever I realized the folly in which I was indulging myself, I shook off my credulity and endeavored to listen with interest, but without judgment, for in this way only could I most thoroughly enjoy the strange narrative; but my lapses into unconscious belief were frequent.

"You have spoken of marriage," said I. "Have you had many wives?"

My host leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. "That is a subject," he said, "of which I think as little as I can, and yet I must speak to you of it. It is right that I should do so. I have been married so often that I can scarcely count the wives I have had. Beautiful women, good women, some of them women to whom I would have given immortality had I been

able; but they died, and died, and died. And here is one of the great drawbacks of living forever.

"Yet it was not always the death of my wives which saddened me the most; it was their power of growing old. I would marry a young woman, beautiful, charming. You need not be surprised that I was able to do this, for in all ages woman has been in the habit of disregarding the years of man, and I have always had a youthful spirit; I think it is Daudet who says that the most dangerous lover is the man of fifty-three. I would live happily with a wife; she would gradually grow to be the same age as myself; and then she would become older and older, and I did not. As I have said, there were women to whom I would have given immortality if I could; but I will add that there have been times when I would have given up my own immortality to be able to pass gently into old age with a beloved wife.

"You will want to know if I have had descendants. They exist by the thousand; but if you ask me where they are, I must tell you that I do not know. I now have but one child, a little girl who is asleep up-stairs. I have gathered around me families of sons and daughters; they have grown up, married, and my grandchildren have sat upon my knees. Sometimes, at long intervals, I have known great-grandchildren. But when my sons and daughters have grown gray and gone to their graves, I have withdrawn myself from the younger people,—some of whom were not acquainted with me, others even had never heard of me,—and then by the next generation the old ancestor, if known at all, was connected only with the distant past. And so family after family have melted into the great mass of human beings, and are as completely lost as though they were water thrown into the sea.

"I have always been fond of beautiful women, and as you have met Mrs. Crowder, you know that my disposition has not changed. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was considered a woman of great beauty in her day, and the fame of her charms continues; but I assure you that if she lived now her attractions would not have given her husband so much trouble. I saw a good deal of Sarah when I visited Abraham with my master Alexander, and I have seen many more beautiful women since that time. Hagar was a fine woman, but she was too dark, and her face had an anxious expression which interfered with her beauty."

"Was Hagar really the wife of Abraham,"

I asked, "as the Mussulmans say, and was Ishmael considered his heir?"

"When I saw them," my host continued, "the two women seemed as friendly as sisters, and Isaac was not yet born. At that time it was considered, of course, that

"I never saw her," was the answer, "but, from what I have heard, I do not think I should have cared for her if I had seen her asleep. What might have happened had I seen her awake is quite another matter. I have noticed that women grow more beauti-



"I HAD BEEN A BROKER IN POMPEII."

Ishmael was Abraham's heir. Certainly he was a much finer man than Isaac, with whom I became acquainted a long time afterward. There were some very beautiful women at the court of Solomon. One of these was Balkis, the famous Queen of Sheba."

"Did you ever meet Cleopatra?" I interrupted.

ful as the world grows older, and men grow taller and better developed. You would consider me, I think, a man of average size; but I tell you that in my early life I was exceptionally tall, and I have no doubt it was my stature and presence to which I largely owed my preferment at the court of Alexander. I was living in Spain toward the close of the tenth century, when I married the daughter

of an Arabian physician, who was a wonderfully beautiful woman. She was not dark, like the ordinary Moorish women. In feature and form she surpassed any creation of the Greek sculptors, and I have been in many of their workshops, and have seen their models. This lady lived longer than any other wife I had. She lived so long, in fact, that when we left Cordova we both thought it well that she should pass as my mother. She was one of the few wives to whom I told my story. It did not shock her, for she believed her father to be a miracle-worker, and she had faith in many strange things. Her great desire was to live as long as I should, and I think she believed that this might happen. She died at the age of one hundred and fifteen, and was lively and animated to the very last. My first American wife was a fine woman, too. She was a French creole, and died fifteen years ago. We had no children."

"It strikes me," I said suddenly, "that you must understand a great many languages—you speak so much of living with people of different nations."

"It would be impossible," he answered, "unless I were void of ordinary intelligence, to live as long as I have, and not become a general linguist. Of course I had to learn the languages of the countries I visited, and as I was always a student, it delighted me to do so. In fact, I not only studied, but I wrote. When the Alexandrian library was destroyed, fourteen of my books were burned. I was in Italy with my first American wife, when I visited the museum at Naples, and in the room where the experts were unrolling the papyri found in Pompeii, I looked over the shoulder of one of them, and, to my amazement, found that one of the rolls was an account-book of my own. I had been a broker in Pompeii, and these were the records of moneys I had loaned, on interest, to various merchants and tradespeople. I was always fond of dealing in money, and at present I am a broker in Wall street. During the first crusades I was a banker in Genoa, and lent large sums to the noble knights who were setting forth for Jerusalem."

"Was much of it repaid?" I asked.

"Most of it. The loans were almost always secured by good property. As I look back upon the vast panorama of my life," my host continued, after a pause, "I most pleasantly recall my various intimacies with learned men, and my own studies and researches; but in the great company of men of knowledge whom I have known, there was not one in whom I was so much interested as in

King Solomon. I visited his court because I greatly wished to know a man who knew so much. It was not difficult to obtain access to him, for I came as a stranger from Ethiopia, to the east of the Red Sea, and the king was always anxious to see intelligent people from foreign parts. I was able to tell him a good deal which he did not know, and he became fond of my society. As for me, I found Solomon a wonderfully well-informed man. He had not read and studied books as much as I had, and he had not had my advantages of direct intercourse with learned men; but he was a most earnest and indefatigable student of nature. I believe he knew more about natural history than any human being then living, or who had preceded him. Whenever it was possible for him to do so, he studied animal nature from the living model, and all the beasts, birds, and fishes which it was possible for him to obtain alive were quartered in the grounds of his palace. In a certain way he was an animal-tamer. You may well imagine that this great king's wonderful possessions, as well as the man himself, were the source of continual delight to me.

"The time-honored story of Solomon's carpet on which he mounted and was wafted away to any place, with his retinue, had a good deal of foundation in fact; for Solomon was an exceedingly ingenious man, and not only constructed parachutes by which people could safely descend from great heights, but he made some attempts in the direction of ballooning. I have seen small bags of thin silk, covered with a fine varnish made of gum to render them air-tight, which, being inflated with hot air and properly ballasted, rose high above the earth, and were wafted out of sight by the wind. Many people supposed that in the course of time Solomon would be able to travel through the air, and from this idea was derived the tradition that he really did so.

"Another of the interesting legends regarding King Solomon concerned his dominion over the jinns. These people, of whom so much has been written and handed down by word of mouth, and who were supposed by subsequent generations to be a race of servile demons, were, in reality, savage natives of surrounding countries, who were forced by the king to work on his great buildings and other enterprises, and who occupied very much the position of the coolies of the present day. But that story of the dead Solomon and the jinns who were at work on the temple gives a good idea of one of the most impor-



"LENT LARGE SUMS TO THE NOBLE KNIGHTS."

tant characteristics of this great ruler. He was a man who gave personal attention to all his affairs, and was in the habit of overseeing the laborers on his public works. Do you remember the story to which I refer?"

I was obliged to say that I did not think I had ever heard it.

"The story runs thus," said my host: "The jinns were at work building the temple, and Solomon, according to his custom, overlooked them daily. At the time when the temple was nearly completed Solomon

felt that his strength was passing from him, and that he would not have much longer to live. This greatly troubled him, for he knew that when the jinns should find that his watchful eye would be no more upon them, they would rebel and refuse to work, and the temple would not be finished during his reign. Therefore, as the story runs, he came, one day, into the temple, and hoped that he might be enabled to remain there until the great edifice should be finished. He stood leaning on his staff, and the jinns, when they

beheld their master, continued to work, and work, and work. When night came Solomon still remained standing in his accustomed place, and the jinns worked on, afraid to cease their toil for a moment.

"Standing thus, Solomon died; but the jinns did not know it, and their toil and labor continued, by night and by day.

the jinns was also finished. Then the staff crumbled, and the dead Solomon fell, face foremost, to the earth. The jinns, perceiving that they had been slaving day and night for a master who was dead, fled away with yells of rage and vexation. But the glorious temple was finished, and King Solomon's work was done. Tabari tells this



SOLOMON AND THE JINNS.

Now, according to the tradition, a little white ant, one of the kind which devours wood, came up out of the earth on the very day on which Solomon died, and began to gnaw the inside of his staff. She gnawed a little every day, until at last the staff became hollow from one end to the other; and on the day when she finished her work, the work of

story, and it is also found in the Koran; but the origin of it was nothing more than the well-known custom of Solomon to exercise personal supervision over those who were working for him.

"I was the person from whom Solomon first heard of the Queen of Sheba. I had lived in her capital city for several years, and

she had summoned me before her, and had inquired about the places I had visited and the things I had seen. What I said about this wonderful woman and the admirable administration of her empire interested Solomon very much, and he was never tired of hearing me talk about her. At one time I believe he thought of sending me as an ambassador to her, but afterward gave up this notion, as I did not possess the rank or position which would have qualified me to represent him and his court; so he sent a suitable delegation, and, after a great deal of negotiation and diplomatic by-play, the queen actually determined to come to see Solomon. Soon after her arrival with her great retinue, she saw me, and immediately recognized me; and the first thing she said to me was that she perceived I had grown a good deal older than when I had been living in her domains. This delighted me, for before coming to Jerusalem I had allowed my hair and beard to grow, and had dispensed with as much as possible of my ordinary erect mien and lightness of step; for I was very much afraid, if I were not careful, that the wise king would find out that there was something irregular in my longevity, and an old man may continue to look old much longer than a middle-aged man can continue to appear middle-aged.

"It was a great advantage to me to find myself admitted to a certain intimacy with both the king and his visitor the queen. As I was a subject of neither of them, they seemed to think this circumstance allowed a little more familiarity than otherwise they would have shown. Besides, my age had a great deal to do with the freedom with which they spoke to me. Each of them seemed anxious to know everything I could tell about the other, and I would sometimes be subjected to embarrassing questions.

"There is a great deal of extravagance and perversion in the historical and traditional accounts of the tricks which these two royal personages played upon each other. Most of these old stories are too silly to repeat, but some of them had foundation in fact. They tell a tale of how the queen set five hundred boys and five hundred girls before the king, all the girls dressed as boys and all the boys dressed as girls, and then she asked him, as he was such a wise man, immediately to distinguish those of one sex from those of the other. Solomon did not hesitate a moment, but ordering basins of water to be brought, he commanded the young people to wash their

hands. Thereupon he watched them closely, and as the boys washed only their hands, while the girls rolled up their sleeves and washed their arms as well as their hands, Solomon was able, without any trouble, to pick out the one from the other. Now, something of this kind really happened, but there were only ten boys and ten girls. But in the course of ages the story grew, and the whole thing was made absurd; for there never was a king in the world, nor would there be likely to be one, who could have a thousand basins ready immediately to put before a company who wished to wash their hands. But the result of this scheme convinced the queen that Solomon was a man of the deepest insight into the manners and customs of human beings, as well as those of animals, birds, and fishes.

"But there is an incident with which I was personally connected which was known at the time to very few people, and was never publicly related. The beautiful queen desired, above all other things, to know whether Solomon held her in such high esteem because she was a mighty queen, or on account of her personal attractions; and in order to discover the truth in regard to this question, she devised a little scheme to which she made me a party. There was a young woman in her train, of surpassing beauty, whose name was Liridi, and the queen was sure that Solomon had never seen her, for it was her custom to keep her most beautiful attendants in the background. This maiden the queen caused to be dressed in the richest and most becoming robes, and adorned her, besides, with jewels and golden ornaments, which set off her beauty in an amazing manner. Then, having made many inquiries of me in regard to the habits of Solomon, she ordered Liridi to walk alone in one of the broad paths of the royal gardens at the time when the king was wont to stroll there by himself. The queen wished to find out whether this charming apparition would cause the king to forget her for a time, and she ordered me to be in the garden, and to arrange my rambles that I could, without being observed, notice what happened when the king should meet Liridi. I was on hand before the appointed time, and when I saw the girl walking slowly up the shaded avenue, I felt obliged to go to her and tell her that she was too soon, and that she must not meet Solomon near the palace. As I spoke to her I was amazed at her wonderful beauty, and I did not believe it possible that the king could gaze upon her without such emotion

as would make him forget for the moment every other woman in the world.

"The queen had purposely made an appointment with him for the same hour, so that if he did not come she would know what was detaining him. At length Solomon appeared

tion. He asked her who she was, and when she had told him he gazed at her with still greater attention. Then suddenly he laughed aloud. 'Go tell the queen,' said he, 'that she hath missed her mark. The arrow which is adorned with golden trappings and precious



"GO TELL THE QUEEN."

at the far end of the avenue, and Liridi began again her pensive stroll. When the king reached her, she retired to one side, her head bowed, as if she had not expected to meet royalty in this secluded spot. King Solomon was deep in thought as he walked, but when he came near the maiden, he raised his eyes and suddenly stopped. I was near by, behind some shrubbery, and it was plain enough to me that he was dazzled by this lovely appari-

stones cannot fly aright.' Then he went on, still laughing to himself. In the evening he told me about this incident, and said that if the maiden had been arrayed in the simple robes which became her station he would have suspected nothing, and would probably have stopped to converse with her so long that he would have failed to keep his appointment with his royal guest.

"The queen was very much annoyed at the

ill success of her little artifice, but it was not long after this that she and the king discovered their true feeling for each other, and they were soon married. The wedding was a grand one—grander than tradition relates, grander than the modern mind can easily comprehend. When they went to the palace to sit for the first time in state before the vast assembly of dignitaries and courtiers, the queen found, beside the throne of Solomon, her own throne, which he had caused to be brought from Sheba in time for this occasion. This incident, I think, affected her more agreeably than anything else that happened. Great were the festivities. Honors and dignities were bestowed on every hand, and I might have come in for some substantial benefit had it not been that I committed a great blunder. I had fallen in love with the beautiful Liridi, and as the queen seemed so gracious and kind to everybody, I made bold to go to her and ask that she would allow me to marry her charming handmaiden. But, to my surprise, this request angered the queen. She told me that such an old man as myself ought to be ashamed to take a young girl to wife; that she was opposed to such marriages; and that, in fact, I ought to be punished for even mentioning the subject.

"I retired in disgrace, and very soon afterward I left Jerusalem, for I have found, by varied experiences, that the displeasure of rulers is an unhealthful atmosphere in which to live. However, the Queen of Sheba did not get altogether the better of me. As you know, King Solomon and his royal wife did not reign together very long. They ruled over two great kingdoms, each of which required the presence of its sovereign; so Queen Balkis soon went back to Sheba with more wealth, more soldiers, more camels, horses, and grand surroundings of every kind, than she had brought with her. She carried in her baggage-train her royal throne, but she did not take with her the beautiful Liridi. That lady had been given in marriage to an officer in Solomon's army, and thirty years afterward, in the land of Asshur, where her father was stationed, I married the youngest daughter of Liridi. The latter was then dead, but my wife, with whom I lived happily for many years in Phenicia, was quite as beautiful. I was greatly inclined, at the time, to send a courier with a letter to the Queen of Sheba, informing her of what had happened; but I was afraid. She was then an elderly woman, and I was informed that age had actually sharpened her wits, and

if I had incensed her and given her reason to suspect the truth about my unnatural age, I believe there was no known country in which I could have concealed myself from her emissaries.

"There are many, many incidents which crowd upon my memory," continued my host, "but—" and as he spoke he pulled out his watch. "My conscience!" he exclaimed, "it is twenty minutes past three! I should be ashamed of myself, Mr. Randolph, for having kept you up so long."

We both rose to our feet, and I was about to say something polite, suited to the occasion, but he gave me no chance.

"I felt I must talk to you," he said, speaking very rapidly. "I have discovered you to be a man of appreciation—a man who should hear my story. I have felt for some years that it would soon become impossible for me to conceal my experiences from my fellow-men. I believe mankind has now reached a stage of enlightenment—at least, in this country—when the person who makes strange discoveries which cannot be explained, and the person who announces facts which cannot be comprehended by the human mind, need not fear to be punished as a sorcerer, or thrust into a cell as a lunatic. I may be mistaken in regard to this latter point, but I think I am right. In any case, I do not wish to live much longer as I have been living. As I must live on, with generation after generation rising up about me, I want those generations to know before they depart from this earth that I am a person who does not die. I am tired of deceptions; I am tired of leaving the places where I have lived long and am known, and arriving in other places where I am a stranger, and where I must begin my life again.

"I do not wish to be in a hurry to make my revelations to the world at large. I do not wish to startle people without being able to show them proof of what I say. I wish to speak only to persons who are worthy to hear my story, and I have begun with you. I do not want you to believe me until you are quite ready to do so. Think over what I have said, consider it carefully, and make up your mind slowly.

"You are a young man in good health, and you will, in all probability, live long enough to assure yourself of the truth or falsity of what I have told you about my indefinite longevity. I should be glad to relate my story to scientific men, to physicians, to students; but, as I have said, we shall wait for that. In the meantime, you may, if you

choose, write down what I have told you, or as much of it as you remember. I have no written records of my past life. Long, long ago I made such, but I destroyed them, for I knew not what evil they might bring upon me, were they discovered. But you may write the little I have told you, and when you feel that the time has come, you may give it to the world. And now we must retire. It is wicked to keep you out of your bed any longer."

"One word," said I. "Do you intend now to tell your wife?"

"Yes," he answered; "I shall tell her tomorrow. Having reposed confidence in you, it would be treating her shamefully if I should withhold that confidence from her. She has often said to me that I do not look a day older than when I married her. I want her now to know that I need never look a day older; I shall counterfeit old age no more."

I did not sleep well during what was left of the night, for my mind went traveling backward and forward through the ages. The next morning, at breakfast, Mr. Crowder appeared in his ordinary good spirits, but his wife was very quiet. She was pale, and occasionally I thought I saw signs of trouble on her usually placid brow. I felt sure that he had told her his story. As I looked at her, I could not prevent myself from seriously wondering that a man who had seen Abraham and Sarah, and had been personally acquainted with the Queen of Sheba, should now be married to a Quaker lady from North

Sixteenth street, Philadelphia. After breakfast she found an opportunity of speaking to me privately.

"Do you believe," she asked very hurriedly, "what my husband told you last night—the story of his earthly immortality?"

"I really do not know," I answered, "whether I believe it or not. My reason assures me that it is impossible; and yet there is in Mr. Crowder's manner so much sincerity, so much—"

Contrary to her usual habits, I am sure, she interrupted me.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I must speak while I have the chance. You must believe what my husband has said to you. He has told me everything, and I know that it is impossible for him to tell a lie. I have not yet arranged my ideas in regard to this wonderful revelation, but I believe. If the time should ever come when I shall know I should not believe, that will be another matter. But he is my husband. I know him, I trust him. Will you not do the same?"

"I will do it," I exclaimed, "until the time comes when I shall know I should not do so."

She gave me her hand, and I shook it heartily.

It is now three years since I became acquainted with Mr. Crowder, and he has consented that I should publish his story. I am still waiting, and his wife is still waiting, for the time to come when we shall know that we ought not to believe it.



"SHE GAVE ME HER HAND, AND I SHOOK IT HEARTILY"

VIA CRUCIS.¹

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

IV.



Two months after Sir Arnold de Curboil had left Gilbert Warde in the forest, believing him to be dead, the ghostly figure of a tall, wafer-thin youth, leaning on the shoulders of two gray brothers, was led out into the warm shadows of the cloister in Sheering Abbey. One of the friars carried a brown leathern cushion, the other a piece of stiff parchment for a fan, and when they reached the first stone seat, they installed the sick man as comfortably as they could.

Three traveling monks, tramping homeward by the short forest path from Harlow to Sheering, had found Gilbert lying in his blood not ten minutes after the knight had ridden away. Not knowing who he was, they had brought him to the abbey, where he was at once recognized by the monks who had formed the funeral procession on the previous evening and by others who had seen him. The brother whose duty it was to tend the sick, an old soldier with the scars of a dozen deep wounds on him, and by no means a despicable leech, pronounced Gilbert's condition almost hopeless, and assured the abbot that it would be certain death to the young Lord of Stoke to send him back to his home. He was therefore laid upon a new bed in an upper chamber that had fair arched windows to the west, and there the brothers supposed that Gilbert Warde would before long breathe his last and end his race and name. The abbot sent a messenger to Stoke Regis to inform the Lady Goda of her son's condition, and on the following day she came to see him, but he did not know her, for he was in a fever; and three days passed, and she came again, but he was asleep, and the nursing brother would not disturb him. After that she sent messengers to inquire about his state, but she herself did not come again, whereat the abbot and many of the monks

marveled for a while, but afterward they understood.

Gilbert lived, and the desperate wound slowly healed, for he was strong and young, and his blood was untainted; but when at last he was allowed to stand upon his feet, he seemed to be little more than a fine-drawn shadow. They dressed him first in a novice's frock, because it was easier for him to wear, and at last he was well enough to be carried down from his room, and to sit for an hour upon the stone bench in the cloister. One of the brothers sat down beside him and slowly fanned his face with a stiff sheet of yellow parchment, such as the monks used for binding their books; the other went away to his work. Gilbert leaned back and closed his eyes, drinking in the sun-sweetened air and the scent of the flowers that grew in the cloister garden; and the indescribable sense of peace descended upon his body and soul which comes to men wrested from death, when danger is past and their strength is slowly growing again within them.

It is impossible for any young man of sensitive and believing mind to spend two months in a great religious institution of his own faith without feeling himself drawn to the religious life. Lying in his room, alone for many hours of the day, alone in waking watches of the night, though a brother was always within call, Gilbert had followed with a sick man's second sight the lives of the two hundred monks who dwelt in Sheering Abbey. By asking questions, he knew how they rose at dawn, and trooped into the dim abbey church to early mass, and went to their daily work, the lay brethren and the novices in the field, the learned fathers in the library and the writing-room. He could follow their daily round of prayer and work, and his heart was with them in both. Bloodless and emaciated as he lay there, the life of love and war, which had once seemed to him the only one worth living, faded away into the dimness of an undesired impossibility. He had failed, too, in his first great deed of arms; his

¹ Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

father's murderer was alive, and he himself had most narrowly escaped death. It seemed to him that his thin, white hands, which could hardly pull the blanket to his chin when he felt cold, could never again have strength to grasp sword-hilt or hold bridle, and in the blank collapse of his physical existence the image of himself as a monk, young, ascetic and holy in his life, presented itself with a marvelous and luring attraction. He made the nursing brother teach him prayers from the offices of the night and day, and he repeated them at the right hours, feeling that he was taking a real part in the monastic existence. Gradually, too, as he caught the spirit of the place, the gospel of forgiveness, ever the stumbling-block of fighting men, appeared to him as something that could be practised without dishonor, and the determination to kill Sir Arnold gave way to a sort of attempt at repentance for having even wished to be revenged upon him.

One thing troubled him constantly and was altogether beyond his comprehension. His mother seemed to have forgotten his very existence, and he had not consciously seen her since he had been wounded. He asked questions every day, and begged the abbot himself to send word to the Lady Goda asking her to ride over to the abbey. The abbot smiled, nodded, and seemed to promise; but if the message was ever sent, it elicited no answer, and after a time, as Gilbert grew steadily better, not even a messenger came from Stoke Regis to ask about him. Now, Gilbert had worshiped his mother as a sort of superior being, and, like his father, had deceived himself with the belief that she was devoted to him; so that, as time went on, and he was utterly neglected by her, the conviction was forced upon him that something terrible and unforeseen had happened. Yet the abbot would tell him nothing, nor the brothers who tended him; to the best of their knowledge, they said, the Lady of Stoke was well.

"Before long," Gilbert would answer, "I shall be able to go home and see for myself."

And at this the abbot smiled and nodded, and began to talk of the weather, which was hot.

But to-day, since he had been allowed to leave his room, Gilbert was determined to force an explanation. It wanted yet an hour of midday and dinner-time when the abbot came sauntering along the cloister, followed at a respectful distance by a couple of monks, who walked side by side with down-

cast eyes and hands hidden in their sleeves, their cord girdles bobbing and swinging rhythmically as they walked. As he came up to Gilbert, the nursing brother rose and hid his hands in his gray woollen sleeves.

Gilbert opened his eyes at the sound of the abbot's footsteps, and made a movement as though he would have risen to greet the lordly churchman, who had so often visited him in his room, and for whom he felt a natural sympathy, as for a man of his own race and breeding; for Lambert, Abbot of Sheering, came of the great Norman house of Clare, which had taken Stephen's side in the civil war, a fact which did not prevent the aristocratic abbot from talking with gentle satire and occasional bitter sarcasm about the emptiness of Stephen's claims.

He laid his hand on Gilbert's sleeve to make him keep his seat, and sat down beside him on the bench. He waved the monks away, and they retired to the other end of the cloister, where all three sat down together in silence. The abbot, a delicately made man, with high Norman features, a colorless beard, once fair, and very bright blue eyes, laid one of his beautiful hands kindly upon Gilbert's.

"You are saved," he said cheerfully. "We have done our part; youth and sunshine will do the rest; you will grow strong very quickly, now, and in a week you will be asking for your horse. They found him beside you, and he has been well cared for."

"Next week, then," said Gilbert, "I will ride over to Stoke and see my mother. But I think I shall come back and stay with you again—if you will have me."

Gilbert smiled as he spoke the last word; but the abbot's face was grave, and his brows were drawn together as though he were in some trouble.

"Better stay with us altogether," he said, shaking his head and looking away.

Gilbert sat motionless for a few seconds, as if the remark had made no impression upon him; then, as if realizing that the words contained some special meaning, he started slightly and turned his hollow eyes to the speaker's face.

"And not go to see my mother?" His voice expressed the utmost surprise.

"No—not at present," answered the abbot, taken off his guard by the directness of the question.

Weak as he was, Gilbert half rose from his seat, and his thin fingers nervously grasped his companion's arm. He would have spoken, but a sort of confusion came

over him, as if he could not decide which of many questions to ask first, and before words could form themselves, the abbot was speaking to him with quiet authority.

"Listen to me," he said; "sit quietly beside me and hear what I have to say, for you are a man, now, and it is better that you should know it all at once, and from me, than get it distorted, in miserable morsels, from the gossip of the brothers within the next day or two."

He paused a moment, holding the young man's hand soothingly while keeping him in his seat and making him feel that he must stay there.

"What is it?" asked Gilbert, nervously, with half-closed eyes. "Tell me quickly."

"An evil thing," answered the churchman—"a sad thing, and one of those that change men's lives."

Again Gilbert started in his seat, more violently this time than before, and there was the broken ring of genuine fear in his voice.

"My mother is dead!" he cried.

"No, not that. She is in no danger. She is well. She is more than well; she is happy."

Gilbert was staring almost stupidly at his companion, not in the least understanding that there could be any evil news about his mother if all these things were true.

And yet it seemed strange that the abbot should lay stress upon the Lady Goda's happiness, when Gilbert had been at death's door for many weeks, and when, as he well knew, she was without news of him.

"Happy!" he echoed, half dazed.

"Too happy," answered the prelate. "Your mother was married when you had been scarcely a month here with us."

Gilbert stared into the older man's face for one moment after he had ceased speaking, and then sank back against the wall behind him with something between a groan and a sigh. One word had struck the ground from under his feet; the next was to pierce his soul.

"Who is her husband?" he asked under his breath.

Before he spoke the abbot's grasp tightened upon Gilbert's hands with a friendly grip that was meant to inspire courage.

"Your mother has married Sir Arnold de Curboil."

Gilbert sprang to his feet, as though he had been struck in the face by an enemy. A moment earlier he could not have risen without help; a moment later he fell backward into the abbot's arms.

Nothing that he had felt in his whole short life—not all the joys and fears of childhood, which, after all, contains the greatest joys and fears in life, compounded with the clash of his first fighting day and the shock of seeing his father killed before his eyes—not all these together could be compared with what he felt at that plain statement of the dishonor done upon his house and upon his father's memory. Yet he was not unconscious.

"Now, by the Sacred Blood—"

Before he could pronounce the solemn vow of revenge that was on his lips, the abbot's delicate hand was almost crushing his mouth with open palm to stop the words.

"Arnold de Curboil, perjured to God, false to his king, the murderer of his friend, the seducer of his friend's wife, is fit for my prayers," said the abbot, "not for your steel. Swear no great oaths that you will kill him; still less swear that you will be avenged upon your mother: but if you must needs swear something, vow rather that you will leave them to their fate and never willingly cross their path again. And, indeed, whether you promise that or not, you must needs keep away from them until you can claim your own with the chance of getting it back."

"My own!" exclaimed Gilbert. "Is Stoke not mine? Am I not my father's son?"

"Curboil has got Stoke Regis by treachery, as he got your mother. As soon as he had married her he took her with him to London, and they two did homage to King Stephen, and the Lady Goda made apology before the king's court that her former husband had been faithful to the Empress Maud; and she besought the king to bestow the lordship of Stoke Regis, with the manor-house and all things thereto appertaining, upon her present lord, Sir Arnold de Curboil, disinheriting you, her son, both because you are true to the empress, and because, as she did swear, you tried to slay Sir Arnold by stealth in Stortford wood. So you have neither kith nor kin, nor lands nor goods, beyond your horse and your sword; wherefore, I say, it were as well for you to stay with us altogether."

Gilbert was silent for some time after the abbot had ceased speaking. He seemed to be utterly overcome by the news that he was disinherited, and his hands lay upon his knees, loosely weak and expressive of utter hopelessness. Very slowly he raised his face at last and turned his eyes upon the only friend that seemed left to him in his destitution.

"So I am an outcast," he said, "an exile, a beggar—"

"Or a monk," suggested the churchman, with a smile.

"Or an adventurer," said Gilbert, smiling also, but more bitterly.

"Most of our ancestors were that," retorted the abbot, "and they have picked up a fair living by it," he added. "Let me see: Normandy, Maine, Aquitaine, Gascony—and England. Not a bad inheritance for a handful of pirates matched against the world."

"Yes, but the handful of pirates were Normans," said Gilbert, as if that statement alone should have explained the conquest of the universe. "But the world is half won," he concluded, with a rather hopeless sigh.

"There is enough to fight for yet," answered the abbot, gravely. "The Holy Land is not half conquered, and until all Palestine and Syria shall be one Christian kingdom under one Christian king, there is earth for Norman feet to tread, and flesh for Norman swords to hack."

Gilbert's expression changed a little, and a light came into his eyes.

"The Holy Land—Jerusalem!" The words came slowly, each with its dream. "But the times are too old. Who should preach another crusade in our day?"

"The man whose word is a lash, a sword, and a crown—the man who rules the world to-day."

"And who is that?" asked Gilbert.

"A Frenchman," answered the abbot—"Bernard of Clairvaux, the greatest man, the greatest thinker, the greatest preacher, and the greatest saint of these late days."

"I have heard of him," Gilbert answered, with a sick man's disappointment at not learning anything new. Then he smiled faintly. "If he is a miracle-worker, he might find me a good subject."

"You have a home here, Gilbert Warde, and friends," said the abbot, gravely. "Stay while you will, and when you are ready for the world again you shall not lack for a coat of mail, a spare mount, and a purse of gold with which to begin your life."

"I thank you," said Gilbert, feebly, but very gratefully. "I feel as if my life were not beginning, but ending. I have lost my inheritance, my home, and my mother in one hour. It is enough, for it is all, and with it is taken love also."

"Love?" The abbot seemed surprised.

"Can a man marry his mother's husband's child?" asked Gilbert, bitterly, almost contemptuously.

"No," answered the abbot; "that would be within the degrees of affinity."

For a long time Gilbert sat still in mournful silence. Then, seeing that he was very tired, the abbot beckoned to the brothers, who came and led him back to the stairs, and carried him up to his room. But, when he was gone, the Abbot of Sheering walked thoughtfully up and down the cloister for a long time, even until the refectory bell began to ring for dinner, and he could hear the shuffling steps of the two hundred hungry monks hurrying to their food, through the distant staircases and corridors.

V.

AN autumn morning at dawn, the beach of Dover, the tide at flood, and fifty half-naked sailors launching a long, black Norman sea-boat bows on, over chocks, through the low surf to the gray swell beyond. The little vessel had been beached by the stern, with a slack chain hooked to her sides at the water-line, and a long hawser rove through a rough fiddle-block of enormous size, and leading to a capstan set far above high-water mark and made fast by the bight of a chain to an anchor buried in the sand up to the heavy wooden stock. And now a big old man, with streaming gray beard and a skin like a salted ox-hide, was slacking the turns of the hawser from the capstan-drum as the boat moved slowly down over the well-greased chocks, stopping short now and then of her own accord, and refusing to move on till twenty stout sailors on each side, their legs half buried in the sand, their broad shoulders flattened under the planking, their thick brown hands planted upon their thighs, like so many Atlases, each bearing a world, had succeeded, by alternately straining and yielding, in making the little vessel rock on her keel and start again toward the water's edge. On board, the master stood at the stern, ready to ship the long rudder as soon as he had taken the water. Two men in the bows took in the slack of the cable, by which the anchor had been dropped some fifty yards out, so as to keep her head straight when she should leave the temporary ways. By the mast, for the vessel had but one, stood Gilbert Warde, watching all that was done with the profoundly ignorant interest which landsmen always show in nautical matters. It seemed very slow to him, and he wondered why the man with the long beard, far up the beach, did not let go, so that the boat might launch herself. And while he was trying to solve the problem, something happened, a

chorus of wild yells went up from the sailors under the sides, the master in the stern threw up one hand and shouted, the old man let go, and yelled back an answer, Gilbert heard a rattling of chains, and then all at once the boat gathered way, and shot like an arrow through the low, curling surf, far out upon the heaving, gray water beyond, while the two men in the bows hauled on the cable, hand over hand, like madmen, panting audibly, till at last the vessel swung off by her head and rode quietly at her anchor. An hour later, with twenty sweeps swinging rhythmically in the tholes, and a fair south-westerly breeze, the sharp-cut boat was far out in the English Channel, and before night, the wind holding fair and freshening, the master dropped anchor almost under the shadow of the Count of Flanders's castle at Calais.

So Gilbert Warde left England, a wanderer, disinherited of all that should have been his, owing all that he had to Lambert de Clare, Abbot of Sheering, in the shape of mail and other armor, with such fine clothes as a young nobleman should have with him on a journey, two horses, and a purse of which the contents should last him several months on his travels. For attendants he had with him a fair-haired Saxon lad who had run away from Stoke to Sheering and had refused to leave Gilbert, whom he looked upon as his lawful master; and there was with him, too, a dark-skinned youth of his own age, a foundling, christened Dunstan by the monks, after a saint of their order, brought up and taught at the abbey, who himself knew neither whose child he was, nor whence he came, but who could by no means be induced to enter the novitiate so long as the world had room for wanderers and adventurers. He was a gifted fellow, quick to learn and tenacious to remember, speaking Latin and Norman French and English Saxon as well as any monk in the abbey, quick of hand and light of foot, with daring black eyes in which the pupils could hardly be found, while the whites were of a cold, blue gray and often bloodshot; and he had short, straight black hair, and a face that made one think of a young falcon. He had begged so hard to be allowed to go with Gilbert, and it was so evident that he was not born to wear out a church pavement with his knees, that the abbot had given his consent. During the last weeks before Gilbert's departure, when he was hourly gaining strength and could no longer bear to be shut up within the walls of the convent, he

had made a companion of Dunstan, walking and riding with him, for the fellow could ride, and sometimes entering into long arguments with him about matters of belief and conscience and honor; and the two had become attached to each other by their unlikeness, not precisely as friends and equals, yet by no means as master and man: it was rather the sort of relation which often existed between knight and squire, though the two were of the same age, and Gilbert had no immediate prospect of winning knightly spurs.

It would have been impossible, however, to admit that Dunstan could ever develop into a knight himself. There were strange little blanks in his ideas of chivalry, curious, unfeeling spots in his moral organization, which indicated another race, another inheritance of thought, the traditions of a world older and less simple than the one in which Gilbert had been brought up.

For Gilbert was the type of noble youth in the days when the light of chivalry had dawned upon an age of violence, but was not yet fully risen. God, honor, woman—these made up the simple trinity of a knight's belief and reverence, from the moment when the church began to make an order of fighting men, with ceremonies and obligations of their own, thereby forever binding together the great conceptions of true Christianity and true nobility.

In the absence of anything like real learning among the laymen of those days, education in its simplest and most original sense played a very large part in life; and Gilbert had acquired that sort of culture in its highest and best form. The object of instruction is to impart learning for some distinct purpose, but most chiefly, perhaps, in order that it may be a means of earning a livelihood. The object of education is to make men, to produce the character of the man of honor, to give men the inward grace of the gentleman, which cannot manifest itself outwardly save in good manners, modesty of bearing, and fearlessness. And such things in earlier days were profoundly associated in the minds of men with the inward principles and the outward rites of Christianity. It was the perfect simplicity, and in a measure the ample harmony, of beliefs, principles, and rules of action that made life possible at all at a time when the modern art of government was in its earliest infancy, when the idea of a constitution had been lost in the chaos of the dark ages, and when the direction of kingdoms, principalities, and societies was a purely per-

sonal matter, wholly dependent upon individual talent or caprice, virtue or vice, charity or greed. Without some such foundation in the character of the times, society, the world, and the church must have fallen a prey to the devouring ambition of that most horrible of human monsters, the princely unbeliever of the middle ages, who flourished again and again, sporadically, from England to Constantinople, from Paris to Rome, but who almost invariably ended in disastrous failure, overcome and trodden down by the steadily advancing morality of mankind. Such men were John XII, of the evil race of Theodora in Rome, and the Jewish Pierleone who lived a hundred years later, King John of England; last and greatest of all, perhaps, as he was most certainly the worst, Cæsar Borgia.

To be a gentleman when Henry Plantagenet was a boy of twelve, and Gilbert Warde was going to the Duke of Normandy's court, implied not many gifts, few principles, and only two or three accomplishments at most; but it meant the possession of those simple requirements in their very best accepted form, and that species of thoroughness in a few matters which has been at the root of social superiority in all ages. We have heard of amateur artists, amateur soldiers, amateur statesmen; but no one has ever heard of an amateur gentleman. Gilbert Warde knew little Latin beyond the few prayers taught him by the manor priest at Stoke; but in the efficacy of those prayers he believed with all his heart and soul. The Norman-French language of the nobles in England was no longer that of their more refined cousins over the water; but though his tongue betrayed him for an Englishman, Gilbert had the something which was of more worth among his equals than a French accent—the grace, the unaffected ease, the straightforward courtesy, which are bred in bone and blood, like talent or genius, but which reach perfection only in the atmosphere to which they belong, and among men and women who have them in the same degree. Possessing belief and good manners, the third essential was skill in arms, and, as has been seen, Gilbert was a match for a swordsman of considerable reputation. The only absolutely necessary accomplishment for a gentleman in his day was a thorough knowledge of the chase as a fine art in all its branches, from falconry to boar-hunting, and in this respect Gilbert was at least the equal of the average young noble. In spite of his youth, he was therefore thoroughly equipped for the world; and besides

the advantages here set forth, he had the very great one of feeling that, although he might be going among strangers, he was going to meet men all brought up to act and think like himself, in the belief that their ways of acting and thinking were very much better than those of other people.

But as he rode along the sandy dunes he was not reflecting upon his own gifts or prospects. His life was strange to him by its sudden and complete change, from an existence of more or less peaceful enjoyment, in which the certainty of fortune, local dignity, and unthwarted love made the idea of ambition look empty and foolish, to the state of possessing only a pair of good horses, good weapons, and a little ready money, with which to lay siege to the universe. Yet even that wide difference of conditions was insignificant beside the deeper and sadder misfortunes upon which the young man brooded as he rode, and which had already embittered his young existence by the destruction of his highest and most beautiful illusion and of his dearest and happiest hope.

In the fall of his mother's image from the altar upon which he had set it, there was the absolute destruction of his own past childhood as it had always appeared to him. In the sudden and fearful illumination of her true nature, the little good there might have been faded to nothing in the broad glare of evil. It was not possible that she who had married her husband's murderer within the month could ever have felt one sincere impulse of love for Raymond Warde, nor that she could ever have known the slightest real affection for the son whom she had first left to his fate, and then treacherously cheated of his birthright. The temple where she had dwelt was still in his heart and mourned her in emptiness. For nothing else had taken the place of her there: she was not transformed; she was gone, and had taken with her a lifetime of tender and gentle memories. When his inward eyes sought her they found nothing, and their light was quenched in her darkness. She was not as his father was, dead in fact, but dead in honor. There he lay, as Gilbert had last looked upon his white face and stiff, mailed form, himself still, himself as he had been in life and as he was thereafter, in that place of peace and refreshment where brave men rest. In the quiet features was reflected forever the truth whereby his life had been lived; in the crossed hands upon the breast was the last outward symbol and sign of the simple faith that had been life's guide; in the strong,

straight outlines of a strength splendid in death was the record of strong deeds well done. Alive, he had been to his son the man of all others; dead, he was still the man of men, without peer and without like. It mattered not that he was silent, for he had spoken the truth; that he was as motionless as stone, for the cold hand had been swift to thrust and smite, and had dealt unforgotten blows in a good cause; that he was deaf, for he had heard the cry of the weak, and had forborne; that he was blind, for his eyes had seen the light of victory and had looked unflinching upon an honorable death. Loyal, true, brave, strong, he lay in his son's heart, still at all points himself. And Gilbert turned his mind's eye to the darkness on the other side, and many a time, as the unwept tears burned in his brain, he wished that his mother were lying there too, beside his father, dead in the body, but alive forever to him in that which is undying in woman; to be cherished still, still honored; to be loved and still obeyed in the memory of precept and teaching; to be his mother always, and he to be in thought her child, even until the gray years should be upon him, and the Bridge of Fear in sight.

Instead, as his thoughts went back to his home, the woman herself faced him, not as he had always seen her, but as she had been sometimes seen by others. The deed she had done—the greatest, the worst, the most irrevocable—was in her face, and Gilbert's unconscious memory brought back the details his love of her had once rejected. The cold face was as hard as flint, the deep blue eyes were untrue and unbelieving, the small red lips were scornfully parted to show the cruel little teeth, and there were dashes of flame in the russet hair. Better she had been dead, better a thousand times that she had come to the sharp end before her time, than that such a face should be her son's only memory of his mother.

The lines of the image had been etched in the weak places of his heart with the keen point of his first grief, and the biting acid of a new and unnatural hate was eating them deeper, day by day. And when, in spite of himself, his mind dwelt upon her and understood that he was cursing her who had borne him, he turned back in sheer despair to the thought of a religious life.

But though it drew him and appealed to all in his nature which had been uppermost when death had almost tripped him into his grave, it spoke only half a language now, and was less than half convincing. He could

understand well enough that the monastery might hold the only life for men who had fought through many failures, from light to darkness, from happiness to sorrow—men who loved nothing, hoped nothing, hated nothing any longer in the great democracy of despair. They sought peace as the only earthly good they might enjoy, and there was peace in the cloister. Hope being dead in life, they tasted refreshment in the hope of a life to come. The convent was good enough for the bankrupt of love and war. But there must be another rule for those in whom youth was wounded but not dead, whose hearts were offended but not slain, whose blood was still strong and hot for good and evil, for men whose battles were before them still. There must be a remedy against fate which should not be an offense to God, a struggle against God's will which should not be a revolt, a life in which virtue should not mean a prison for soul and body, nor the hope of salvation a friar's cell.

Like many enthusiasts, knowing nothing of the world save by guesswork, and full of an inborn belief in the existence of perfection, Gilbert dreamed of realizing the harmony of two opposites—the religious life and the life of the world. Such dreams seemed not so wild in those days, when the very idea of knighthood was based upon them, and when many brave and true men came near to making them seem anything but fanciful, and practised virtue in a rough-and-ready fashion which would not pass muster in modern society, though it might in heaven. The religious idea had taken hold of Gilbert strongly, and before he had left the abbey he had fallen into the habit of attending most of the offices in the choir, still wearing the novice's frock which had been at first only an invalid's robe. And now that he was out in the world to seek his fortunes, tunic and hose, spur and glove, seemed strange to him, and he would have felt more at home in a friar's hood. So he felt that in his life he should never again quite lose the monastic instinct, and that it was well for him that he could not. He stood on that perilous thin ridge between past and future to which almost every man of heart is sooner or later led by fate, where every step may mean a fall, and where to fall is almost to be lost. The things he had lived for, the things he had hoped, the things he had loved, had been taken from him violently and all at once. There was neither clue, nor guide, nor hope, and on each side of him yawned the hideous attraction of despair. Even the

recollections of first love were veiled by what he understood to be the irrevocable interdiction of the church, and, in his strongly spiritual mood, to think of Beatrix appeared to him like a temptation to mortal sin.

In leaving England without any definite aim, but with a vague intention of making his way to Jerusalem, he had obeyed the Abbot of Sheering rather than followed friendly advice, and his obedience had savored strongly of the monastic rule. Lambert de Clare, a man of the world before he had become a churchman, and a man of heart before he was a ruler of monks, had understood Gilbert's state well enough, and had forced the best remedy upon him. The cure for a broken heart, if there be any, is not in solitude and prayer, but in facing the wounds and stings of the world's life; and the abbot had almost forcibly thrust his young friend out to live like other men of his order, while suggesting a pilgrimage to the Holy Land as a means of satisfying his religious cravings.

As for the material help which Gilbert had received, it was no shame, in an age not sordid, for a penniless gentleman to accept both gifts and money from a rich and powerful person like the Abbot of Sheering, in the certainty of carving out such fortune with his own hands as should enable him amply to repay the loan. So far as his immediate destination was concerned, the abbot, who considered his house to be vastly superior to political dissension, and secretly laughed at his cousins for supporting King Stephen's upstart cause, had advised Gilbert to make his way directly to the court of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Duke of Normandy and Grand Seneschal of France, the husband of the Empress Maud, rightful Queen of England. Thither he was riding, therefore, with Dunstan on his left hand, mounted upon his second horse, while Alric, the sturdy little Saxon groom and archer, rode behind them on a stout black mule laden with Gilbert's possessions.

VI.

THOSE were the early days of Geoffrey's lordship in Normandy. Twice and three times he had come up from Anjou with his men-at-arms and his footmen to take possession of his wife's lawful inheritance. Again and again he had been repulsed and driven back to his own dominions, but at the last he prevailed, and the iron will of the man whose royal race was to give England fourteen kings forced Normandy to submission, and thereafter he ruled in peace. Yet he was not so strongly established but that he desired

sound friendships and strong alliances to support him, and at the same time he was anxious to obtain help for his wife in her prolonged struggle for the English crown. In his office of Grand Seneschal of France he generally caused himself to be represented by a deputy; but he had lately determined to make a journey to Paris, in the hope of winning over the young King Louis, and perhaps the beautiful Queen Eleanor, who was feudal sovereign, in her own right, of Guienne, Poitou, and Aquitaine, and in reality a more powerful personage than the king himself.

So it fell out that before Gilbert reached his destination he met a great and splendid train riding toward him on the highroad, two hundred horse, at the very least, and as many footmen, followed by a long line of sumpter-mules. The road was narrow at that place, so that Gilbert, with his two men, saw that it would be impossible to pass, and though it was not natural to him to cede the right of way to any one, he understood that, in the face of what was a little army, it would be the part of wisdom to draw aside. A thick growth of thorn-bushes made a natural hedge at that part of the road, and Gilbert and his companions were obliged almost to back into the briers, as four handsomely dressed outriders trotted past them abreast, not without a glance of rather supercilious inquiry, for they did not fail to see that Gilbert was a stranger in their country; and, for a traveler, his retinue was anything but imposing. He, however, barely glanced at them as they passed him, for his eyes were fixed upon the advancing cavalcade, a river of rich and splendid color flowing toward him between soft green banks. They were men who rode in peace; for though a standard rose in the middle rank, it was furled and cased in leather, and the horsemen who surrounded it were dressed in tunic and hose—crimson, green, rich dark brown, with the glint of gold, the sheen of silver, the lightning of steel, relieving the deep hues of dark cloth and velvet here and there.

A length behind the furled flag rode a man and a boy, side by side, and the next riders followed two or three lengths behind them. The man, mounted on a huge white Norman weight-carrier, kept the off side of the road, his great beast trotting leisurely with a long, pounding step and an occasional lazy shake of the big white head with the iron-gray forelock and the well-combed mane. The rider sat square and upright in the saddle, the plain leathern bridle neither

too short nor too long in the light, strong hand, that just moved perceptibly with the horse's step. He was a man evidently of good height, but not over tall, of surpassing beauty of form, young in figure, but past middle age, as his hard features and already furrowed brow showed; his deep gray eyes looked steadily ahead from beneath black eyebrows which contrasted oddly with hair already iron-gray. There was something immovable and fateful about the clean-shaven jaw, the broad, flat chin, the wide, strong mouth—something strangely durable which contrasted with the rich softness of his splendid dress, as though the man, and what the man meant, were to outlive the fashions of the world.

The boy who rode by his near side, a lad of a little more than twelve years, was both like him and unlike. Sturdy, broad, short-legged, square beyond his age, any one could see that he was never to inherit his father's beauty of proportion and grace of bearing; but there was something in his face which promised all his father's strength and an even greater independence. The gray eyes were the same, but nearer together, and almost sinister in their gaze, even at that age; the nose was already long and rather flat than sharp; and the large, straight lips, even and close set, would have seemed strong in a grown man's face. The boy sat upon his small gray Andalusian horse as if he had lived a lifetime in the saddle, but his twelve-year-old hand was heavier on the bridle than ever his father's had been.

There was something in the bearing of the two, father and son, so kingly and high that Gilbert, who had been brought up in Norman courtesy, involuntarily rose in the saddle as much as his long stirrups would allow, and lifted his cap from his head, supposing, as was natural, that he was saluting the lord of the lands through which he was traveling. The other returned the salutation with a wave of the hand, looked sharply at Gilbert, and then, to the latter's surprise, drew rein, the lad beside him ranging back half a length so as not to be in the way between the other two. For a few seconds neither said a word. Then the elder man, as though expecting something of which the younger was not aware, smiled kindly and spoke. His voice was strong and manly, but clear and sweet.

"You are strange here, sir," he said, with something more like an assertion than a question in his turn.

"From England, sir," answered Gilbert, bowing slightly in the saddle.

The elder man looked hard at him and

knit his brows. Few English gentlemen had refused allegiance to King Stephen.

"From England? And what may you be doing in Normandy, young sir? Stephen's friends find little friendship here."

"I am not of them, sir," answered Gilbert, drawing himself up somewhat haughtily. "I am rather of those who would shorten Stephen's reign by the length of his life, and his body by a head."

The broad, handsome face of the man with whom he was speaking relaxed into a smile, and his son, who had at first eyed Gilbert with distrust, threw back his head and laughed.

"Then I suppose that you are for the empress," said the man. "But if you are, why are you not in Gloucester?"

"Sir," answered Gilbert, "being made homeless and landless by Stephen, I chose rather to cut a fortune out of the world than to beg one of the queen, who has none left to give."

"You could fight for her," suggested the other.

"Aye, sir; and I have, and will again, if such gentlemen of Normandy as you will cross the water and fight also. But as the matter stands to-day, whosoever shall break the truce shall break his own neck, without serving the empress. And meanwhile I ride to the Duke of Normandy's court, and if I may serve him I will, but if not, I shall go farther."

"But who are you, sir, that seek the duke?"

"I am Gilbert Warde, and my fathers held Stoke Regis in Hertfordshire from Duke William. But Stephen took it when I was lying ill of a wound in Sheering Abbey, and bestowed it upon another. And you, sir? I crave your name."

"Geoffrey Plantagenet," answered the duke, quietly. "And this is my son, Henry, who by the grace of God shall yet be King of England."

Gilbert started at the name, and then noticed for the first time that both father and son wore in their velvet caps a short, dry sprig of the broom-plant. He sprang to the ground and came forward on foot, bare-headed, and stood beside the duke's near stirrup.

"Your pardon, my lord," he said. "I should have known you."

"That might have been hard," answered Geoffrey, "since you had never seen me. But as you were on your way to find me and wished to serve me, mount again and ride with us to Paris, whither we go."

So Gilbert mounted, and would have fallen back in the train among the young squires, behind the five ranks of knights who rode after the duke. But Geoffrey would not let him take his place at once, for he was glad to have news of the long struggle in England, the end of which was to set a Plantagenet upon the throne, and he asked many questions, which the young man answered as well as he could, though some of them were not easy, and the boy Henry listened with grave face and unwinking eyes to all that was said.

"If I had been in my mother's place," he said at last, in a pause, "I would have cut off Stephen's head in Bristol Castle."

"And let your uncle Gloucester be put to death by Stephen's wife?" Geoffrey looked at his son curiously.

"She would not have done it," answered Henry. "There could have been no more war, with Stephen dead. But if she had killed my uncle, well, what of that? The crown of England is worth one life, at least."

Gilbert heard, and wondered at the boy's hardness, but held his peace. He was surprised also that the duke should say nothing, and the speech of the one and the silence of the other clearly foreshadowed the kingdom for one or both. But the boy's speech seemed heartless and not altogether knightly to Warde, who was himself before all things a man of heart; and the first impression made on him by the precocious lad was more or less a wrong one, since Henry afterward turned out a just and kind man, though often stern and unforgetful of offense. And Gilbert was very far from guessing that the young prince was suddenly attracted to him in the strongest possible way, and that in the first meeting he had unconsciously laid the foundations of a real friendship.

After a time, as the duke asked no more questions, Gilbert took it for granted that he was no longer wanted, and fell back to his proper place among the riders. The young squires received him with cordiality and not without a certain respect for one who, though not even a knight, had been so much honored by their sovereign. And Gilbert himself, though he felt at home among them at first, as man feels with his own kind, yet felt that he was divided from them by the depth of his own misfortunes. One of them spoke of his home at Bayeux, and one of his father, and Gilbert's face grew grave; another told how his mother had herself embroidered with gold the fine linen collar

that showed above his low-cut tunic. Gilbert bit his lip and looked away at the rolling green country. And one, again, asked Gilbert where his home might be.

"Here," answered Warde, striking the pommel of his saddle with his right hand and laughing rather harshly.

He was older than most of them, for they ranged from fourteen to eighteen years, and were chiefly beardless boys who had never seen fight, whose fathers had fought Geoffrey Plantagenet until they had recognized that he was the master, as the great Duke William had been in his day, and then, being beaten, had submitted whole-heartedly and all at once, as brave men do, and had forthwith sent their sons to learn arms and manners at Geoffrey's court. So none of these youths had slain a man with his own hand, as Gilbert had at Farringdon, nor had any of them faced an enemy with plain steel in a quarrel, as Gilbert had faced Sir Arnold de Curboil. Though Gilbert told little of his story and less of his deeds, they saw that he was older than they. They felt that he had seen more than they had, and they guessed that his hand was harder and heavier than theirs.

As the day wore, and they rode, and halted, and dined together in the vast outer hall of a monastery which they reached soon after midday, the young men who sat beside Gilbert noticed that he could repeat the Latin words of the long grace as well as any monk, and one laughed and asked where he had got so much scholarship.

"I lay two months in an abbey," answered Gilbert, "healing of a wound, and the nursing brother taught me the monks' ways."

"And how came you by such a wound?" asked the young squire.

"By steel," answered Gilbert, and smiled, but he would say no more.

And after that, two or three asked questions of Gilbert's man Dunstan, and he, being proud of his master, told all he knew, so that his hearers marveled that such a fighter had not yet obtained knighthood, and they foretold that if Long Gilbert, as they named him for his height, should stay in the duke's service, he would not be a squire many weeks.

And on the next day and the days following it was clear to them all that Gilbert was in the way of fortune by the hand of favor; for as the company rode along in the early morning by dewy lanes, where Michaelmas daisies were blooming, a groom came riding back to say that the young Henry—the count, as they began to call him about

that time—wished the company of Master Warde, to tell him more of England. So Gilbert cantered forward and took his place on the left beside the young prince, and for more than an hour answered questions of all sorts about Englishmen, English trees, English cattle, and English dogs.

"It will all be mine before long," said the boy, laughing; "but as I have never seen it, I want your eyes."

And every day thereafter, in the morning and afternoon, Gilbert was sent for to tell the lad stories about England; and he talked as if he were speaking to a grown man, and said many things about his own country which had long been in his heart, in the strong, good language of a man in earnest. Henry listened, and asked questions, and listened again, and remembered what he heard, not for a day only, or a week, but for a lifetime, and in the boy the king was growing hour by hour.

Sometimes, while they talked, the duke listened and said a few words himself, but more often he rode on out of the train alone, in deep thought, or called one of the older knights to his side; and when Gilbert's quick ear caught fragments of their conversation, they were generally talking of country matters—crops, horse-breeding, or the price of grain.

So they rode, and in due time they came to fields of mud left by a subsiding river, and here and there green hillocks rose out of the dreary expanse, and on them were built castles of gray stone. But in the flats there were the mud hovels of brickmakers and of people living miserably by the river; and then all at once the ground rose a little to the bank, with a street, and houses of brick and stone; and between these, upon an island, Gilbert, rising in his stirrups to see over the heads of his companions, descried the castle of the King of France, with its towers and battlements, its great drawbridge, and its solid gray walls, in those days one of the strongest holds in all the world.

Then they all halted, and the duke's herald rode forward to the gate, and the king's herald was seen within, and there was a great blowing of horns and a sound of loud, high voices reciting formal speeches in a monotone. After that there was a silence, and horns again, and more recitation, and a final blast, after which the duke's herald came back, and the king's herald came out upon the drawbridge, followed by men in rich clothes of white cloth, embroidered with gold lilies that shone in

the autumn sun like little tongues of flame; and the duke's standard was unfurled to the river breeze, and the goodly train rode slowly over the drawbridge at the end of the solid wooden causeway which spanned the main width of the stream, and so, by the chief gate, into the great court of honor. And Gilbert rode close behind young Henry, who called him his chancellor, in jest, and would not let him ride out of his sight.

Within the court were great buildings reared against the outer walls; but in the midst was the king's hall and dwelling, and in the porch at the head of the steps which led to the main door, the king and queen were waiting in state, in their robes of ceremony, with all their household about them, to receive their Grand Seneschal and brother sovereign, Geoffrey Plantagenet. But Gilbert, looking boldly before him, saw that the King of France was a fair, pale man with a yellow beard, strong and knightly, but with dull and lifeless blue eyes; and Gilbert looked at the lady who sat beside him, and he saw that the Queen of France was the most beautiful woman in the world; and when his eyes had seen her it was long before he looked away.

He saw a being so unlike all he had known before that his idea of woman changed from that hour for his whole life—a most perfect triplicity of beauty, grace, and elastic strength. Some have doubtless possessed each separate perfection, but the names of those who have had all three are as forgotten as those of conquerors and supreme poets. Gilbert's eyes fixed themselves, and for a moment he was in a sort of waking trance, during which he could not for his life have described one feature of the queen's face; but when she spoke to him his heart leaped and his eyelids quivered, and her image was fixed upon his memory forever. Young though he was, it would have been contrary to his grave and rather melancholy disposition to lose his heart at first sight to any woman, and it was neither love, nor love's forerunner, that overcame him as he gazed at the queen. It was a purely visual impression, like that of being dazzled by a bright light, or made giddy by sudden motion.

She was as tall as the king, but whereas he was heavily and awkwardly built, her faultless proportion made an ungraceful movement an impossibility, and the rhythmic ease of her slightest gesture expressed an unfaltering bodily energy which no sudden fatigue or stress of long weariness could bring down. When she moved, Gilbert wished that he might never see her in

repose, yet as soon as the motion ceased, it seemed a crime upon beauty to disturb her rest.

Her face and her throat, uncovered to the strong morning light, were of a texture as richly clear as the tinted leaves of young orange-blossoms in May; and like the flowers themselves, it seemed to rejoice in air and sun, in dew and rain, perfected, not marred by the touch of heat and cold. The straight white throat rose like a column from the neck to the delicate lobe of the faultless ear, and a generously modeled line sprang in a clean curve of beauty to the sudden rounding of the ivory chin, cleft in the midst by nature's supreme touch. Low on her forehead the heavy waves of her hair were drawn back to each side under the apple-green silk coverchief that was kept in place by the crown of state. But she wore no wimple, and the broad waves flowed down upon her shoulders and hung behind her like a heavy mantle. And they were of that marvelous living hue that the westering sun casts through oak-leaves upon an ancient wall in autumn. All in her face was of light, from her hair to her white forehead; from her forehead to her radiant eyes, deeper than sapphires, brighter than mountain springs; from the peach-blossom bloom of her cheeks to the living coral of her lips.

She wore a close-fitting body of fine green cloth, embroidered with a small design in silver thread, in which the characteristic cross of Aquitaine alternated with a conventional flower. The girdle of fine green leather, richly embroidered in gold, followed exactly the lower line of this close garment round the hips, and the long end fell straight from the knot almost to the ground. The silken skirt in many folds was of the same color as the body, but without embroidery. The mantle of state, of a figured cloth of gold lined with straw-colored silk, hung in wide folds from her shoulders, her hair falling over it, and it was loosely held in place by a twisted cord of gold thread across her breast. Contrary to the fashion of the day, her sleeves were tight and closed at the wrists, and green gloves incased her hands, and were embroidered on the back with the cross of Aquitaine.

Gilbert was standing two steps behind young Henry, who was on his father's left, and was consequently directly opposite to the queen, as the boy bent one knee, and taking her gloved hand, touched the embroidery with his lips. Gilbert was hardly aware

that she was looking into his eyes, while his own were riveted on her face, and when she spoke, he started in surprise.

"And who is this?" she asked, smiling, as she saw what an effect her beauty produced upon the young man.

Henry turned half round, with a step backward, and took Gilbert's hand.

"This is my friend," he said, dragging him forward; "and if you like me, you shall please to like him, too, and tell the king to knight him at once."

"You have a strong recommendation to grace, sir," said the queen.

She looked down at the imperious boy's square face and laughed; but looking up and meeting Gilbert's eyes again, the ring of her laugh changed oddly, and died away in a short silence. It was long since she had looked upon so goodly a man; she was weary of her monkish husband, and she was the granddaughter of William of Aquitaine, giant, troubadour, and lover. It was no wonder that there was light in her eyes, and life in every fiber of her beautiful body.

"I think I shall like your friend," she said, speaking to Henry, but still looking at the man.

And so Gilbert first met the queen; and as she held out her hand to him and he took it, kneeling on one knee, she unconsciously drew young Henry close to her, and her arm was round his neck, and her hand pressed his shoulder in a very gentle way, so that he looked up into her face. But if any one had told her then that she should love a man in vain, that she should be divided from the fair-haired king beside her and become the wife of the broad-faced, rough-fisted little boy whose curly head barely reached her shoulder, the prophet might have fared ill, as readers of the future often do.

But meanwhile the king stood talking quietly with Duke Geoffrey, who presently crossed to salute the queen, not dreaming what strange spirits had taken possession of the hearts of three persons in one moment. For the third was Henry himself. When the queen gave her right hand to his father, her other was still on the boy's shoulder, and when she would have withdrawn it, he caught it with both his own and held it there; and suddenly the blood sprang up in his cheeks even to the roots of his hair, and for the first and last time in his life Henry Plantagenet was almost ridiculous, and wished that he might hide his head. Yet he would not loose his hold on the queen's hand.

(To be continued.)



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"SO GILBERT FIRST MET THE QUEEN."



PART OF THORWALDSEN'S "TRIUMPH OF ALEXANDER," A FRIEZE IN THE VILLA CARLOTTA, LAKE COMO, ITALY.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

HIS VICTORIES IN THRACE, ILLYRIA, AND GREECE.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek in Cornell University.

SECOND PAPER.

WHEN Philip fell at the theater gates in *Ægæ* it seemed likely that his empire had fallen with him. It had been a creation of his personality, and that personality seemed essential to its continuance. In the opinion of the best political judges of the time, Macedonia's control south of the Cambunian range, the northern limit of Thessaly, was at an end. If Alexander had accepted the advice of his friends, indeed, he would have relinquished all thought of asserting himself in Greece proper, and have restricted his attention entirely to maintaining and securing his position at home. Here there were difficulties enough for a youth of twenty years to face. The Illyrian, Pæonian, and Thracian tribes, which bordered on three sides of the Macedonian territory, were ready to take quick advantage of any weakness, and throw off the yoke, or, as the case might be, overleap the restraint of Macedonian authority.

Even his claim to the succession did not remain unchallenged. Only a few days before Philip's death a son had been born to the king by Cleopatra. The marriage with Cleopatra had been not only a vigorous affair of the heart with Philip, but bore a decided political significance. Attalus, her uncle, was a leading personality in army and nation, and embodied in his connections and influence the old-fashioned Macedonian ideas and spirit. He was now, in conjunction with Parmenion, in command of an army in Asia Minor, and was sure, at the first news of Philip's death, to use his strength in supporting the claims

of his niece's child. Also, a very considerable number of influential Macedonians favored the claims of Amyntas, son of Philip's elder brother Perdiccas; while others would have preferred the Lyncestian line, which early in the century, in the person of *Æropus*, had held the throne. The popular prejudice against the foreign ideas, the new notions of life, manners, education, and, above all, the new ambitions and far-reaching imperial schemes which had been identified with the reign of Philip, could be easily appealed to in the interest of preventing Alexander's accession. The voice of the chauvinists who demanded a Macedonian for Macedonians had already been heard, at the wedding-feast of Cleopatra, protesting against the succession of Alexander, the foreign woman's son.

Alexander gave opposition no time to formulate. He acted with decision and rapidity. The two Lyncestian princes who were suspected of being accomplices of Pausanias were immediately put to death. Their only surviving brother promptly recognized Alexander as king, and was spared. *Hecateus*, one of the young king's most intimate and trusted friends, was despatched with a body of troops into Asia Minor, with definite orders to seize Attalus alive, if he could; if not, to put him quietly out of the way. It was a dubious mission. Attalus had made himself singularly popular with the army. Parmenion, his associate in command, was his father-in-law, and he might naturally count upon him. The Athenians, quick to

use their opportunity, had sent messengers to encourage him against recognizing Alexander. A letter from Demosthenes himself gave the plot official status. The conspiracy took shape in support of the claims of Amyntas, Perdiccas's son. He was a likelier pretender than Cleopatra's infant son, and, like a Spanish Don Carlos, could raise a fair claim to legitimacy. But when Parmenion proved true to Alexander, and the tide

activity already made himself favorably known to the army. There seem, at any rate, to have been no evidences of disloyalty among the regular troops concentrated about Pella, the capital.

But Alexander was in pursuit of bigger game than mere security at home. It was this, indeed, which determined the confidence of his action and assured his easy success. The affairs at home were treated



ALEXANDER AND ATHENA.

From a cameo in the Cabinet des Médailles, Paris.

set strong toward his recognition, Attalus showed the faint heart, and hastened to set himself right by sending Demosthenes's letter to Alexander, and protesting his loyalty. Too late! Hecataeus was gone on his mission, and no one moved to recall him. Before winter came Attalus had disappeared, and no record tells how. Amyntas and all the male relatives of Attalus and Cleopatra shared in Macedonia a like fate.

Antipater, the leading general at home, proved loyal to Alexander, and his aid in assuring the loyalty of the army was undoubtedly of importance; and yet it must be remembered that Alexander had by his own

as petty things, to be settled at a stroke and without the slightest doubt or hesitation, in order that he might be free to move out into the greater world where his real work lay.

Alexander declined to be a creature of small things. Within a fortnight after his father's death he had made it evident that he was to be either "the Great" or nothing. He declined to recognize defeat or failure. He took it for granted that he was to succeed. What men called failure he named, and made to be the prelude to, success. Men came to believe in his star. It soon became evident that he was either to be a brilliantly



MACEDONIANS OF TO-DAY. BULGARIAN PEASANTS OF THE VARDAR VALLEY, IN SOUTHERN MACEDONIA.

successful man, or a failure so colossal as to establish a classical standard.

Without waiting to reorganize his government at home or to reassure himself of the allegiance of the barbarous tribes that skirted his western and northern frontiers, and even before he had heard the result of Hecataeus's mission against Attalus, he set forth with startling suddenness into Greece itself. Here was the field where all was to be won or lost. The moment the news of Philip's death had reached the cities of Greece they had assumed themselves free from all obligations to Macedonian authority. The Ambraciotes had expelled their Macedonian garrison. The Ætolians voted to admit into their land the Acharnanian malcontents whom Philip had banished. The Argives, the Eleans, the Spartans, made official assertion of their independence. Thebes, despite its garrison, muttered insurrection, but nowhere was the news received with more unconcealed evidences of joy than at Athens.

A private messenger sent by Charidemus, who was at the time reconnoitering off the coast of Macedonia, first brought the tidings to Demosthenes. Though the orator was

then in mourning for his daughter, who had died a week before, he put on a white festal robe and a crown of flowers, appeared before the assembled council, and in most dramatic fashion made announcement of the news as something communicated to him by Athena and Hero in a dream. Alexander he ventured in his ill-judged speech of congratulation to characterize as a cad, a genuine stuffed hero Margites, who for fear of his skin was not like to trust himself outside the precincts of Pella. The orator carried the council and the town-meeting with him, and on his motion the murderer Pausanias was proclaimed a public benefactor, and offerings of thanksgiving to the gods were decreed.



REVERSE OF HEAVY EUBOEAN OR SOLONIAN DEKADRACHM, SHOWING THE ATHENIAN OWL.

Demosthenes was certainly a master of sentimental politics. But in all this he reckoned without his host, as Greeks of this latter day have been known to do. The Macedonian army, twenty-five thousand strong, was already on the march. Unheralded by bulletin or courier, unannounced and unnoticed, this black storm-cloud of war gathered at the north and swept down like the whirlwind. It was no locust horde of Scyths or Goths; it was the terrible machine of war that Philip had built, a superbly disciplined army massed in companies and battalions, moving in rank and file. War was no longer free-and-easy sport; Philip had made it a practical thing of machinery. There were no baggage-trains, ammunition-wagons, sutlers, or commissaries.

yeomen of the phalanx, who made the mass of the army, trudged sturdily on, each bearing the small round shield and towering eighteen-foot pike, girt with the shortsword, and wearing cap, cuirass, and greaves. And so they moved fast. The first day they passed through the plain and on by the shore of the sea, by Methone and Pydna. Philip had trained them to march thirty and thirty-five miles in a day. The second day they passed under the shadow of Mount Olympus and came to the mouth of the river Peneus, where the road turns west to enter Thessaly by the vale of Tempe. But still they kept to the sea-shore to avoid risk of giving the alarm, and, fording the river, pushed around the foot of Mount Ossa until they could force their way by a path of their own mak-



PREHISTORIC TUMULUS NEAR THE SITE OF PELLA, ALEXANDER'S CAPITAL.

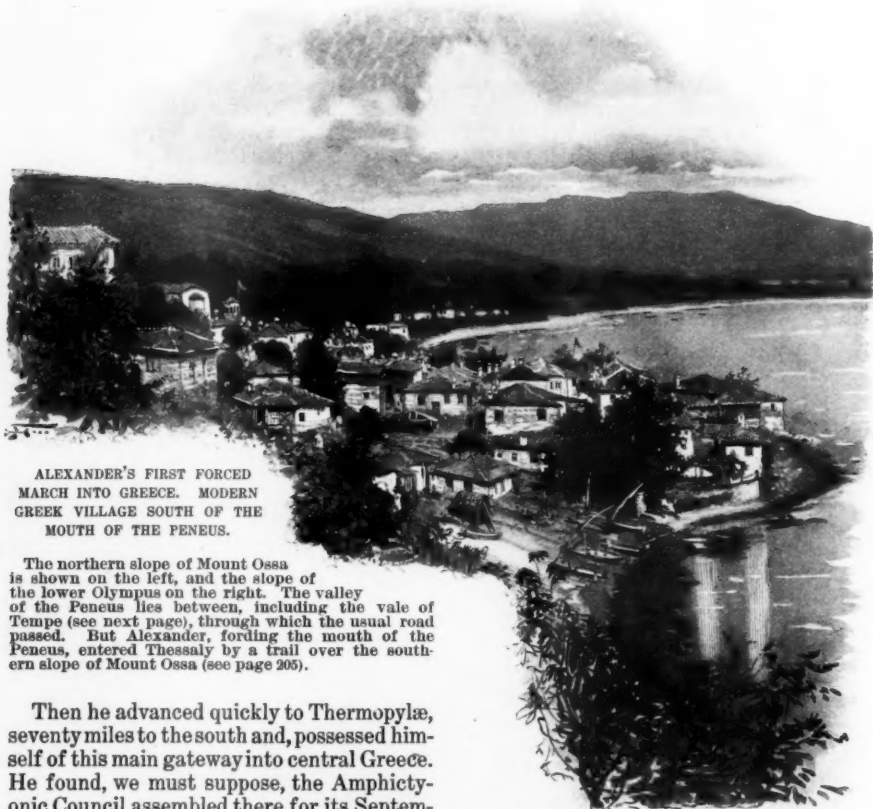
This mound is one of a group strung along between Yenî Je, the antique Pella, and the right bank of the Axios or Vardar River. The contents of one of them, pierced by the railroad line from Salonica to Monastir, and on view in the Imperial Museum of Constantinople, show that these sepulchral mounds belong to a preclassical epoch, and are the work of a native race closely related to the Phrygian or Dardanian Trojan. These mounds were therefore familiar to Alexander, being among the few works of human hands seen by him that remain to our time.

Each man carried in a simple basket haversack his own frugal store of provisions—bread, olives, onions, and salt fish or meat. The heavy-armed horsemen alone were allowed a single attendant or groom. The stout

ing over its southern slopes, down into the plain of Thessaly. Scarcely had the echoes of the thanksgiving festival died away at Athens when they stood at the gates of Larissa.

In the face of a fact like this army the Thessalians experienced no difficulty in realizing themselves faithful adherents of Philip's son. All Thessaly, a fifth of Greece, was his without a struggle, and with it came its famous cavalry, the most important contingent Greece ever furnished to his army.

Before central Greece was really aware of Alexander's approach, he had entered Boeotia and was encamped before Thebes, on the road joining it to Athens, forty miles distant. In the metropolis panic took the place of cheap confidence. The country population left the fields of Attica and swarmed within the walls.



ALEXANDER'S FIRST FORCED MARCH INTO GREECE. MODERN GREEK VILLAGE SOUTH OF THE MOUTH OF THE PENEUS.

The northern slope of Mount Ossa is shown on the left, and the slope of the lower Olympus on the right. The valley of the Peneus lies between, including the vale of Tempe (see next page), through which the usual road passed. But Alexander, fording the mouth of the Peneus, entered Thessaly by a trail over the southern slope of Mount Ossa (see page 205).

Then he advanced quickly to Thermopylæ, seventy miles to the south and, possessed himself of this main gateway into central Greece. He found, we must suppose, the Amphictyonic Council assembled there for its September session. We know, in any case, that he received prompt renewal of the recognition it had previously given the Macedonian claims to leadership in Greek affairs. The council represented merely an association of twelve tribes or nations, most of them the lesser peoples of northern Hellas, organized in early times to conduct and protect the temple service and the temple fairs, first at Thermopylæ, then at Delphi; but it had the sanctions of long tradition and religion, and was almost the only organized form of union among the Greek states, and so its indorsement carried weight. In northern Greece the game was won.

Hurried preparations were made for defense. The town-meeting hastened to reverse its attitude, and promptly decreed an embassy to Alexander, to apologize for their former action and sue for mercy.

The king was found in gracious mood. After chiding them for their impulsive disloyalty, he gave them assurances of peace and of a continuance of their local autonomy, and summoned them to meet him later in the National Council at Corinth. The same spirit characterized his treatment of the other cities. The king proved himself great in generosity of spirit before ever he showed

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

himself great at arms, and on the return of their ambassadors the Athenians voted him a benefactor of the city, and awarded him two golden crowns of honor.

All semblance of opposition to the new authority had disappeared like dew before the rising sun. At Corinth, representatives of all the states speedily assembled and hastened to renew the league which they had made with Philip, and to proclaim Alexander the military leader of the Hellenic empire. Sparta alone stood out in sulky stubbornness. To the summons for the council she sent the characteristic reply: "It is not our usage to follow others, but ourselves to lead them." Sparta was, however, now only a provincial village. She no longer counted in the affairs of Greece. Alexander could afford to smile and leave her in her sulks.

The right to lead Greece against the Orient, which had been to his father, we

may surmise, little more than a politician's device for consolidating empire, had become to him a real and all-absorbing aim. Toward that aim as a goal he proceeded with the fervid energy of a half-fanatic. His father had been rather a man of practical affairs, but Alexander was a man of ideas, and to him ideals assumed the form of realities. He was young, and the full flush of strength, the consciousness of power, and the love of action

and creation, urged him nervously and relentlessly toward the fulfilment of his dream. Prudent men may well have shaken their heads in distrust, as they nowadays do in Germany at the restless energy and rash idealism of their young Kaiser, but it was of no avail. A century of intestine struggles had slackened faith in the old doctrines of states' rights and local independence, and the power was now hopelessly concentrated in the hands of one man, who could do what he willed.

This visit to Corinth brought the young



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

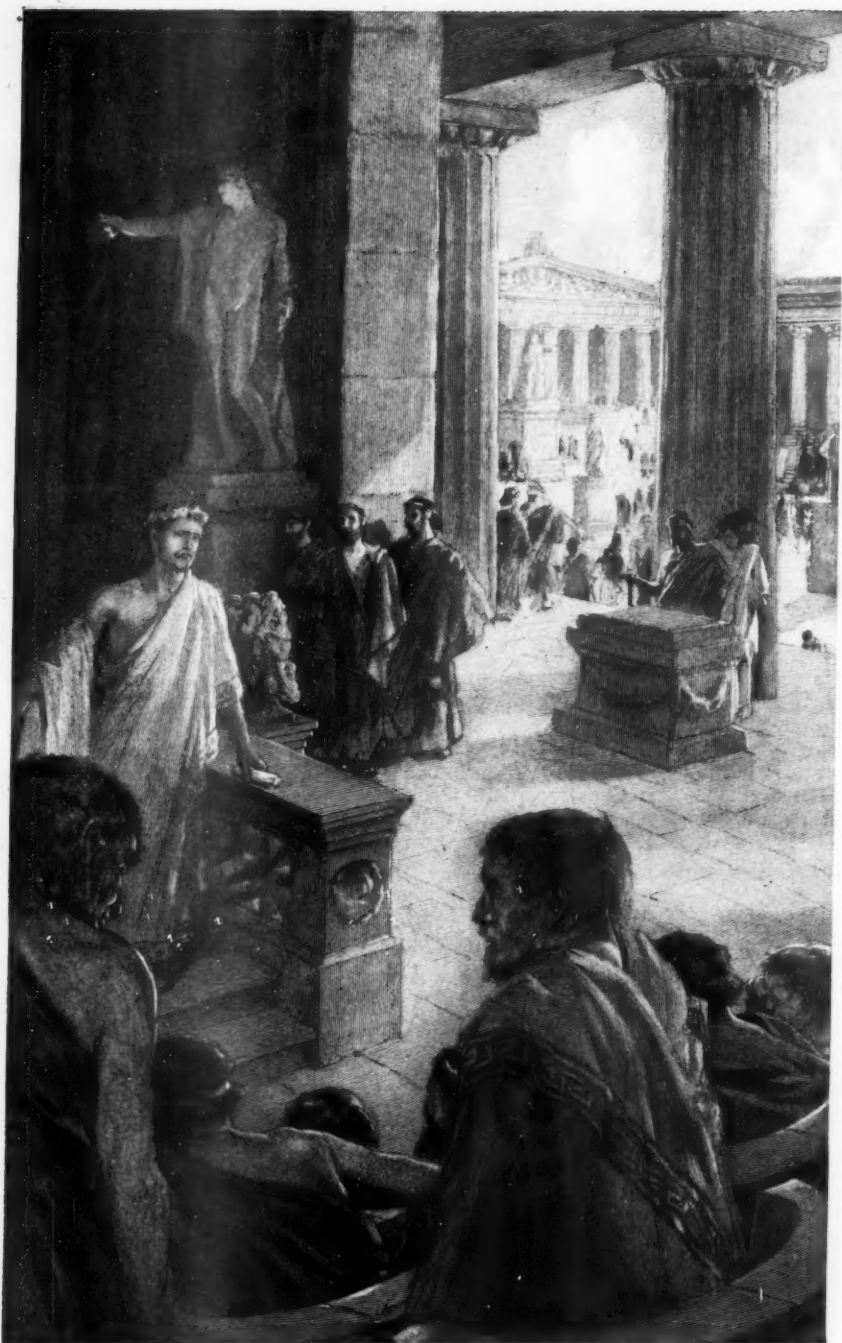
IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MOUNT OSSA.

Alexander's march in the first invasion of Greece led over the southern slope of the mountain seen to the right of the picture.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

DEMOSTHENES BEFORE THE ATHENIAN COUNCIL.

(SEE PAGE 204).

autocrat, if gossip is true, one opportunity of learning a helpful lesson. All the men of note, soldiers, politicians, and sages, came to pay their respects to the young king. Only Diogenes, who dwelt in Craneum, a suburb of Corinth, came not. All the more Alexander wished to see him. So he went where he was, and found him lying and sunning himself in the court of the gymnasium. Standing before him, surrounded by his suite of officers, the king ventured to introduce himself: "I am Alexander the king." "I am Diogenes the cynic," was the reply. Then Alexander, as the conversation made no headway, asked if there were aught that he could do for him. "If you and your men would stand from between me and the sun." And Alexander marveled, and on reflection was inclined to admire the man, saying, as the story has it: "If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes."

From Corinth Alexander crossed to Delphi. The blessing of the Pythian priestess was all that he lacked for the beginning of his great enterprise. It was already late in November (336). The sun-god Apollo had yielded his place in the sanctuary to the god of the slumbering vegetation, Dionysus, who held it for the winter months. The mouth of the oracle was by established tradition closed. But tradition was a slight matter to a man who has power and must. He caught the Pythia by the arm, and essayed to drag her to the tripod seat of augury; and to his compulsion the unwilling priestess answered in words he was glad to accept as the voice of deity and the sufficient blessing upon his mission: "My son, thou art irresistible!"

In the early winter Alexander returned to Macedonia. Here he found, to his shame and disgust, that his mother, Olympias, true to her savage instincts, had utilized his absence to sate her vengeful jealousy upon the helpless Cleopatra. She had caused Cleopatra's babe to be killed in the mother's arms, and had forced the poor woman herself to end her life with the cord. Displeased as the young king was at this act of cool savagery, the ethics and usages of the Macedonian "change of administration" tolerated and encouraged the "clean sweep," and, as occasion offered, he proceeded to make it, as we have already shown.

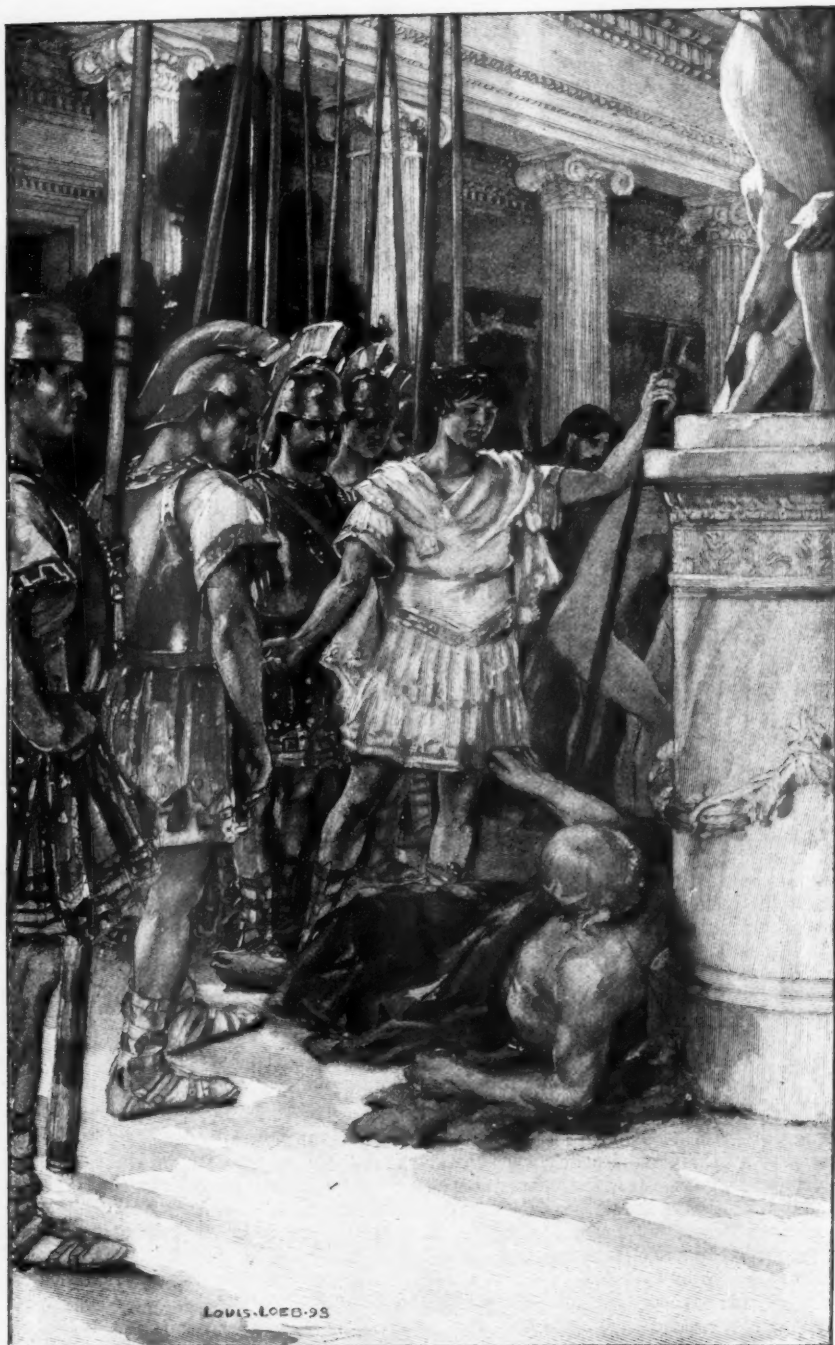
¹ Flavius Arrianus, born in Nicomedia, on the coast of the Sea of Marmora, wrote his "Anabasis of Alexander" in the second century after Christ. If in the following pages his statements are cited more frequently and with more assurance than those of any other ancient biographer of our hero, it is not because he exhibits a finer sense for historical perspective, or

The Macedonian army in Asia, under command of Parmenion, now occupied the extreme northwestern corner of Asia Minor, bounded by a line stretching in general from Cyzicus to Pergamon. It had no mission of aggression for the present, but could serve to hold in check any possible movement of the Persian forces toward the north. Before venturing upon a campaign against the East, Alexander was bound to secure his northern frontier.

No single central power existed here, but only a mass of more or less warlike tribes with short memories and a consequent need of periodic castigation. Even those who had submitted to Philip required to taste the quality of the new ruler's power before being confidently assured that he was not merely "painted to resemble iron." Besides, there were the Triballi, snugly ensconced between the Balkans and the Danube, in what is now western Bulgaria, who had never been any too docile, and against whom a family grudge was still standing for the mischievous treatment they had once shown Philip, on his return in 339 from raiding the Scythians; for they had caught him at a disadvantage on his march, robbed him of a good share of the booty he had with him, and left him a wound that hurried him home. The busy years that followed had given Philip no opportunity to take his revenge; so Alexander assumed the responsibility as part of his inheritance.

In April (335), therefore, Alexander set forth from Amphipolis, and, moving up the valley of the Nestus, a march of one hundred and twenty miles or so, crossed the pass between Rhodope and Dunax, which separate the valleys of the Nestus and the Hebrus. He then crossed the valley of the Hebrus in modern eastern Roumelia, leaving Philippopolis, a secure Macedonian stronghold, at his rear; and in ten days from the time he had crossed the Nestus was at the foot of the Balkans, anciently known as the Hæmus range, prepared to force the narrow route between modern eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria, now famous since the Russo-Turkish war as the Shipka Pass.

Here he encountered from the Thracian mountaineers his first resistance, and Arrian's¹ graphic story of the way in which he displays a more exact appreciation of his hero's character, but chiefly because, in addition to furnishing a fuller account than any one else of Alexander's campaigns, he affords us a definite guaranty that he has carefully and methodically employed what he believed to be the most reliable sources of information. He was not a historian in the best sense of the word, but a plain



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

(SEE PAGE 200.)

overcame it offers a striking testimonial to that practical military gumption which characterized all his career as a general: "Crossing the river Nestus, they say he reached Mount Hæmus on the tenth day. And there met him here, along the defiles as he ascended the mountain, masses of well-armed traders, as well as bands of free Thracians, who had made preparations to check the further advance of the army by occupying the summit of the Hæmus, where the troops had to pass. They had collected together their wagons and placed them in their front, not only using them as a rampart from which they might defend themselves, if hard pressed, but also intending to let them loose, where the mountain was precipitous, upon the phalanx of the Macedonians in its ascent. . . . But Alexander conceived a plan for crossing the mountain with the minimum of danger, and being resolved to take all risks, knowing there was no other possible route, he commanded the heavy-armed soldiers, whenever the wagons came rolling down the slopes, to open ranks so far as the width of the road permitted, and let the wagons run by; but if they were hemmed on either side, to huddle down in a mass and lock their shields compactly together, so that the wagons by their very impetus should leap over them and pass on without doing hurt. And it turned out just as Alexander had conjectured and commanded. . . . The wagons rolled on over the shields without doing much injury. Indeed, not a single man was killed under them. Then the Macedonians, regaining their courage, inasmuch as the wagons, which they had greatly dreaded, inflicted no damage upon them, charged with a shout against the enemy."

The rest of the battle developed nothing more remarkable than the fleetness of foot of the Thracians, fifteen hundred of whom, however, fell in spite of it. Sending his booty off south to the sea-shore, where it would find a market, Alexander pushed on

toward the Danube through the country of the Triballi. Not far from the river he met them in a drawn battle, which proved how ill adapted were the loose, irregular methods of even these hearty fighters to cope with the order and discipline of a war-machine like the Macedonian phalanx, supported by cavalry.

Coming in sight of the Danube, Alexander conceived the desire of at least crossing it in order to convey if no more than the fame of his arms to the powerful tribes that dwelt to the north. On the north shore, in the territory known to the Romans as Dacia, and now occupied by the kingdom of Roumania, dwelt the Getæ, a powerful folk of Thracophrygian connection, known to the Greeks chiefly through their famous Zamolxis cult, in which the belief in immortality received a peculiar emphasis. Arrian refers to them as "the Getæ, who hold the doctrine of immortality." A small fleet of ships, coöperating with the Macedonians, had come around by the Black Sea and were now in readiness. With the help of these, and of rafts constructed of hides stuffed with hay, as well as of a lot of dugouts collected from the fishermen and river-pirates, he succeeded, under cover of the night, in landing a force of fifteen hundred cavalry and four thousand infantry on the other shore, thus surprising the enemy, who were collected in force to prevent a landing, and who had relied upon the mighty stream as a sufficient protection against the passage of any considerable number of Alexander's forces at one time.

The Macedonians had landed at a point where the bank was covered by grain-fields, and they were concealed for a while, as Arrian tells us, by the high-standing grain. This marks the time as the end of May. The Getæ, panic-stricken at the apparition of the wonder-working Southmen, as they emerged from the grain, made little resistance, and fled with all expedition to their fortified town three miles back from the

soldier and man of affairs, who undertook to rescue the story of Alexander's career from the haze in which rhetoric and marvel had enshrouded it, by returning to the prosaic basis of fact contained in the records of Alexander's associates, Ptolemy and Aristobolus. These records are now lost to us, except as they are cited and used by others. When he uses materials from other writers he can, as a rule, be relied upon to indicate it by an "it is said." His rather cut-and-dried rule of critical procedure, coupled with his lack of dramatic power and of sense for historical horizon, leaves to his narrative only the charm which inheres in its own simplicity and truth. The soldier's interest in battle, maneuver, and topography is apparent in every chapter.

Our other chief sources include Plutarch, Arrian's

senior by some fifty years, who, with finer sense for the framework of personality and for the dramatic interest of anecdote and the human element, and with larger confidence in his ability to sift the truth from many various accounts, composed the famous *Life of Alexander*; furthermore, Diodorus Siculus, Justinus, Trogus Pompeius, and Curtius Rufus, who represent, in general, a preference for the more romantic and rhetorically embellished accounts which had their chief source in the story of Clitarchus, dating from the early years of the third century B.C. They all contain undoubtedly much sound material of fact under the romantic guise; and especially Curtius Rufus, since it has been demonstrated how faithfully he used in the main his sources, is worthy of a larger credence than has often been accorded him.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ALEXANDER COERCING THE DELPHIAN ORACLE.

(SEE PAGE 200.)

river, only to abandon it shortly after, transporting upon the backs of their horses all that the animals would carry of women and children and goods, and making off for the steppes beyond.

Before night Alexander had recrossed the Danube. Embassies of the nations dwelling about came shortly to pay him homage and claim his friendship. There were first in line the well-humbled Triballi, who thenceforth became his vassals and furnished a contingent for his army. Some even came from the Celts, who lived in the present Hungary and the lands to the west, and who in the next century (284-278 B. C.) were to make themselves known for a brief period, in the terror of Galatian desolation, to the whole Balkan peninsula, parts of Greece and of central Asia Minor. They were the same people, too, whom later history finds in occupation of France and the British Isles, and whose language still persists in the Irish of Ireland, the Gaelic of Scotland, the Welsh of Wales, the Manx of the Isle of Man, and the Bretonic of the French Basse-Bretagne. Arrian says that they were "a people of great stature and haughty disposition."

The young autocrat, in essaying for the gratification of his curiosity and his personal pride to catechize them a bit, met with a classic disappointment, which has given joy to the souls of free men ever since. He asked them, to quote Arrian's words, "what thing in the world caused them special apprehension, expecting that his own great fame had reached the Celts and had penetrated still farther, and that they would say they feared *him* most of all things. But the answer of the Celts turned out quite contrary to his expectation; for, as they dwelt so far away from Alexander, inhabiting districts difficult of access, and as they saw he was about to set out in another direction, they said they were afraid that the sky would sometime or other fall upon them." Alexander dismissed them kindly, dignifying them with the title of friends and allies, but he retained his own private opinion of them, for he always claimed to know that "the Celts are great braggarts."

Returning toward home, he passed by another route farther to the west, leading up the valley of the Isker by the site of Sofia, the present capital of Bulgaria, and coming into the territory of the friendly Agrianians and Pæonians, neighbors of Macedonia on the north, learned that the Illyrian chieftain Clitus, whose father, Bardylis, of bellicose

memory, Philip had defeated and slain twenty-four years before, and who had himself, fourteen years before, required to receive severe chastising at the hands of the same king, had now again revolted, and had been joined by Glaucias, chief of the Taulantians, a people dwelling farther to the west, in the neighborhood of the modern Durazzo in Albania. To reach Pelion, the chief city of Clitus, required a march of some two hundred miles, but Alexander did not hesitate. Accompanied by a considerable auxiliary force of Agrianians, he marched directly thither and laid siege to Pelion. Though almost caught here in a trap by the approach of Glaucias's army in his rear, he succeeded by a series of brilliant maneuvers in extricating himself, and then, three days later, in surprising and soundly defeating the joint forces of his opponents. The city was later evacuated and burned, and the enemy dispersed and driven back into the mountains of the west.

For five months Alexander had been absent from the seat of government. He was now (summer of 335 B. C.) about one hundred and fifty miles from home, and three hundred miles from the centers of political activity in Greece, buried in the mountains, where communication was difficult and movement slow. It was a great risk to take in the first year of a reign. Already sinister rumors concerning the fortunes and fate of the young daredevil were coursing about in the cities of Greece. The report that he had been killed in battle obtained the more easily credence because for a long time no news had been received from him. The anti-Macedonian politicians certainly took no pains to check the circulation of these stories, and a considerable burden of responsibility for them is laid by concurrent testimony upon the good Demosthenes. Demades says he "all but showed the corpse of Alexander there on the bema before our eyes." This probably refers to an incident related by both Justinus and the Pseudo-Callisthenes, to the effect that the orator brought into the Athenian town-meeting as witness a wounded man who testified that Alexander was killed in the battle with the Triballi, and that he himself, according to the Pseudo-Callisthenes, actually had seen the dead body of the king.

The popular belief in these stories afforded to the malcontents of the opposition a most appropriate occasion for raising the flag of revolt. Already for several months the movement had been in preparation. After Alexander's successful descent into Greece, and



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GIRAUDON FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE.

BRONZE STATUETTE OF ALEXANDER IN ARMOR.

The straight border of the breastplate at the neck, and the wide flanges of the Corinthian helmet, belong to the Macedonian type of fashioning these parts of the hoplite uniform. A spear must be imagined in the right hand. It is thought that this statuette may preserve the *motif* of one of the statuary portraits of Alexander by Lysippus.

the renewal at Corinth of the Hellenic league, Persia, reawakening to the danger, had immediately begun operations to check the ambitious schemes of the young aggressor. An army sent into northern Asia Minor had forced the Macedonian troops back into the Troad, and compelled a portion of them

to recross into Europe. The chief reliance was not, however, placed in force of arms, but rather in the old approved method of manipulating the internal politics of Greece. The strife of internal politics in democracies always offers easy prey to autocrats when international policies are involved, and Persia had now come to learn by the experience of a century just how to proceed. During the summer of this year Darius had made proposals to different states looking to defections from Alexander, and had offered to supply money for the support of the revolt. The Peloponnesian war (431-404 B. C.) had been kept alive in part by means of Persian money supplied at the fitting time to what appeared the weaker party, and since then Persia had often intervened to preserve a balance of power between the Greek states and to insure inaction.

None of the states, except Sparta, are known publicly to have accepted money, but the leaders of the anti-Macedonian parties in different cities were undoubtedly well supplied with it, and more was effected through them than by Sparta. Two years later, after the battle of Issus, Alexander, in his letter to Darius, rehearsing the offenses which the Persian king had committed against him, and which had given open occasion to war, refers to this matter: "You have also sent money to the Lacedæmonians and certain other Greeks, though none of the states accepted it except the Lacedæmonians. As your agents

corrupted my friends, and were striving to dissolve the league which I had formed among the Greeks, I took the field against you, because you were the party commencing the hostility."

It was a well-known fact, never denied even by his own partisans, that Demosthenes

accepted from the Shah three hundred and fifty thousand dollars (three hundred talents) to be used as a corruption fund or as he might see fit. Eighty thousand dollars of this, according to Æschines's accusation, passed into the private purse of the great patriot, while the rest was set at its work in the Greek cities. The accusation cannot be proved or disproved. In the nature of the case, no account was rendered, and it would have been difficult in any case to determine where the line was drawn between the private and the public use of such a corruption fund. Eleven years later we know by Demosthenes's own admission that he accepted twenty-three thousand dollars from the Harpalus fund, that he was unable to show that he made any other than private use of it, and that he was condemned by the court, imprisoned, and fined fifty talents.

The Persian funds were variously used: part was sent to different cities, notably Thebes, to influence, through paid leaders, political action; part was doubtless used in procuring equipment and hiring mercenaries; part stayed at home to aid the party machinery; part, in the nature of things, stayed in the purses of the agents.

Demosthenes was a politician with a con-

sistent program, but a thoroughly practical politician, to whom it seemed well to do evil that good might come. His patriotism respected religiously the limits of his own platform, and he saw no treachery in entering into correspondence with the Persian satrap of Sardes and planning with him the details of the plot. Plutarch tells us that Alexander later discovered at Sardes some of these letters of Demosthenes, which contained also evidence of the amount of money received. In doing as he did, Demosthenes merely adopted the orthodox methods of his day. His enthusiasm was doubtless genuine and grounded in public spirit. Our protest is directed, therefore, not so much against him as against those versions of Greek political history which blacken the political motives of his opponents by assigning to them a monopoly of blackened methods. Demosthenes had now become more than an Athenian statesman; he was a politician at large. All Greece recognized him as the champion, almost the personal embodiment, of a political policy which defended the régime of old Greece, with its independent cities and its balance of weakness, against the policy of union in a military leadership.

As the summer proceeded, his plans, aided



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

BRIDGE OVER THE PENEUS NEAR KALABAKA, NOT FAR FROM TRIKALA, THESSALY.

This modern photograph shows the rugged character of some of the country traversed by Alexander in his second forced march into Greece. (See page 217.)



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGRE.

THE BATTLE WITH THE CARTS IN THE THRACIAN PASS,
THE MODERN SHIPKA PASS.

(SEE PAGE 211.)

by the absence of Alexander, and later by the stories of his death, made brilliant progress. In Elis the Macedonian sympathizers were banished from the city. Various Arcadian towns were in ferment. The Ætolians were moving to revolt. Athens was arming. The open breach came, however, at Thebes. Here a large Macedonian garrison occupied the citadel. Any step that was taken was, in consequence, bound to involve open war. One night after the story of Alexander's death had assumed credible form, a body of Theban citizens who had been living in banishment at Athens quietly entered the town, proclaimed the supposed news as certain fact, and called upon the people to revolt. Amyntas and Timolaus, the one a Macedonian officer, the other a prominent Theban leader of the Macedonian party, were caught by the mob in the lower city and slain. A mass-meeting of citizens, hurriedly called, proclaimed the freedom of the city by unseating the officials appointed by the Macedonians and naming a board of *boiotarchoi* to assume the supreme control, as under the old constitution. The Cadmea was thereupon blockaded by a double rampart drawn about it to prevent the garrison from sallying out or receiving reinforcement and supplies. Arms were supplied from Athens with the fund in Demosthenes's hands. The insurrection was an accomplished fact. Athens sent messengers far and wide to arouse the people to arms. An armed force was moving forward from the Peloponnesus. Athens stood ready to aid. The Hellenic empire of Alexander seemed utterly undermined and tottering to the fall, and he was three hundred miles away, in the mountain wilderness of Illyria.

When the news of the insurrection reached him, he turned immediately from the pursuit of the Illyrians, and leading his army by forced marches through the rough lands of Eordæa and Elimiotis, through wildernesses, across rivers, and over the slopes of the great mountain-ranges which separate Illyria from Thessaly, on the seventh day was at Pelinna, in the Peneus valley, not far from the modern Trikkala in northern Thessaly. Pushing on from there across the great Thessalian plain, over the pass by the modern Domoko, to Lamia and Thermopylæ, and then across the Locrian hills, he entered Bœotia on the sixth day from Pelinna, with one hundred and thirty miles behind him. His approach had been entirely unheralded and unexpected. When the report reached Thebes that Alexander, at the head of a Macedonian army, was already within the district, the leaders of the

revolt insisted that it must be Antipater, for Alexander was surely dead; or, if it was Alexander, it must be the other Alexander, the son of Æropus—a mere confusion of names.

Thebes was a city of some forty thousand inhabitants. It stood on the lower northern slopes of a chain of flat hills, just where three brooks, two of them known to fame as Dirce and Ismenus, issue forth into the plain. Its walls inclosed a circuit of four miles. In the southeastern part of the city a long, low hill, called the Cadmea, carried the citadel, and at its southern post was the Electra gate, where the road from Athens came in. It was a solid, rather staid old town, wealthy, and much given to ease and good living. We hear that the public square was surrounded by colonnades, and that there were various temples located throughout the city; but there were no wonders of architecture or art such as Athens had to boast. Theban interest did not run that way. We know of no single artist who came from Thebes. Pindar is the one great writer. Athens and Thebes, near neighbors, gave an easy opportunity of contrast, and no doubt the latter has suffered unduly for it in history. The Bœotians have come down to us labeled "Pigs," and every one has heard of Bœotian stupidity; they are often called, too, "the Dutchmen of Greece," having been wronged in the comparison with the sprightly and quick-witted Athenians, much as the good people of Holland have been by the comparison with the French.

The next day Alexander advanced toward the city, but finally halted and made his camp at some distance from it, with the purpose of giving the Thebans opportunity to repent their rashness, and in the hope that the last moment might still effect a compromise and reconciliation. In this he was disappointed, for the Theban forces showed themselves disposed to take the aggressive, and instead of ambassadors seeking peace, a body of cavalry and light-armed infantry shortly appeared before his camp and engaged his outposts. Even yet the king refrained from beginning hostilities. His desire was to have the Greek cities his allies and friends. He had better use for his arms than in destroying those who might be his co-workers. In perfect consciousness of power, he waited still. The next day, as the warlike attitude of the Thebans showed no relenting, he marched round to the south gate of the city, whence issued the main road joining the city to Athens, and took his position directly under the walls of the Cadmea, where he might easily come into communication with

its beleaguered garrison. Still he hesitated to order an attack, and finally, as it would appear, only by half-accident and through the restlessness of one of his generals, Perdiccas, did the battle begin. Perdiccas, who was in the command of the advanced guard, becoming involved in a skirmish with the Theban outposts, was reinforced by other troops, and so a general attack was begun. After the advance forces of the Macedonians had been repulsed by the Theban forces defending the gate outside the walls, Alexander advanced with the solid phalanx, driving the Thebans in a confused rout back through the gates, and, before they had time to close the gates, pressed in behind them. The garrison of the citadel now sallied forth to join the invaders. The defenders retired to the public square just north of the citadel, and made a brief stand near the temple of Amphis; but the fight was hopeless. From this time on the battle became little better than a massacre.

Six thousand Thebans were killed, and the city and its wealth became the prey of the victor. To give it in Arrian's own words: "Then indeed the Thebans, no longer defending themselves, were slain not so much by the Macedonians as by the Phocians, Plataeans, and other Boeotians, who by indiscriminate slaughter vented their rage against them. Some were even attacked in the houses, and others as they were supplicating the protection of the gods in the temples, not even the women and children being spared."

At last, after much long-suffering, the strong hand of the Macedonian power, contrary to all its purposes and policy, had laid itself with violence upon one of the great Greek cities. Once and again it had forgiven, but Thebes had transgressed the bounds of endurance and could expect no mercy. She obtained none. The city was razed to the ground, only the house of Pindar being spared; the territory was distributed among the allies, and the inhabitants who survived, some thirty thousand in number, excepting only the priests and priestesses, the descendants of Pindar, and the guests, friends of Philip and Alexander, were sold into slavery, making a slave-market so vast that, as we hear, the standard price of slaves in the markets of the Ægean was seriously depressed in consequence.

The ordinary price for a slave was from twenty to thirty-five dollars. Abundant supply kept the price low. Society was built on slavery. Slaves, or, as in Sparta and Crete, serfs attached to the soil, were the farm-laborers; in manufactories they took the place

of modern machinery; they were a form of investment, being often rented out in gangs, as for work in the mines; large numbers were used, too, for domestic service, seven being an average number for an ordinary house. Corinth is said to have had 460,000 slaves, Ægina 470,000, and a census of the year 309 B. C. showed 400,000 in Attica. These figures have sometimes been doubted, but other known facts go to confirm them. Most of the slaves apparently came from outside Greece, as from Lydia, Syria, Bithynia, Thrace, and Illyria, but there were also among them Italians, Egyptians, and Jews. The supply from outside was maintained by the slave-traders, who obtained them either in barter or by robbery along the coasts of the Ægean and the Euxine. The slave-market was a feature of every city agora, and especially of the temple fairs. Captives in war were, like the rest of the booty, treated as merchandise. They were disposed of chiefly to the professional traders and sold mostly abroad. Thus men of culture and education often appeared in the condition of slaves. Employed as teachers, readers, secretaries, musicians, they often served the purpose of spreading the knowledge of art, manners, and life among other peoples, and aided in mixing the soils and forwarding the interests of cosmopolitanism.

It was a form of poetic justice that the conqueror allowed the fate of Thebes to be spoken by the mouth of a tribunal composed of its neighbors, the Phocians, the Plataeans, the Thespians, and the Orchomenians. The hatred engendered out of generations of oppression reveled in its opportunity for revenge. All Greece shuddered to hear the fate of this famous city, but it could not be forgotten that, in the day of the great distress when Persian hordes threatened utterly to submerge Hellenism, Thebes played the part of traitor and stood with the invader.

As prelude to the war of revenge against the Persians, it could not be without the sanction of the gods that the chosen leader had laid his hand upon the historic accomplice. So, at any rate, many chose to regard the matter. Alexander, later in life, seems to have regretted his summary treatment of the city; at least, his natural tenderness of heart asserted itself in a feeling of compassion toward the unfortunate inhabitants, who had been made homeless wanderers or slaves, and wherever he afterward met them he seemed inclined to show them consideration and do them kindness.

In 316 B. C. the city was refounded by Casander, and a small population assembled in

it, probably not over ten thousand. It never regained anything of its old importance, though it was for a time, in the middle ages, a prosperous seat of silk manufacture. To-day it is a town of from thirty to thirty-five hundred inhabitants, occupying the old Cadmea.

How rapidly the scene had shifted! Only fifteen days had elapsed since Alexander heard the tidings of revolt in the mountains of the north, and now Thebes lay in ashes. One terrible thunderbolt stroke, and the insurrection that seethed over all Greece was at an end. The Arcadian troops who were coming to the support of Thebes had halted at the isthmus on hearing of the Macedonian approach. Now they hastened to pass sentence of death upon those who had instigated their movement. The Eleans recalled the Macedonian sympathizers they had banished. The Ætolians sent embassies to offer abject apologies.

The Athenians, when the news came of the fall of Thebes, were just on the point of celebrating the Greek mysteries (at the end of September). Panic seized upon the populace. The sacred rites were interrupted and forgotten. The country population, with herds and chattels, came swarming in to seek the protection of the walls. Preparations for defense were begun, and the collection of a special fund for war. But suddenly the whirligig of politics went round; the control of the town-meeting passed from the hands of Demosthenes and his anti-Macedonian partizans to those of the opposition. On motion of Demades, a commission of ten was appointed, composed of those friendly to Alexander, with instructions to congratulate the king upon his return in safety from the land of the Triballi and of the Illyrians, and upon his righteous punishment of the Thebans. No wonder Alexander's sense for nobility and straightforwardness shrank in disgust from such flunkeyism. He is said, when the ambassadors first appeared before him, to have torn in pieces the address they delivered to him, and to have turned his back and left them to their shame.

The embassy finally returned with the king's answer. He was willing to forgive the Athenians on condition of their expelling the Theban fugitives, and delivering to him the politicians and generals whom he regarded as responsible for the opposition which had culminated three years before at Charonea, as well as for the more recent demonstrations against the Macedonian power. He especially named Demosthenes, Lycurgus, Polyæuctus, Ephialtes, Mærocles,

Demon, Callisthenes, and Charidemus, and, according to other good authority, Hyperides and Diotimus as well.

The communication of the king's demands produced the intensest excitement at Athens. In the town-meeting, opinion was raised against opinion. To surrender its own citizens at the mandate of an autocrat involved self-humiliation and dishonor. And yet the fate of the city was at stake. In trying times no one was listened to with more respect than the old general Phocion, her "first citizen." Good, old-fashioned citizen and statesman that he was, he took the high, old-fashioned ground that the few ought to be willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the many. Hyperides and Demosthenes pleaded for the assertion of national dignity and the recognition of the obligations which the state owed to those who had watched over its interests. Demosthenes recounted the fable of the sheep who made a treaty with the wolves, agreeing to deliver over to them the watch-dogs. He likened the case, further, to that of "grain-dealers who carry about a sample in a bowl, by means of a few grains of wheat selling the whole mass; so in us you give yourselves all captive, but you see it not."¹

When it appeared, after ample discussion, that the citizens were in no mood to assent to Alexander's humiliating proposition, a compromise offered by Demades was finally adopted. It provided that another embassy should be sent, asking Alexander's mercy in the matter of the men whose surrender had been demanded, and promising, should they be found guilty, to deal with them under Athenian law; and asking, furthermore, that they be permitted to retain the Theban refugees within their walls. In obtaining the king's assent to this compromise, the personality of Phocion, the chairman of the embassy, was an important factor. His advice that the king should now prefer to turn his arms against the barbarians was a view of the matter that Alexander was only too glad to accept, and making an exception only of the able and unscrupulous Charidemus, he wisely sealed the compact. Greece was at peace. The efforts of Persia to stir internal discord had met with signal failure. Within the entire extent of the Balkan peninsula no hand or voice raised itself against the leadership of the King of Macedon. There remained nothing now to do but to carry the war into Asia.

¹ Plutarch, Demosthenes, chap. xxiii.

UNCLE 'RIAH'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART,

Author of "Sonny," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY EDWARD POTTHAST.



UNCLE 'RIAH WASHINGTON was a healer of diseases on the plantation, and although he practised his profession without degree or license, the people believed in him; and the fact that he "did n't know B from a bull's foot" was rather in his favor with his unlettered constituency.

It is something, surely, to receive one's authority directly from on high, without the inadequate and oftentimes unfaithful medium of books. So they thought, and so assented Uncle 'Riah; "fer," he argued, "who knows whether all dese heah book-writers is got de divine license or not, an' ain't jes a-makin' up as dey go along? Dey say de devil don't want no better tool 'n a pen to work wid, nohow—jes git some po' fool-human simple enough to sign what he choose to signify." This was a brave defense, but it only voiced the faith of his simple followers.

Of course 'Riah had never hung out a sign, nor had he been known to present bills for services. Even had he been inclined to reduce his benefactions to terms of money, and able to cast them in the ordinary offensive form, the offended parties would have known no way to discover the extent of their injuries without interpreters. 'Riah did not even call himself a doctor, and although the "chimbley end" of his one-roomed cabin was a sort of home-made pharmacy, redolent of the fragrant herbs that dried in bunches about his mantel or were brewing in the numerous tomato-cans that dotted his hearth, he seldom administered physic to a patient. His system of medicine was his own, and it seems to have been this:

Seeing disease with his mind's eyes within the body of a patient, he "opened the doors of his own life to it," inviting it in, and leaving the patient to go on his way rejoicing. This, he explained, he could not have dared but for the fact that, when God had given him "the eye of insight," he had also bestowed a body of exceptional "robustiousness."

It is one thing to take a disease, and quite another for a disease to take ydu, or, to borrow his own figure, "hit's all right to take bo'rders, jes so you don't let 'em keep house."

When he had once received a disease into his own body, there to await elimination by the ordinary processes of medicine and sanitation, he held it as a thing apart,—at arm's-length, so to speak,—and no matter how many of these guests there might happen to be living, or dying, in his hospitable frame, there was never for a moment a question as to who was master. Neither was there a difference between charity-patients and others, in this regard. It is only fair to say, however, that most of his were not charity-patients—that is, not in any offensive sense.

When there was much sickness on the bayou, 'Riah was usually a groaning, limping embodiment of ill-assorted ills, many of which would seem to have been essentially incompatible, as, for instance, a chill and a fever, both of which he did not hesitate to declare raging within him at the same time. Of course they were of "different sets," as he expressed it,—that is to say, no chill came at the same time with its own particular fever,—but this did not prevent the crossing of separate attacks, and although it may at first appear that such a combination would be disastrous, the reverse seems to have been the case, and the old man would suffer only to the degree that Tom's chill was harder than Dick's fever, or the reverse; and, indeed, there were times when they so nearly balanced that he would not have known "when they het up or cooled off" but for the brief periods of heat or chill at the beginning and the end. As he said himself, "dey can't no mo' 'n cancellize so fer as dey laps," and, of course, they rarely struck at precisely the same moment. Manifestly Uriah's periods of greatest affliction were those of his finest triumphs, as for every ill he endured there was presumably a prisoner of pain set free.

In such a system as this it was specially essential that there should be living witnesses to its efficacy. Nor were they want-

ing. For example, when he sat within his front door with his swollen leg wrapped in flannels and raised to a chair for support, and declared with groans that he was "sufferin' wid Aunt Salina Sue's milk-leg," and everybody knew that the hitherto limping Salina had the week before actually thrown her baby into a neighbor's lap and danced at her own wedding—

Well, seeing is believing.

It was but natural that the ailment in question should have been somewhat exaggerated in the transfer, and for several reasons. In the first place, it was one that could hardly have been indigenous, and any exotic takes time to adjust itself to new conditions. In this instance, too, the difficulties of readjustment were no doubt further heightened by the fact that it was grafted on to a case of dropsy that Uriah had taken from the Baptist minister. And even back of this were further complications, for, as he would have told you himself, he was "sufferin' wid information o' de lungs an' pleurisy o' de breath" before he relieved the Baptist man, and for some of these affections he was employing remedies distinctly at war with the milk-leg.

The doctor who could exhibit half a dozen diseases in his own body at the same time, and combat them without confusion by the employment of such simples as he culled from the wood, seems to have merited all the respect he enjoyed, and, indeed, there were some who, knowing the old man's poverty, felt that he was inadequately paid for a life so freely shared with his fellow-man.

Indeed, there seems to have been no limit to his generosity in assuming pain, for did he not once even intercept a case of fever *on its way* to a neighboring well-digger, taking it thus in all its malignity, wholly unspent, and incurring a six weeks' case which nearly got the better of him, according to the reports of such as saw him in its toils. There is no reason to doubt this statement, and, indeed, the only man who had the temerity to do so was even the ungrateful neighbor whose very immunity made good the claim of the vicarious sufferer. This was, of all his cases, the one that put the old man's robustness to the severest test; but although he came out of it gray about the lips and with trembling hands, his invincible spirit was in no wise disturbed. Even before he had been able to rise from his bed, he had assumed the "seven years' shortness of breath" of the man who sat up with him, and taken the wasp-

sting from yellow Frances's cow after it had "traveled round in her circulation" all day, the only thing he required of her being to cover the stung spot with mud compounded of earth and tobacco-juice, "to keep de pizen f'om gittin' into de milk."

It did not get into the milk, and this late interception was considered almost as wonderful as his cure of Slim Sam's little Sam of lockjaw. The junior Sam had always been subject to spells of unconsciousness, when things went wrong with him, and these generally set them right; but after a time he felt himself losing ground, when he recovered his sway through the lockjaw development.

On the occasion in question, the little fellow professed to have trodden on a thorn; but of this some were skeptical until Uriah, after sitting in stiff-jawed silence for nine days, drew the thorn from the sole of his own foot, and not until it lay in his trembling palm was his speech restored. This story, thorn and all, was vouched for by seven witnesses, two of whom, at least, would not exaggerate, and all the seven agreed furthermore that the thorn was blunted in the point and twice bent.

Of course there were some who, in spite of everything, refused to believe in the old man Uriah; but we find skeptics even in matters of religion. We are all skeptical of some things—a terrible fact to realize. Uriah's followers were all of his own race—that is, all excepting one family of poor whites who lived beyond the palmetto marsh, in the bottom lands; but the Suttons were clay-eaters, and had n't blood enough in their bodies to disbelieve anything. It is certainly true that when Sutton's wife had what Uriah diagnosed as "scoldin' hysterics an' mor'-bun' appetites," and had grown so bad that even he could hardly live with her, he did fetch her to the old "yarb-kyorer," and she went home quieted down and in a submissive state of mind, while 'Uriah took such a spell of scolding that nothing but a basket of fresh mushrooms, gathered from Sutton's field while the dew was on them, and brought to him daily by the ailing woman, kept the disease in check until he could "git it subjuded down an' broke up."

If it was true that prior to his treatment she did nothing but "set in de door an' eat dirt," as he affirmed, it is possible that the daily walk of two miles in the sun had something to do with her restoration. At any rate, there is no question of her successful treatment, for she told it herself, confessing every detail of it excepting one. It was said that,

when the old man took her tantrums, he threw knives and forks about promiscuously, and this, she protested, "if he did it, it was n't on account of *her* hysterics, for the only knife she ever th'owed was n't to say no mo' 'n a handle, the blade bein' that wore away."

Of course, in a position so unique as that of the old man Uriah, there were trials other than those legitimately belonging to his profession. Sometimes the young men along the bayou—that is to say, the white men—thought it would be fun to tease him; but they were generally worsted in the encounters, for although he was of lowly mind and a bearer of ills galore, Uriah was a wielder of two-edged words on provocation, and of personal fear he had no knowledge. Indeed, he had no need of it, really; for there was something in his age and isolation that established relations that were kindly, even though they were slight, between him and such of the better class as passed his door, and nearly all the small coins that crossed his old palm were their gratuities. But without these trifling benefactions, which were indeed too insignificant to be taken into account at all excepting as an indication of feeling, there was no danger of the old healer's ever being in want so long as he had a patient.

A fundamental thought in Uriah's system was that, in case he should ever die with any of their discarded diseases in him, they would instantly return to their original possessors. It became Salina Sue's care, therefore, to see that he was duly nourished through the slow process of treatment for her discarded lameness, and, as he generally entertained several resident ailments at the same time, and each had its guardian angel, he was blessed with a protective body-guard quite adequate to the modest needs of his simple life. There were some diseases that required warm clothing and occasionally a bit of stimulant, and while he asked outright for nothing, it was but fair to his patients to let them know the only means by which their relief might become permanent.

When he took a disease home and boarded it, he could look after it properly. While some things needed discipline, there were others, as, for instance, the morbid appetite, that required "satisfaction," and the same intelligently administered.

Of course there were times when he was unfortunate, as when he took panting Polly's palpitations the week before she was drowned, and had to struggle along with them alone un-

til some one else brought him a similar case the needs of which about covered the ground. And, as in all relations in life, there were a few cases of forgetfulness and ingratitude. One of these, indeed, was so flagrant that Uriah, after struggling awhile with the forgotten malady, sent it flying back home, and when he was induced to assume it a second time, there was no further cause for complaint. Who would not, if he could, send his rheumatism out to board rather than entertain it in his own body?

From the fact of his isolation it may appear that the old man Uriah was by choice a hermit, yet such is by no means the truth. The fact is, he had been three times married—twice in his early life, when he was widowed, so to speak, in the best way, even though it be the saddest, and a third time, when his bereavement was less regular and was attended by circumstances which in a community of less sensitiveness in such matters might have been embarrassing.

The mate of his maturity was fully his age, and, it does seem, ought to have known her own mind. After struggling for several winters with the diseases of the community as they were brought home to her, she finally grew weary, and one day she quietly walked off and left her lord alone, declaring simply that she "had done lost her taste for him."

This was bad enough; but when it is known that she did not go alone, but was ably escorted by the bronze-colored half-Indian who left his phthisic with the deserted husband, it is hard to forgive her. Even had there been no other man in the case, it would seem that her excuse was inadequate to the crime of doubly breaking her registered vow to stand by him of her choice "in sickness and in health." Manifestly the man of always ultimate robustiousness, who entertained all manners of sicknesses, was perennially in both conditions, "in sickness *and* in health," and a more sensitive soul than she would have realized herself thus twice bound.

About a quarter of a mile from 'Riah's cabin, beyond the Cherokee hedge that marked the turn of the road, was the Bradshaw place. Here lived the brothers Teddy and Tim Bradshaw, two manly but mischievous young scamps, aged respectively about seventeen and nineteen. They had been away at school for several seasons, returning only for vacations and holidays, when they usually brought several of their school-mates home with them; and when they were "in town," which is to say, on the bayou, there was a general feeling in the community

that there was no knowing what a day would bring forth. The old man Uriah had once been the property of a remote connection of the Bradshaw family, and though the thread was slight which thus connected him with the past régime, it was strong enough to establish relations with traditions that counted for much in his scant estate.

The Christmas eve of the year of the memorable freeze which killed nearly all the orange-trees in Louisiana was a bleak day on Cherokee Bayou. Even at the "white end," around the turn, where conditions were better, it was a day to remember, and many an old resident who never thought of such a thing as keeping a diary took out his account-book and "put it down" in marginal notes. In the negro settlement, for the first time in the history of things, the cabin doors were kept more or less closed, and the inhabitants went about wrapped in gray blankets borrowed from their beds, and were gray about their steaming lips, while they chafed one another in the road. There were Christmas preparations going on in most of the cabins to-day, and from more than one emanated the odor of burning feathers. There had been other times when, for prudential reasons, the Christmas turkeys had been plucked indoors and their feathers burned as they fell, even when there was nothing wrong with the mercury; but it is nothing new in Christendom to burn witnesses.

Whether it were in the heavy odor of smoking feathers, or the sweet scent of molasses cooking itself into holiday shape, or the even more suggestive composite fragrance of frying-pan and oven, all but one of the bayou chimneys bore witness to the anticipation of the day of days.

Only in Uncle 'Riah's cabin was there nothing discernible by any sense to mark the season—and for very comfortable reasons. If the good man had "loaded up" beyond his habit with maladies just before the Christmas season, his policy seems to have been as provisional as it was kindly, for there was not a delicacy known to the Southern table—none, that is, that was in any way available—that was not assured by the crying demand of his sometimes exacting ills; and the habit of trusting this sort of providence was so strong that he did not even speculate, while he sat alone in the gathering twilight, as to what the season would bring.

It is even possible that he had worn the edge off the enjoyment of such delicacies as calf's-foot jelly and "floating island," for instance, in his recent entertainment of the

malady the guardian angel of which was the famous cook Salina Sue.

But none of these things was on the old healer's mind to-day. Indeed, he had even neglected his case of "mor'bun' appetites," as he sat at his window waiting until he was weary.

It was cold in the little cabin when the sun was low, and the old man realized it. He even turned more than once and glanced toward the pile of fire-wood,—a supply that was kept up by his consumption cases, and which there was no earthly need of his sparing,—and he wished that some of its best logs were on the hungry coals; yet he did not move. The day had been long and disappointing. He had heard the familiar laughter of the Bradshaw boys when the carriage whizzed past his cabin at midnight the night before, and so he knew that they had come home; and he had been looking for them all day. He had even swept his cabin before the sun was up, and red up his hearth, in anticipation of their coming.

It does not seem much to wait for, really, all day "Christmas eve," the trivial visit of two teasing boys who had never in their lives held him in their thoughts for an hour at a time, probably; but it was all there was. It is something to "belong" to the same family as another, even when the "belonging" be as this—a variable and attenuated relation. Last things are apt to count for more than their abstract value, especially in matters of the affections.

When in the gathering darkness the narrow vista beyond the Cherokee hedge began to fade, the old man turned away with a sigh. He knew the boys would not come to-night. And yet the sigh went out in a low chuckle, as he muttered, "Reckon dey so tooken up wid Christmas, dey forgits."

He hobbled to the fire then, and after casting on the best of his pine-knots and watching them blaze and flare, he reached up to the mantel, seized the knife and plate there, uncovered a pan of food sitting in the warm ashes, and began looking after his cases. First there were those that needed strong food, then came a case to be "pampered," one the condition of which called for a moderate draft from a thick black bottle, and finally there were the lingering remains of the "mor'bun' appetites," which were put to rest by a general picking here and there, in a sort of dilettante fashion, from the several paper sacks upon his table.

By this time the old man himself was growing sleepy; but he had no disposition to

go to bed, and as he raked the coals and covered such exposed parts of his fire as were wasting heat, he talked to himself about the boys. No doubt they would rush in the first thing in the morning, and almost certainly they "would n't half behave,"—they never did,—but when they showed the first signs of "uppishness," they would have to be "taken down," as usual; but no matter: it made the coming all the sweeter that he dared reprove them. There was always a kindness about their visits that he loved to recall even in certain situations evoking his resentment. During the vacations they had always bothered him in a thousand trivial ways. Many a time the only way he knew that they had borrowed his crawfish-net was that he would find it wet. And yet—this happened the last time they had used it, just at the end of the summer vacation—when they were so unfortunate as to tear it badly, they had tied in its meshes a little parcel that evidently contained the best contributions of their pockets. Here were two or three bits of tobacco, four nickels, an old silk handkerchief, an odd mitten, a pen-knife with a single broken blade, and a box of matches. This was such a note of reparation and apology as the old man could read, and as he opened it, scolding all the while over "de rascality o' dem no-'count boys," he more than once chuckled as he wiped his eyes with the crumpled silk handkerchief. Mending the net in the autumn afternoons after the boys had gone sweetened many a lonely hour for him, and even while he looked at the setting sun and complained of the shortening days, he was glad to carry the work over.

The boys had no doubt forgotten the incident before they reached school. Indeed, the inadequate reparation had been made as much in a spirit of devilry as anything else—a daring confession from a distance where the merited scolding could not reach them. But the old man remembered, and often, as he sat waiting to-day, he had cast his eyes up to the rafters where the mended net hung, and chuckled softly.

Bedtime came and went,—even Christmas bedtime, which is not exactly an affair of the clock,—but still Uriah nodded in his chair, and although he would start up when the wind twisted off bits of branches from the trees and whirled them against his roof, or the shutters rattled suddenly, it was only to drop back into a happy semi-consciousness of warmth and contentment, to which blissful state he even nodded a stupid assent

again and again. So he told the fire that all was well with him, and the fire, glowing with a sense of its own comfort, smiled back as it took on gray edges and fell half asleep, too.

So fire and man dosed for a while, when a slight noise, less than that of the wind, but different, made the man open his eyes. But the stillness within and the recurring outside disturbances were reassuring, and he nodded again, but only for a moment. Three times he was suddenly awakened before a thumping sound brought him to his feet, and he exclaimed, seeing no sign of anything wrong, "Wonder ef Skittish Kate's nightmares is a-comin' on me ag'in," and, standing alone in the half-light, he felt his own pulse, in lieu of hers. "No, dat ain't no nightmare pulse," he muttered; "hit ain't a thing but loss o' de bed. I forgets all about ole Uncle Si's weak back, settin' up heah half de night." He turned to go to bed, but had taken only a single step when there came a timid knock at the door. Midnight though it was, he thought only of the Bradshaw boys as he strode forward to open the door.

But he was disappointed, for the figure that entered at his bidding was that of an old woman. A first glimpse was enough to awaken the professional instinct in the old man, and, as he motioned her to a chair, he said:

"Howdy, lady! Howdy, ma'am! I hope I fin' you sanitary an' salub'ious."

This was his favorite form of greeting. The visitor, who seemed to be a very old, very black woman, courtesied deeply, and, shading her eyes with her hand, drew her chair so that its back was toward the fire.

"No, sah," she began, as she sat down, and her voice was cracked and high; "I ain't to say neither sanitary nur salub'ious, an' dat's what fetched me heah. I's a-sufferin' mightily wid my eyesight, an' I come to pray you to lay de hand o' healin' on me."

Her host laboriously lifted his ailing leg with both hands and placed it on the stool before him. Then he coughed and wheezed a little, and closed his eyes as if in thought.

"Yas, ma'am," he said in a minute; "I see you in half-darkness. I see you pickin' yo' way along de road an' feelin' fer de do'-latch befo' you find it—ain't dat so?"

"Yas, sah, dat's so. An' I got consider'ble in'ard mis'ry, too."

The old man kept his eyes shut, speaking as if from mental sight alone.

"Yas," he repeated, "yas; I feels yo' affliction an' I see it, too: You got consid-

er'ble bilious bile on yo' stomick, an'—an' you got a floatin' liver, an' yo' lights is all extinguished. De wonder to me is dat you kin see at all."

He opened his eyes now and looked at his patient.

"I got a lot o' cases on han' at present." He spoke now in a business tone quite unlike that of the diagnostician. "Dis leg, now. De lady dat had it, she tampered wid it so long befo' I took it, it's purty nigh wo' me out. An' ole man Colbert's heart-disease it's about kyored, but it's lef' me wid a sort

loud rap at the door, and, without waiting for an invitation, a huge fat man came in. He seemed to breathe with difficulty, and with each step he panted woefully.

Seeing him in more pain than she, the old woman rose as he entered, and offered to retire to "the other room" until he should be first served.

The newcomer moved slowly, and after a swift glance at the chairs in the room, he took from under the shawl with which he was enveloped a piece of plank, and laying it upon a stool, sat upon it.



"MENDING THE OLD NET IN THE AUTUMN AFTERNOONS."

o' palpitation o' de sperit, an'— But ef you'll tek good keer o' yo' case yo'se'f—eat a-plenty fresh aigs an' cream, an' drink a little good wine, an' poultice de back o' yo' head good wid three-times-sifted-meal poultice two de-grees below de simmerin'-p'int, an'—"

He would have gone on, but she interrupted him.

"Hold on, please, sir," she began; "hold on! How you 'spec' me to git an' poultice an' do all you sayin', when I 'bleege' to work in de fiel'? I wants to be kyored now. Dat what fetched me heah, in all dis win' an' col'."

The old man cleared his throat and looked important.

"Well, lady, of co'se yo' case is got to be taken keer of, don' keer who teks it. Ef I teks it, I got to be shore it'll have proper nour'shment an' usage. You see, ef I'm a-settin' in half-darkness whiles I'm a-doctorin' it, I mus' have—"

The interview was interrupted here by a

VOL. LVII.—29.

The plank was at least three feet long, but when he was seated there was little of it to spare.

"I'm a-sufferin' from a case o' general 'swellin'," he began, as he fanned himself with a huge palmetto fan, "an' I come to be reduced down."

The old man regarded him askance over the rim of his spectacles.

"Well, I should say you is," he said presently—"I should say you sho is. An' what you needs is a life-size poultice, to git you reduced down even. 'T would n't do to reduce you down in spots, noways. You'd look wuss'n ole man Bible-Job wid all his biles—you sho would. But huccome you fans yo'se'f so? Is you hot?"

"My insides is het up yit fom las' summer. I'm cool enough outside. I'm jest a-fannin' my breath." And with this he flourished the palmetto swiftly.

"I 'spec' you feels like I does sometimes



"I 'M A-SUFFERIN' FROM A CASE O' GENERAL SWELLIN'."

—wid two seasons ragin' in you at once—when I has two chills to one fever, or, maybe, disgus' for victuals an' mor'bun' appetites bofe ragin' in me at de same time. Ef I was n't so nachelly robustious as I is, I'd bre'k down sometimes wid all de contrari-nesses I has to deal wid—"

A loud thumping sound at the door at this point, as if some one were falling against it, startled the old doctor so that he involuntarily rose to his feet. It began to seem as if strange things were happening. But his patient appeared in no wise disturbed. He continued his fanning, and did not even turn his head until a tall, slim man passed before him, bearing a pack upon his back. Then the fat man complained that the fire was oppressive, and, with more alacrity than he seemed capable of, retired to the other room. It was a common thing for his patients to wait in this other chamber—that is, behind the curtain that screened the old man's bed in the other end of his cabin—while another was served.

If Uriah had been a hospitable host up to

this moment, his manners failed him somewhat now, for he did not like the peddler's looks. Indeed, the old negro shared the popular mistrust of peddlers in general, and especially of such as were belated on stormy nights. For a moment he stood and looked at his third guest in embarrassed silence, even moving back a step or two as he measured him with his eye, before he found voice to say: "I—I—I don't keer 'bout buyin' nothin' dis evenin', thank you, sah, an'—an' I 'spec' you better be a-movin' on—"

Even while he was speaking, there came a terrible gust of wind, slamming the shutters noisily, while it whistled around the mud chimney like a voice of warning. Uriah was superstitious, and in these manifestations of the infinite he felt himself challenged. He could not turn a brother man from his door on such a night as this.

"An' yit," he added, involuntarily moving back as the peddler deposited his pack upon the floor and sat upon it—"an' yit—"

Another warning came from the storm. A heavy limb fell upon the roof.

"An' yit," he hastened to say, "so long as it's blowin' so outside—I don't know what de elemints is doin' to-night, nohow—but tell dey eases down, of co'se you 'll haf to set down—an' den you better pass on; I ain't got but one bed, an' one set o' kivers— Seem to me like you 'd 'a' managed to git home befo' Christmas, anyhow."

The peddler had not yet suggested remaining for the night, but at this hint, notwithstanding its breech presentation, he hastened to remark that he was n't at all particular about a bed. Indeed, he liked the idea of sitting up all night. He was a sociable man. He even proceeded to exhibit his sociable nature, as he spoke, by drawing the old man's chair quite near him and begging him to be seated, quite as if he were host of the evening. The real host, for once in his life, was evidently intimidated, and although he drew it some feet away, he took the proffered chair. Seeing him seated, the visitor remarked, reverting politely to his former suggestion:

"I would 'a' managed to git home to-night, ef I 'd 'a' had a home to go to, an ef I was n't so forgetful. I never can ricollect

where no place is, once I leave it, an' ef I had a home, I 'd likely forgit where it was—ef I did n't forgit I had it."

By this time the old negro was peering forward, scanning his guest's face. He saw that he was a white man, and eccentric-looking. His earlier guests were both colored.

"How is you talkin', anyhow?" he asked eagerly and with evident apprehension. "Ef you forgits so constant, maybe you is got a home, an' done forgot it."

The forgetful man looked straight into the fire as he replied in an even voice:

"All I can say is I disremember havin' any. I am a too honest man to claim what I can't ricollect of havin', be it either riches or relations. Ef I could ricollect any family thet might be lookin' for me to-night, I 'd shoulder this pack an' start—ef I could ricollect the road. It's bad—havin' no ricollection. I 'd tell you lots o' tight places it's got me in—ef I could ricollect 'em."

"'Scuse me, please, sah, but— What dis you say?" Uriah was frightened.

"I never know what I've said. I only know what I'm sayin'."

At this, the old man moved his chair back,



"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU REALLY DO TAKE PEOPLE'S DISEASES FROM THEM?"

and mopped his forehead. Then, recovering himself, he added:

"'Scuse me movin' back. I jes took a case o' smallpox 'istiddy, an' f'om de way I begins to feel de fire, I looks fer it to bre'k out on me any minute. Has you ever had de black smallpox?"

"I don't ricollect." It was a quiet answer, but it moved Uriah back fully three feet.

"Ef I could be cured of not ricollectin'," the placid voice continued, "I'd be willin' to give all I've got in my pack—to whoever cured me."

This roused his professional instinct, and Uriah's voice was almost normal as he asked, looking askance at the object in question as he spoke:

"What is you got in yo' pack, anyhow?"

But when his prospective patient replied blandly, "I don't ricollect," he seemed to feel a sudden return of the smallpox symptoms, for he drew his chair quite to the other side of the fire.

"But I know I've got the pack," the peddler continued, "because I never trust no past tenses in my mind about *it*. I know the things I've got. It's them I've had I disremember. I'm always under my pack or on it. Ef I was to let go of it a minute, it would be good-by to it."

Weird as it was, the situation was interesting to the humble observer of physical and mental phenomena, and he ventured to ask tentatively:

"Has you ever los' anything so—by lettin' go of it?"

"How in thunder do I know?" This was spirited, and Uriah glanced toward the door. But the next words of his guest were reassuring in their placidity. "The only way I know I ain't got no memory is by realizin' what I have got. I've got a' absence of memory—an' that covers the ground."

"Look to me like you mought kiver de ground 'twix' heah an' wharsomever you started from." This rejoinder came as a growl and was most uncivil, but the old man was tried beyond his strength, and his masterful nature suddenly surprised him by asserting itself.

As he spoke, there was a distinct titter from behind the curtain, and Uriah was sure he saw the peddler's shoulders shake a little.

He raised his head and looked about him, and for a moment there was something really tragic in his fear. Then a change came over his face. There had been a familiar note in that titter. It sounded like—it *was*—the laugh of the older Bradshaw boy.

The old man made no sign for nearly a minute. Then he rose to his feet, and as he began to speak, he took in the whole cabin with one comprehensive sweep of his arm.

"Um—hm," he began. "Yas, I see. You-all is sick, an' you wants to know what yo' trouble is. Well, I'll tell yer. Don't be afeard—I'll tell yer. In de fust place, you's all afflicted wid absence o' de brain, an' you's jes nachelly a pack o' no-count scound'els—dat what you is. Yo' heads is holler as drinkin'-gou'ds, an' as fer yo' hearts, dey's so swunk an' swiveled up, dey ain't no bigger'n chicken hearts. God forgive me fer sayin' it, but you-all is sufferin' wid a fatal case o' durn fool—de whole passel o' yer!"

The storm of his wrath seemed to break here, and, trembling still with rage, he dropped back into his chair, and while he took his poker and began vigorously to stir his fire, he muttered:

"Makin' game of a ole sick man wid de nervous po'ostation, an'—an'— Purty-lookin' set o' college gemmen you is, I mus' say—gwine off to learn manners an'—an'—ca'yin' on sech dog-gone nonsense—"

The violence of his own speech evidently startled him, and he paused and cast his eyes up to the ceiling.

"Yas, Lord," he exclaimed fervently, "yas; I is cussin', an' I can't he'p it ef I is. Anybody but You'd cuss, ef—ef—ef a passel o' boys you been knowin' befo' dey was born—"

There was something suggestive of tears in the old man's distressed voice, and all at once the boys realized it, and they could be quiet no longer. When the old woman came forward, only partly free from her disguise, and he recognized in her the younger Bradshaw boy, his favorite of the two, he covered his face with his hands. The boy was full of contrition, but he hardly knew what to do.

"Come on out, Teddy," he called to his brother, as he dropped his skirt and began untying the peddler's pack. "Come on, an' no more foolin'. Come, help me an' George undo this pack. We have n't got much for you here, Uncle 'Riah," he added, as he struggled with the knotted twine—"just a few Christmas things we brought you. We were going to fetch 'em to you this morning, but we got to foolin', an' then, when it got late, we thought we'd have a little lark, an' leave the things for you; but George—this is our friend Mr. George Moulton. He lives in Connecticut, an' he could n't do the plantation talk, so he took the peddler part, an' he was so long-winded an' funny that he



"I WONDER EF DAT COULD BE DE SAME OLE STAR!"

made us giggle—an' then you went an' got mad—"

By this time the pack was open, and he lifted out a half-worn coat and laid it on the old man's lap. It was followed by two hats and a cap, several pairs of shoes, a lot of cravats, some collars and cuffs, and a number of packages.

"Why don't you tell him that mother sent the packages?" said the older brother. "Really, they are all there is that's any account. We just put in the other things, thinking you might give them to a beggar—or something."

The old man was laughing by this time.

"I say beggar!" He was proudly holding the coat up before him, "I say—I say beggar! I gwine take out my buryin'-coat an' wear it out, an' subs'tute dis one in its place. Umh! I niver expected to be able to be buried in a cutaway."

Seeing the old man draw a purse from the coat pocket, the younger brother said, "We did n't have any money to put in that. We never have any when we come home. But I promise you a dime to-morrow, anyhow, an' maybe more."

"And I'll give you a dollar right now," said he who had been the peddler, "if you'll say over again what was the matter with us boys—and say it slowly, so I can write it down."

"What dat you say? Say all dem cussin' 'jaculations over ag'in? No, sah, not ef de cote knows itse'f. I's 'shamed enough now, cussin' out loud, an' it a-fixin' to be Christmas terreckly. You-all is sho put me to shame wid all dese Christmas gif's—an' me not got a thing fer yer." He stopped short here, as if suddenly remembering something. "Lessen I'd give yer yo' vacation present now, an' let you save it."

He mounted his footstool as he spoke, and reaching over the old crawfish-net that lay on the rafters, he drew down a new one lying above it.

"When you yo'ng rascals busted my new net las' summer, an' I had no end o' trouble a-mendin' it, I said to myse'f I war n't gwine to have my fine net snook away no mo' by a passel o' no-count boys, so I turned to an' made y' all dis little one."

The net was far finer and larger than his own had ever been, and the boys were ominously silent when they took it from his hands.

"I ain't got no presents to put in it," the old man continued, as he took his seat, "but I ax y' all to forgive me fer cussin'—an' it

Christmas, too. I ain't no cussin' man, no-how, but, sence I been wrastlin' wid so many sicknesses— It's good you-all did n't ketch me wid de scoldin' hysterics on me. I'd 'a' sca'ed you-all but to death."

The boys had at last thanked him many times for the net, and each in his own way—some without words—apologized for his part in the invasion; and at this reference to his professional life there was not one who did not envy him his courage, as the younger Bradshaw boy said, leaning on the arm of his chair as he spoke, in a way that was irresistible:

"And do you mean to say that you really do take people's diseases from them, Uncle 'Riah—honest Injun, now?"

The old man was taken by surprise, but he chuckled softly as he answered quite seriously:

"I takes de 'sponsibility of 'em, honey. An' quick as anybody kin shake off de 'sponsibility of anything, it's good-by to it. I don't say I ain't wropped up a well leg an' nussed it 'fo' to-day. But dat's 'caze some folks is slow-faithed. Dey won't b'lieve nothin' widout a witness. When ole man Simpson was limpin' roun' de plantation, an' de leaders of 'is legs refused to lead, an' he had deze heah *very coa'se veins* in 'is lef' leg, I tole 'im to saw lef'-handed tell I could tek his mis'ry away; an' 't warn't no trouble. You see, sawin' lef'-handed dat th'owed 'is weight on de yether fine-vein leg, an' swapped leaders. But ef I had n't 'a' tied up my leg an' showed up de trouble in my system, you reckon he'd 'a' supplied me wid winter socks an' coal-ile? No, sah. You see, all I gits fer my kyorin' folks is what nourishmint an' cherishin' the cases needs. Heap o' deze heah college doctors could kyore folks better 'n dey does ef dey had eyes in dey jedg-mint. I done kyored a heap o' ole puny an' peaked folks, an' started dey circulation wid de word o' healin', 'fo' to-day—yas, I is. I jes speaks freedom fer 'em, an' when dey slow to see de light, I takes dey cases to board an' show 'em up fer 'em. Why, you could have de best pair o' lung-belluses Gord ever made, an' set down an' study about makin' 'em wheeze, an' dey 'll mighty soon squeak an' leak win'. I done tried it."

"And yet, Uncle 'Riah, when you were by yourself, we heard you talking about somebody's weak back."

The old man turned and looked at the boy.

"An' was you in my cabin all dat time?"

He turned almost fiercely as he spoke.

"No, uncle; but I was in and out several

times during the evening. Don't get mad again, now. We just slipped some blankets on your bed to surprise you—some mother sent. If you don't have these diseases, what makes you talk about 'em when you are alone?"

"Well, as to dat, of co'se, I got so in de habit, I thinks in de language—dat's all. I is got a plaster on my back now, one ole man Si fetched me, so he could feel eased a little. Settin' heah so still some days, my back gits sort o' set in de sockets, an' ef I could build up ole man Si's faith an' my back at de same time, I don't see no p'tic'lar harm in it."

"And what about all those tomato-cans, Uncle 'Riah? We're on to you, now, and we're not going to let you off till you tell us all about it."

"Dey ain't nothin' to tell you about de tomaters-cans, honey. It's jes de same thing—to sustain de weak-faithed, dat's all. Dey ain't no mo' 'n pennyryle in most of 'em, an' dat keeps de muskitties away; an' de fleas, dey flee f'om it, too. Umh! Listen at me, matchin' my words!

"De on'ies' mission o' physic, honey, is to ketch de eye o' faith—dat's all. I spec's to do away wid my tomaters-cans gradu'ly, but *don't you tell it*. I know you-all's too much gemmen to talk behin' a' ole nigger like me, anyhow. You done complimented me enough, a-listenin' at me. But you know what time it is? Hit's Christmas, dis minute, dat what it is. Listen at de clock! Go on home now, an' 'flect on de shepherds an' de wise men an' frankincense an' myrrh an' de star in de east, an' forgit de meanderin' talk of a ole fool nigger an' de common yarbs o' Cherokee Bayou. Go on now, an' 'spress my happy Christmas an' thank-y-ma'am to yo' ma fer dem blankets. Git along, I say! I feels Sam Tyler's third-day chill a-comin' on me now, an' I gwine git it in 'twix' dem new blankets."

He had followed the boys to the door, and as they passed out, he called to them:

"Look up in de firmament todes de east, chillun! Bless Gord, I wonder ef dat could be de same ole star!"

SOME OF LEWIS CARROLL'S CHILD-FRIENDS.

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

BY S. D. COLLINGWOOD.

FROM very early college days began to emerge that beautiful side of Lewis Carroll's character which afterward was to be, next to his fame as an author, that for which he was best known—his attitude toward children, and the strange attraction they had for him. I shall attempt to point out various influences which led him in this direction; but if I were asked for one comprehensive word wide enough to explain this tendency of his nature, I would answer unhesitatingly—love. My readers will remember a beautiful verse in "Sylvie and Bruno"; trite though it is, I cannot forbear to quote it:

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley and hill,
Like a picture so fair to the sight?
That flecks the green meadow with sunshine and shadow,

Till the little lambs leap with delight?

'T is a secret untold to hearts cruel and cold,

Though 't is sung, by the angels above,

In notes that ring clear for the ears that can hear,
And the name of the secret is Love!

That "secret," an open secret for him, explains this side of his character. As he read everything in its light, so it is only in its light that we can properly understand him. I think that the following quotation from a letter to the Rev. F. H. Atkinson, accompanying a copy of "Alice" for his little daughter Gertrude, sufficiently proves the truth of what I have just stated:

Many thanks to Mrs. Atkinson and to you for the sight of the tinted photograph of your Gertrude. As you say, the picture speaks for itself, and I can see exactly what sort of a child she is; in proof of which I send her my love and a kiss herewith! It is possible I may be the first (unseen) gentleman from whom she has had so ridiculous a message; but I can't say she is the first unseen child to whom I have sent one! I think the most precious message of the kind I ever got from a child I never saw (and never shall see in this world) was to the effect that she liked me when she read about Alice, "but please tell him, whenever I read that Easter letter he sent me, I do love him!" She was in a hospital, and a lady friend



THE ORIGINAL ALICE.

who visited there had asked me to send the Letter to her and some other sick children.

And now as to the secondary causes which attracted him to children. First, I think children appealed to him because he was pre-eminently a teacher, and he saw in their unspoiled minds the best material for him to work upon. In later years one of his favorite recreations was to lecture at schools on logic; he used to give personal attention to each of his pupils, and one can well imagine with what eager anticipation the children would have looked forward to the visits of a schoolmaster who knew how to make even the dullest subjects interesting and amusing.

Again, children appealed to his esthetic faculties, for he was a keen admirer of the beautiful in every form. Poetry, music, the drama, all delighted him, but pictures more than all put together. I remember his once showing me "The Lady with the Lilacs," which Arthur Hughes had painted for him, and how he dwelt with intense pleasure on the exquisite contrasts of color which it contained—the gold hair of a girl standing out against the purple of lilac-blossom. But with those who find in such things as these a complete satisfaction of their desire for the beautiful he had no sympathy; for no imperfect representations of life could, for him, take the place of life itself, life as God has made it—the babbling of the brook, the singing of the birds, the laughter and the sweet faces of children. And yet, recognizing, as he did, what Mr. Pater aptly terms "the curious perfection of the human form," in man, as in nature, it was the soul that attracted him more than the body. His intense admiration—one might almost call it adoration—for the white innocence and uncontaminated spirituality of childhood emerges most clearly in "Sylvie and Bruno." He says very little of the personal beauty of his heroine; he might have asked, with Mr. Francis Thompson:

How can I tell what beauty is her dole,
Who cannot see her countenance for her soul?

so entirely occupied is he with her gentleness, her pity, her sincerity, and her love.

Again, the reality of children appealed strongly to the simplicity and genuineness of his own nature. I believe that he understood children even better than he understood men and women. Civilization has made adult humanity very incomprehensible, for convention is as a veil which hides the divine spark that is in each of us, and so this strange thing has come to be that the imperfect mirrors perfection more completely

VOL. LVII.—30.

than the perfected, that we see more of God in the child than in the man.

And in those moments of depression of which he had his full share, when old age seemed to mock him with all its futility and feebleness, it was the thought that the children still loved him which nerved him again to continue his life-work, which renewed his youth, so that to his friends he never *seemed* an old man. Even the hand of death itself only made his face look more boyish—the word is not too strong. "How wonderfully young your brother looks!" were the first words the doctor said, as he returned from the room where Lewis Carroll's body lay, to speak to the mourners below. And so he loved children because their friendship was the true source of his perennial youth and unflagging vigor. This idea is expressed in the following poem, an acrostic, which he wrote for a friend some twenty years ago:

Around my lonely hearth, to-night,
Ghost-like the shadows wander:
Now here, now there, a childish sprite,
Earth-born and yet as angel bright,
Seems near me as I ponder.

Gaily she shouts: the laughing air
Echoes her note of gladness—
Or bends herself with earnest care
Round fairy fortress to prepare
Grim battlement or turret-stair—
In Childhood's merry madness!

New raptures still hath Youth in store:
Age may but fondly cherish
Half-faded memories of yore—
Up, craven heart! Repine no more!
Love stretches hands from shore to shore:
Love is, and shall not perish!

His first child-friend, so far as I know, was Miss Alice Liddell, the little companion whose innocent talk was one of the chief pleasures of his early life at Oxford; and to whom he told the tale that was to make him famous. In December, 1885, Miss M. E. Manners presented him with a little volume of which she was the author, "Aunt Agatha Ann, and Other Verses," and which contained a poem about "Alice." Writing to acknowledge this gift, Lewis Carroll said:

Permit me to offer you my sincere thanks for the very sweet verses you have written about my dream-child (named after a real Alice, but none the less a dream-child) and her Wonderland. That children love the book is a very precious thought to me, and next to their love I value the sympathy of those who come with a child's heart to what I have tried to write about a child's thoughts. Next to what conversing with an angel *might* be, —for it is hard to imagine it,—comes, I think, the

privilege of having a real child's thoughts uttered to one. I have known some few real children (you have, too, I am sure), and their friendship is a blessing and a help in life.

It is interesting to note how in "Sylvie and Bruno" his idea of the thoughts of a child has become deeper and more spiritual. Yet in the earlier tale, told "all in a golden afternoon," to the plash of oars and the swish of a boat through the waters of the Thames at Cherwell, the ideal child is strangely beautiful: she has all Sylvie's genuineness and honesty, all her keen appreciation of the interest of life; there lacks only that mysterious charm of deep insight into the hidden forces of nature, the gentle Power that makes the sky "such a darling blue," which almost likens Sylvie to the angels.

It would be futile to attempt even a bare list of the children whom he loved, and who loved him; during forty years of his life he was constantly adding to their number. Some remained friends for life, but in a large proportion of cases the friendship ended with the end of childhood. To one of those few whose affection for him had not waned with increasing years, he wrote:

I always feel specially grateful to friends who, like you, have given me a child-friendship and a woman-friendship. About nine out of ten, I think, of my child-friendships get shipwrecked at the critical point "where the stream and river meet," and the child-friends, once so affectionate, become uninteresting acquaintances, whom I have no wish to set eyes on again.

These friendships usually began all very much in the same way: a chance meeting on the sea-shore, in the street, in some friend's house, led to conversation; then followed a call on the parents, and after that all sorts of kindnesses on Lewis Carroll's part—presents of books, invitations to stay with him at Oxford or at Eastbourne, visits with him to the theater. For the amusement of his little guests he kept a large assortment of musical boxes, and an organette which had to be fed with paper tunes. On one occasion he ordered about twelve dozen of these tunes "on approval," and asked one of the other dons, who was considered a judge of music, to come in and hear them played over. In addition to these attractions there were clockwork bears, mice, and frogs, and games and puzzles in infinite variety.

One of his little friends, Miss Isabel Standen, has sent me the following account of her first meeting with him:

We met for the first time in the Forbury Gardens, Reading. He was, I believe, waiting for a

train. I was playing with my brothers and sisters in the Gardens. I remember his taking me on his knee and showing me puzzles, one of which he refers to in the letter given below. This puzzle was, by the way, a great favourite of his: the problem is to draw the three interlaced squares, without going over the same lines twice, or taking the pen off the paper, which is so thoroughly characteristic of him in its quaint humour.

THE CHESTNUTS, GUILDFORD,

August 22, 1869.

MY DEAR ISABEL: Though I have only been acquainted with you for fifteen minutes, yet as there is no one else in Reading I have known so long, I hope you will not mind my troubling you. Before I met you in the Gardens yesterday, I bought some old books at a shop in Reading, which I left to be called for, and had not time to go back for them. I did not even remark the name of the shop, but I can tell *where* it was, and if you know the name of the woman who keeps the shop, and would put it into the blank I have left in this note, and direct it to her, I should be much obliged. . . . A friend of mine, called Mr. Lewis Carroll, tells me he means to send you a book. He is a *very* dear friend of mine. I have known him all my life (we are the same age) and have *never* left him. Of course he was with me in the Gardens, not a yard off—even while I was drawing those puzzles for you. I wonder if you saw him?

Your fifteen-minute friend,

C. L. DODGSON.



Have you succeeded in drawing the

Another favorite puzzle of Mr. Dodgson's was the following—I give it in his own words:

A is to draw a fictitious map, divided into counties.

B is to colour it (or rather mark the counties with *names* of colours), using as few colours as possible. Two adjacent counties must have *different* colours. A's object is to force B to use as *many* colours as possible. How many can he force B to use?

One of Mr. Dodgson's most amusing letters was to a little girl called Magdalen, to whom he had given a copy of his "Hunting of the Snark":

CHRIST CHURCH, December 15, 1875.

MY DEAR MAGDALEN: I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but, you see, I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people in the street that I was going to see you, but they would not listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I could not make out what was in it. I saw some features at first; then I looked through a telescope, and found it was a countenance; then I looked through a microscope, and found it was a face! I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a large looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy

I found it was me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk, when myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said: "Do you remember when we all met at Sandown?" And myself said: "It was very jolly there; there was a child called Magdalen"; and me said: "I used to like her a little. Not much, you know—only a little." Then it was time for us to go to the train, and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess, so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happen to be here just now, and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends,

LEWIS CARROLL and C. L. DODGSON.

Another child-friend, Miss F. Bremer, writes as follows:

Our acquaintance began in a somewhat singular manner. We were playing on the Fort at Margate, and a gentleman on a seat near asked us if we could make a paper boat, with a seat at each end, and a basket in the middle for fish! We were, of course, enchanted with the idea, and our new friend, after achieving the feat, gave us his card, which we at once carried to our mother. He asked if he might call where we were staying, and then presented my elder sister with a copy of "Alice in Wonderland," inscribed, "From the Author." He kindly organised many little excursions for us, chiefly in the pursuit of knowledge. One memorable visit to a lighthouse is still fresh in our memories.

It was while calling one day upon Mrs. Bremer that he scribbled off the following double acrostic on the names of her two daughters:

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—FIVE LETTERS.

Two little girls near London dwell,
More naughty than I like to tell.

1.

Upon the lawn the hoops are seen;
The balls are rolling on the green.

TurF

2.

The Thames is running deep and wide,
And boats are rowing on the tide.

RiveR

3.

In winter-time, all in a row,
The happy skaters come and go.

IcE

4.

"Papa!" they cry, "do let us stay!"
He does not speak, but says they may.

NoD

5.

"There is a land," he says, "my dear,
Which is too hot to skate, I fear."

AfricA

At Margate also he met Miss Adelaide Paine, who afterward became one of his greatest favorites. He could not bear to see the healthy pleasures of childhood spoiled

by conventional restraint. "One piece of advice given to my parents," writes Miss Paine, "gave me very great glee, and that was not to make little girls wear gloves at the seaside; they took the advice, and I enjoyed the result." Apropos of this I may mention that, when staying at Eastbourne, he never went down to the beach without providing himself with a supply of safety-pins. Then if he saw any little girl who wished to wade in the sea, but was afraid of spoiling her frock, he would gravely go up to her and present her with a safety-pin, so that she might fasten up her skirts out of harm's way.

Tight boots were a great aversion of his, especially for children. One little girl who was staying with him at Eastbourne had occasion to buy a new pair of boots. Lewis Carroll gave instructions to the boot-maker as to how they were to be made, so as to be thoroughly comfortable, with the result that when they came home they were more useful than ornamental, being very nearly as broad as they were long! Which shows that even hygienic principles may be pushed too far.

The first meeting with Miss Paine took place in 1876. When Lewis Carroll returned to Christ Church he sent her a copy of "The Hunting of the Snark," with the following acrostic written on the fly-leaf:

"Are you deaf, Father William?" the young man said;

"Did you hear what I told you just now?
Excuse me for shouting! Don't waggle your head
Like a blundering, sleepy old cow!"

"A little maid dwelling in Wallington town
Is my friend, so I beg to remark:

Do you think she'd be pleased if a book were sent
down
Entitled 'The Hunt of the Snark'?"

"Pack it up in brown paper!" the old man cried,
"And seal it with olive-and-dove.

I command you to do it!" he added with pride.
"Nor forget, my good fellow, to send her beside
'Easter Greetings,' and give her my love."

This was followed by a letter, dated June 7, 1876:

MY DEAR ADELAIDE: Did you try if the letters at the beginnings of the lines about Father William would spell anything? Sometimes it happens that you can spell out words that way, which is very curious.

I wish you could have heard him when he shouted out, "Pack it up in brown paper!" It quite shook the house. And he threw one of his shoes at his son's head (just to make him attend, you know), but it missed him.

He was glad to hear you had got the book safe, but his eyes filled with tears as he said: "I sent *her* my love, but she never—" He could n't say any more, his mouth was so full of bones (he was just finishing a roast goose).

Another letter to Miss Paine is very characteristic of his quaint humor:

CH. CH., OXFORD, March 8, 1880.

MY DEAR ADA: (Is n't that your short name? "Adelaide" is all very well, but you see when one is *dreadfully* busy one has n't time to write such long words—particularly when it takes one half an hour to remember how to spell it—and even then one has to go and get a dictionary to see if one has spelt it right, and of course the dictionary is in another room, at the top of a high bookcase—where it has been for months and months, and has got all covered with dust—so one has to get a duster first of all, and nearly choke oneself in dusting it—and when one *has* made out at last which is dictionary and which is dust, even *then* there's the job of remembering which end of the alphabet "A" comes—for one feels pretty certain it is n't in the *middle*—then one has to go and wash one's hands before turning over the leaves—for they've got so thick with dust one hardly knows them by sight—and, as likely as not, the soap is lost, and the jug is empty, and there's no towel, and one has to spend hours and hours in finding things—and perhaps after all one has to go off to the shop to buy a new cake of soap—so, with all this bother, I hope you won't mind my writing it short and saying "my dear Ada".) You said in your last letter you would like a likeness of me; so here it is, and I hope you will like it. I won't forget to call the next time but one I'm in Wallington. Your very affect' friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

It was quite against Mr. Dodgson's usual rule to give away photographs of himself. He hated publicity, and the above letter was accompanied by another to Mrs. Paine, which ran as follows:

I am very unwilling, usually, to give my photograph, for I don't want people who had heard of Lewis Carroll to be able to recognise him in the street—but I can't refuse Ada. Will you kindly take care, if any of your ordinary acquaintances (I don't speak of intimate friends) see it, that they are *not* told anything about the name of "Lewis Carroll"?

He even objected to having his books discussed in his presence; thus he writes to a friend:

Your friend Miss—was very kind and complimentary about my books, but may I confess that I would rather have them ignored? Perhaps I am too fanciful, but I have somehow taken a dislike to being talked to about them; and consequently have some trials to bear in society, which otherwise would be no trials at all. . . . I don't think any of my many little stage-friends have any

shyness at all about being talked to of their performances. *They* thoroughly enjoy the publicity that *I* shrink from.

During the last fifteen years of his life Lewis Carroll always spent the long vacation at Eastbourne; in earlier times, Sandown, a pleasant little seaside resort in the Isle of Wight, was his summer abode. He loved the sea both for its own sake, and because of the number of children whom he met at seaside places. Here is another "first meeting"; this time it is at Sandown, and Miss Gertrude Chataway is the narrator.

I first met Mr. Lewis Carroll on the sea-shore at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, in the summer of 1875, when I was quite a little child.

We had all been taken there for change of air, and next door there was an old gentleman—to me, at any rate, he seemed old—who interested me immensely. He would come on to his balcony, which joined ours, sniffing the sea air with his head thrown back, and would walk right down the steps on to the beach with his chin in air, drinking in the fresh breezes as if he could never have enough. I do not know why this excited such keen curiosity on my part, but I remember well that whenever I heard his footstep I flew out to see him coming, and when one day he spoke to me my joy was complete.

Thus we made friends, and in a very little while I was as familiar with the interior of his lodgings as with our own.

I had the usual child's love for fairy tales and marvels, and his power of telling stories naturally fascinated me. We used to sit for hours on the wooden steps which led from our garden on to the beach, whilst he told the most lovely tales that could possibly be imagined, often illustrating the exciting situations with a pencil as he went along.

One thing that made his stories particularly charming to a child was that he often took his cue from her remarks: a question would set him off on quite a new trail of ideas, so that one felt that one had somehow helped to make the story, and it seemed a personal possession. It was the most lovely nonsense conceivable, and I naturally revelled in it. His vivid imagination would fly from one subject to another, and was never tied down in any way by the probabilities of life.

To me it was, of course, all perfect, but it is astonishing that he never seemed either tired or to want other society. I spoke to him once of this since I have been grown up, and he told me it was the greatest pleasure he could have to converse freely with a child and feel the depths of her mind.

He used to write to me, and I to him, after that summer, and the friendship thus begun lasted. His letters were one of the greatest joys of my childhood.

I don't think he ever really understood that we, whom he had known as children, could not always remain such. I stayed with him, only a few years

ago, at Eastbourne, and felt for the time that I was once more a child. He never appeared to realise that I had grown up, except when I reminded him of the fact, and then he only said: "Never mind; you will always be a child to me, even when your hair is grey."

Some of the letters to which Miss Chataway refers in these reminiscences I am enabled, through her kindness, to give below:

CH. CH., OXFORD, Oct. 13, 1875.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: I never give birthday presents, but, you see, I *do* sometimes write a birthday letter; so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday to-morrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind—but perhaps you object? You see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea, you would n't like that, would you? You would say: "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I have n't got any left!" So I'm very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying: "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson has drunk my health, and I have n't got any left!" And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! "My dear madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got *no health at all!*" I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it!" your mother will say. "You see, she *would* go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for *her* to drink *his* health."

And then we shall have changed healths—I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you would n't talk such nonsense! . . .

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

CH. CH., OXFORD, Dec. 9, 1875.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: This really will *not* do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post: the parcel gets so heavy, it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. "Two pounds to pay, sir!" he said. "*Extra weight*, sir!" (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay two pounds, when I think it should be *pence*.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!" I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a postman—it's a very pretty sight), "do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!"

"Only from a little girl!" he growled. "What are little girls made of?" "Sugar and spice," I began to say, "and all that's ni—" but he interrupted me. "No! I don't mean *that*. I mean, what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?" "Well, they're not *much* good, certainly," I said, rather sadly.

"Mind you don't get any more such letters," he said, "at least, not from that particular little girl. I know her well, and she's a regular bad one!"

That's not true, is it? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him we would send each other *very* few more letters—"Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so," I said. "Oh!" he said, "a little number like *that* does n't signify. What I meant is, you must n't send *many*."

So, you see, we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we must n't write any more, unless the postman gives us leave.

I sometimes wish I was back on the shore at Sandown; don't you?

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

Why is a pig that has lost its tail like a little girl on the sea-shore?

Because it says: "I should like another tale, please!"

CH. CH., OXFORD, July 21, 1876.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: Explain to me how I am to enjoy Sandown without *you*. How can I walk on the beach alone? How can I sit all alone on those wooden steps? So, you see, as I sha'n't be able to do without you, you will have to come. If Violet comes, I shall tell her to invite you to stay with her, and then I shall come over in the Heather Bell and fetch you.

If I ever do come over, I see I could n't go back the same day; so you will have to engage me a bed somewhere in Swanage; and if you can't find one, I shall expect *you* to spend the night on the beach, and give up your room to *me*. Guests, of course, must be thought of before children; and I'm sure in these warm nights the beach will be quite good enough for *you*. If you *did* feel a little chilly, of course you could go into a bathing-machine, which everybody knows is *very* comfortable to sleep in. You know they make the floor of soft wood on purpose. I send you seven kisses (to last a week), and remain,

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

CH. CH., OXFORD, Oct. 28, 1876.

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE: You will be sorry, and surprised, and puzzled, to hear what a queer illness I have had ever since you went. I sent for the doctor, and said: "Give me some medicine, for I'm tired." He said: "Nonsense and stuff! You don't want medicine; go to bed!" he said. "No; it is n't the sort of tiredness that wants bed. I'm tired in the *face*." He looked a little grave, and said: "Oh, it's your *nose* that's tired; a person often talks too much when he thinks he nose a great deal." I said: "No; it is n't the nose. Perhaps it's the *hair*." Then he looked rather grave, and said: "Now I understand; you've been playing too many hairs on the pianoforte." "No, indeed, I have n't," I said, "and it is n't exactly the *hair*; it's more about the nose and chin." Then he looked a good deal graver, and said: "Have you been walking much on your chin lately?" I said: "No." "Well!" he said, "it puzzles me very much. Do you think that it's in the *lips*?" "Of course!" I said, "that's exactly what it is!" Then he looked very grave indeed, and said: "I think you must have been giv-

ing too many kisses." "Well," I said, "I did give one kiss to a baby child, a little friend of mine." "Think again," he said. "Are you sure it was only one?" I thought again, and said: "Perhaps it was eleven times." Then the doctor said: "You must not give her any more till your lips are quite rested again." "But what am I to do?" I said, "because, you see, I owe her a hundred and eighty-two more." Then he looked so grave that the tears ran down his cheeks, and he said: "You may send them to her in a box." Then I remembered a little box that I once bought at Dover and thought I would some day give it to some little girl or other. So I have packed them all in it very carefully; tell me if they come safe, or if any are lost on the way.

READING STATION, April 13/78.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: As I have to wait here for half an hour, I have been studying Bradshaw (most things, you know, ought to be studied: even a trunk is studded with nails), and the result is that it seems I could come, any day next week, to Winchfield, so as to arrive there about one; and that, by leaving Winchfield again about half-past six, I could reach Guildford again for dinner. The next question is, *How far is it from Winchfield to Rotherwick?* Now do not deceive me, you wretched child! If it is more than a hundred miles, I can't come to see you, and there's no use to talk about it. If it is less, the next question is, *How much less?* These are serious questions, and you must be as serious as a judge in answering them. There must n't be a smile in your pen, or a wink in your ink (perhaps you'll say: "There can't be a wink in ink, but there may be ink in a wink"—but this is trifling; you must n't make jokes like that when I tell you to be serious), while you write to Guildford and answer these two questions. You might as well tell me at the same time whether you are still living at Rotherwick—and whether you are at home—and whether you get my letter—and whether you're still a child, or a grown-up person—and whether you're going to the seaside next summer—and anything else (except the alphabet and the multiplication table) that you happen to know. I send you 1,000,000 kisses, and remain,

Your loving friend,
C. L. DODGSON.

THE CHESTNUTS, GUILDFORD,
April 19/78.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: I'm afraid it's "no go"—I've had such a bad cold all the week that I've hardly been out for some days, and I don't think it would be wise to try the expedition this time, and I leave here on Tuesday. But, after all, what does it signify? Perhaps there are ten or twenty gentlemen all living within a few miles of Rotherwick; and any one of them would do just as well! When a little girl is hoping to take a plum off a dish, and finds she can't have that one, because it's bad or unripe, what does she do? Is she sorry or disappointed? Not a bit! She just takes another instead, and grins from one little ear to the other as she puts it to her lips! This is a little fable to do you good: the little girl means *you*—the bad

plum means *me*—the other plum means some other friend—and all that about the little girl putting plums to her lips means—well, it means—but you know you can't expect *every bit* of a fable to mean something! And the little girl grinning means that dear little smile of yours, that just reaches from the tip of one ear to the tip of the other!

Your loving friend,
C. L. DODGSON.

I send you 4½ kisses.

The next letter is a good example of the dainty little notes Lewis Carroll used to scribble off on any scrap of paper that lay to his hand.

CHESTNUTS, GUILDFORD,
January 15, 1886.

Yes, my child, if all be well, I shall hope, and you may fear, that the train, reaching Hook at two-eleven, will contain
Your loving friend,
C. L. DODGSON.

Only a few years ago, illness prevented him from fulfilling his usual custom of spending Christmas with his sisters at Guildford; this is the reference in the following letter:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: (The friendship is old, though the child is young.) I wish a very happy New Year, and many of them, to you and yours; but specially to you, because I know you best, and love you most. And I pray God to bless you, dear child, in this bright New Year, and many a year to come. . . . I write all this from my sofa, where I have been confined a prisoner for six weeks, and as I dreaded the railway journey, my doctor and I agreed that I had better not go to spend Christmas with my sisters at Guildford. So I had my Christmas dinner all alone, in my room here, and (pity me, Gertrude!) it was n't a Christmas dinner at all. I suppose the cook thought I should not care for roast beef or plum-pudding, so he sent me (he has general orders to send either fish and meat, or meat and pudding) some fried sole and some roast mutton! Never, never have I dined before, on Christmas day, without *plum-pudding*. Was n't it sad? Now I think you must be content; this is a longer letter than most will get. Love to Olive. My dearest memory of her is of a little girl calling out "Good night" from her room, and of your mother taking me in to see her in her bed and wish her good night. I have a yet dearer memory (like a dream of fifty years ago) of a little barelegged girl in a sailor's jersey, who used to run up into my lodgings by the sea. But why should I trouble you with foolish reminiscences of mine that cannot interest you?

Yours always lovingly,
C. L. DODGSON.

It was a writer in the "National Review" who, after eulogizing the talents of "Lewis Carroll," and stating that *he* would never be forgotten, added the harsh prophecy that "future generations will not waste a single thought upon the Rev. C. L. Dodgson."

If this prediction is destined to be fulfilled, I think my readers will agree with me that it will be solely on account of his extraordinary diffidence about asserting himself. But such an unnatural division of Lewis Carroll, the author, from the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, the man, is forced in the extreme. His books are simply the expression of his normal habit of mind, as these letters show; in literature, as in everything else, he was absolutely natural.

To refer to such criticisms as this (I am thankful to say they have been very few) is not agreeable; but I feel that it is owing to Mr. Dodgson to do what little I can to vindicate the real unity which underlay both his life and all his writings. I shall have more to say on this subject elsewhere.

Of many anecdotes which might be adduced to show the lovable character of the man, the following little story has reached me through one of his child-friends:

My sister and I [she writes] were spending a day of delightful sight-seeing in town with him, on our way to his home at Guildford, where we were going to pass a day or two with him. We were both children, and were much interested when he took us into an American shop, where the cakes for sale were cooked by a very rapid process before your eyes, and handed to you straight from the cook's hands. As the preparation of them could easily be seen from outside the window, a small crowd of little ragamuffins naturally assembled there, and I well remember his piling up seven of the cakes on one arm, and himself taking them out and doling them round to the seven hungry little youngsters. The simple kindness of his act impressed its charm on his child-friends inside the shop, as much as on his little stranger friends outside.

It was only to those who had but few personal dealings with him that he seemed stiff and "donnish"; to his more intimate acquaintances who really understood him, each little eccentricity of manner or of habits was a delightful addition to his charming and interesting personality. That he was, in some respects, eccentric cannot be denied; for instance, he never wore an overcoat, and always wore a tall hat, whatever might be the climatic conditions. He would wear only cotton gloves; in these small personal matters he had a great fear of extravagance. At dinner in his rooms, small pieces of cardboard took the place of table-mats; they answered the purpose perfectly well, he said, and to buy anything else would be a mere waste of money.

On the other hand, when purchasing books for himself, or giving treats to the children

he loved, he never seemed to consider expense at all.

He very seldom sat down to write, preferring the erect attitude. When making tea for his friends, he used—in order, I suppose, to expedite the process—to walk up and down the room waving the tea-pot about, and telling meanwhile those delightful anecdotes of which he had an inexhaustible supply.

In church he would never stand while the procession was entering the choir, thinking that the custom had a tendency to make the little choristers conceited. He did not care to speak for several minutes after service, so that the transition from spiritual to worldly matters in his mind might not be too sudden.

Great were his preparations before going a journey: each separate article used to be carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper all to itself, so that his trunks contained nearly as much paper as more useful things. The bulk of the luggage was sent on a day or two before by goods-train, while he himself followed on the appointed day, laden only with his well-known little black bag, which he always insisted on carrying himself.

He had a strong objection to staring colors in dress, his favorite combination being pink and gray. One little girl who came to stay with him was absolutely forbidden to wear a red frock, of a somewhat pronounced hue, while out in his company.

At meals he was always very abstemious, while he took nothing in the middle of the day except a glass of wine and a biscuit. Under these circumstances it is not very surprising that the healthy appetites of his little friends filled him with wonder, and even with alarm. When he took a certain one of them out with him to a friend's house to dinner, he used to give the host or hostess a gentle warning, to the mixed amazement and indignation of the child: "Please be careful, because she eats a good deal too much."

Another peculiarity was his objection to being invited to dinner or any other social gatherings. He made a rule of never accepting invitations. "Because you have invited me, therefore I cannot come," was the usual form of his refusal. I suppose the reason of this was his hatred of the interference with work which engagements of this sort occasion.

He had an extreme horror of infection, as will appear from the following illustration: Miss Isa Bowman and her sister Nellie

were at one time staying with him at Eastbourne, when news came from home that their youngest sister had caught the scarlet fever. From that day every letter which came from Mrs. Bowman to the children was held up by Mr. Dodgson, while the two little girls, standing at the opposite end of the room, had to read it as best they could. Mr. Dodgson, who was the soul of honor, used always to turn his head to one side during these readings, lest he might inadvertently see some words that were not meant for his eyes.

I will conclude this paper with some extracts from letters of his to a child-friend, who prefers to remain anonymous:

Nov. 30/79.

I have been awfully busy, and I've had to write *heaps* of letters—wheelbarrows full, almost. And it tires me so that generally I go to bed again the next minute after I get up; and sometimes I go to bed again a minute *before* I get up! Did you ever hear of any one being so tired as *that*? . . .

Nov. 7/82.

MY DEAR E—: How often you must find yourself in want of a pin! For instance, you go into a shop, and you say to the man: "I want the largest penny bun you can let me have for a halfpenny." And perhaps the man looks stupid and does n't quite understand what you mean. Then how convenient it is to have a pin ready to stick into the back of his hand, while you say: "Now then! Look sharp, stupid!" . . . And even when you don't happen to want a pin, how often you must think to yourself: "They say Interlachen is a very pretty place. I wonder what it looks like!" (That is the place that is painted on this pincushion.)

When you don't happen to want either a pin or pictures, it may just remind you of a friend who sometimes thinks of his dear little friend E—, and who is just now thinking of the day he met her on the parade, the first time she had been allowed to come out alone to look for him. . . .

Dec. 26/86.

MY DEAR E—: Though rushing rapid rivers are between us (if you refer to the map of England, I think you'll find that to be correct), we still remember each other, and feel a sort of shivery affection for each other. . . .

March 31/90.

I *do* sympathise so heartily with you in what you say about feeling shy with children when you

have to entertain them! Sometimes they are a real *terror* to me—specially boys; little girls I can now and then get on with, when they're few enough. They easily become *de trop*. But with little *boys* I'm out of my element altogether. I sent "Sylvie and Bruno" to an Oxford friend, and, in writing his thanks, he added: "I think I must bring my little boy to see you." So I wrote to say "*Don't*," or words to that effect; and he wrote again that he could hardly believe his eyes when he got my note. He thought I doted on *all* children. But I'm *not* omnivorous!—like a pig. I pick and choose. . . .

You are a lucky girl, and I'm rather inclined to envy you, in having the leisure to read Dante. I have never read a page of him; yet I am sure the "*Divina Commedia*" is one of the grandest books in the world—though I am *not* sure whether the reading of it would *raise* one's life and give it a nobler purpose, or simply be a grand poetical treat. That is a question you are beginning to be able to answer. I doubt if I shall ever (at least in this life) have the opportunity of reading it; my life seems to be all torn into little bits among the hosts of things I want to do! It seems hard to settle what to do *first*. One piece of work, at any rate, I am clear ought to be done this year, and it will take months of hard work; I mean the 2nd Vol of "*Sylvie and Bruno*." I fully *mean*, if I have life and health till Xmas next, to bring it out then. When one is close on sixty years old, it seems presumptuous to count on years and years of work yet to be done. . . .

. . . she is rather the exception among the hundred or so of child-friends who have brightened my life. Usually the child becomes so entirely a different being as she grows into a woman that our friendship has to change, too; and *that* it usually does by gliding down from a loving intimacy into an acquaintance that merely consists of a smile and a bow when we meet! . . .

Jan. 1/95.

. . . you are quite correct in saying it is a long time since you have heard from me; in fact, I find that I have not written to you since the 13th of last November. But what of that? You have access to the daily papers. Surely you can find out negatively that I am all right? Go carefully through the list of Bankruptcies, then run your eye down the Police Cases; and if you fail to find my name anywhere, you can say to your mother, in a tone of calm satisfaction: "Mr. Dodgson is going on *well*."



PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE "MAINE."

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

SECOND PAPER.

II. THE EXPLOSION.



THE MAINTOP.

The Stars and Stripes flying at half-mast over the wreck of the *Maine*, and above the flag is seen hanging from a line of the signal-yard a swab blown from the deck.

day the wind is commonly from the eastward, and about sundown it is likely to die down. During the night there may be no wind at all, and a ship swinging at her buoy may head in any direction. On the night of the explosion the *Maine* was heading to the northward and westward, in the general direction of the Machina, or naval "shears," near the admiral's palace. Some of the watch-officers said afterward that they had not before known her to head in that direction at Havana. I myself did not remark any peculiarity of heading, because I had not been on deck much during the night-watches. Stated simply as a fact, the *Maine* was lying in the position in which she would have been sprung to open her batteries on the shore fortifications. If an expert had been charged with

ON the night of the explosion, the *Maine*, lying in the harbor of Havana at the buoy where she was moored by the Spanish pilot on her entrance into the port, was heading in a direction quite unusual—at least, for the *Maine*. In this connection it should be explained that Havana is in the region of the trade-wind, which, however, is not so stable there as farther to the eastward, especially in the winter months. During the

mining the *Maine's* mooring-berth, purely as a measure of harbor defense, and having only one mine available, it is believed that he would have placed it under the position that the *Maine* occupied that night.

A short distance astern, or nearly astern, was the American steamer *City of Washington*, Captain Frank Stevens, of the Ward line. The *Alfonso XII* and the *Legazpi* occupied the berths mentioned in the first paper. They were on the starboard side of the *Maine*. There were other vessels in the harbor, but they were more remote from the *Maine's* berth. It was a dark, overcast night. The atmosphere was heavy, and the weather unusually hot and sultry. All of the twenty-six officers¹ were aboard excepting Passed Assistant Engineer F. C. Bowers, Naval Cadet (Engineer) Pope Washington, Paymaster's Clerk Brent McCarthy, and Gunner Joseph Hill.

The members of the crew, three hundred and twenty-eight in number, were on board as usual. One of the steam-launches was in the water, and riding at the starboard boom. The crew, excepting those on watch or on post, were turned in. The men of the quarter-watch were distributed about the deck in various places, wherever they could make themselves comfortable within permissible limits as to locality. Some of the officers were in their state-rooms or in the mess-rooms below; others were on the main or upper deck, in or about the officers' smoking-quarters, which were abaft the after-turret, on the port side, abreast the after-superstructure.

I was in my quarters, sitting on the after-side of the table in the port or admiral's cabin. As previously stated, the *Maine* had been arranged to accommodate both an admiral and a captain. For this purpose her

¹ The officers of the *Maine* at the time were: captain, Charles D. Sigsbee; executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright; navigator, Lieutenant George F. W. Holman; lieutenants, John Hood and Carl W. Jungen; lieutenants, junior-grade, George P. Blow, John J. Blandin, and Friend W. Jenkins; naval cadets, Jonas H. Holden, Watt T. Cluverius, Amon Bronson, and David F. Boyd, Jr.; surgeon, Lucien G. Hene-

berger; paymaster, Charles M. Ray; chief engineer, Charles P. Howell; passed assistant engineer, Frederic C. Bowers; assistant engineers, John R. Morris and Darwin R. Merritt; naval cadets (engineer division), Pope Washington and Arthur Crenshaw; chaplain, John P. Chidwick; first lieutenant of marines, Albertus W. Catlin; boatswain, Francis E. Larkin; gunner, Joseph Hill; carpenter, George Helms; pay-clerk, Brent McCarthy.



Wreck of *Maine*. Machinery and boat landing. View of Havana Harbor from a wharf in Regla—I.

cabin space in the after-superstructure had been divided into two parts, starboard and port, which were perfectly symmetrical in arrangement and fittings. Looking from one cabin into the other through the large communicating doorway, one cabin was like the reflection of the other seen in a mirror. The two cabins were alike even in furniture. In the November article the illustration on page 90 shows me sitting at the starboard-cabin table, in my own cabin, looking at the log-book. At the time of the explosion I was sitting in the port cabin in the corresponding position. The situation would be shown if that illustration were reversed by reflection in a mirror.

About an hour before the explosion I had completed a report called for by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, on the advisability of continuing to place torpedo-tubes on board cruisers and battle-ships. I then wrote a letter home in which I struggled to apologize for having carried in my pocket for ten months a letter to my wife from one of her friends of long standing. The cabin mess-attendant, James Pinckney, had brought me, about an hour before, a civilian's thin coat, because of the prevailing heat; I had taken off my blouse, and was wearing this coat for the only time during the cruise. In the pocket I had found the unopened and undelivered letter. Pinckney, a light-hearted colored man, who spent much of his spare time in singing, playing the banjo, and dancing jigs, was for some reason in an especially happy frame of mind that night. Poor fellow! he was killed, as was also good old John R. Bell, the colored cabin

steward, who had been in the navy twenty-seven years.

At taps ("turn in and keep quiet"), ten minutes after nine o'clock, I laid down my pen to listen to the notes of the bugle, which were singularly beautiful in the oppressive stillness of the night. The marine bugler, Newton, who was rather given to fanciful effects, was evidently doing his best. During his pauses the echoes floated back to the ship with singular distinctness, repeating the strains of the bugle fully and exactly. A half-hour later, Newton was dead.

I was inclosing my letter in its envelop when the explosion came. The impression made on different people on board the *Maine* varied somewhat. To me, in my position, well aft, and within the superstructure, it was a bursting, rending, and crashing sound or roar of immense volume, largely metallic in character. It was followed by a succession of heavy, ominous, metallic sounds, probably caused by the overturning of the central superstructure and by falling debris. There was a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel, a list to port, and a movement of subsidence. The electric lights, of which there were eight in the cabin where I was sitting, went out. Then there was intense blackness and smoke.

The situation could not be mistaken: the *Maine* was blown up and sinking. For a moment the instinct of self-preservation took charge of me, but this was immediately dominated by the habit of command. I went up the inclined deck into the starboard cabin, toward the starboard air-ports, which were relieved somewhat against the background of the sky. The sashes were out, and the



Harbor entrance. Alfonso XII. Cabanas.

VIEW OF HAVANA HARBOR FROM A WHARF IN REGLA—II.

openings were large. My first intention was to escape through an air-port, but this was abandoned in favor of the more dignified way of making an exit through the passageway leading forward through the superstructure. I groped my way through the cabin into the passage, and along the passage to the outer door. The passage turned to the right, or starboard, near the forward part of the superstructure.

When the turn was reached, some one ran into me violently. It was Private William Anthony, the orderly at the cabin door. He said something apologetic, and reported that the ship had been blown up and was sinking. He was directed to go out on the quarter-deck, and I followed him. Anthony has been pictured as making an exceedingly formal salute on that occasion. The dramatic effect of a salute cannot add to his heroism. If he had made a salute it could not have been seen in the blackness of that compartment. Anthony did his whole duty, at great personal risk, at a time when he might have evaded the danger without question, and deserved all the commendation that he received for his act. He hung near me with unflagging zeal and watchfulness that night until the ship was abandoned.

I stood for a moment on the starboard side of the main-deck, forward of the superstructure, looking toward the immense dark mass that loomed up amidships, but could see nothing distinctly. There I remained for a few seconds in an effort to grasp the situation, and then asked Anthony for the exact time. He replied: "The explosion took place at nine-forty, sir." It was soon necessary to retire from the main-deck, for that part of

the ship was sinking rapidly. I then went up on the poop-deck. By this time Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and others were near me. Everybody was impressed by the solemnity of the disaster, but there was no excitement apparent; perfect discipline prevailed.

The question has been asked many times if I believed then that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside. My answer to this has been that my first order on reaching the deck was to post sentries about the ship. I knew that the *Maine* had been blown up, and believed that she had been blown up from the outside. Therefore I ordered a measure which was intended to guard against attack. There was no need for the order, but I am writing of first impressions. There was the sound of many voices from the shore, suggestive of cheers.

I stood on the starboard side-rail of the poop and held on to the main-rigging in order to see over the poop-awning, which was bagged and covered with debris. I was still trying to take in the situation more completely. The officers were near me and showing a courteous recognition of my authority and responsibility. Directions were given in a low tone to Executive Officer Wainwright, who himself gave orders quietly and directed operations. Fire broke out in the mass amidships. Orders were given to flood the forward magazine, but the forward part of the ship was found to be under water. Inquiry as to the after-magazines and the guncotton magazine in the after-part of the ship showed a like condition of those compartments, as reported by those who had escaped from the ward-room and junior officers' quar-



DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

THE LAST SCENE ON THE SINKING DECK OF THE "MAINE."

ters. In the captain's spare pantry in the after-superstructure there was spare ammunition. It was seen that this would soon be submerged, and that precautions in respect to the magazines were unnecessary.

The great loss of life was not then fully realized. Our eyes were not yet accustomed to the darkness. Most of us had come from the glare of the electric lights. The flames increased in the central superstructure, and

I directed Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright to make an effort to play streams on the fire, if practicable. He went forward on the poop-awning, accompanied by Lieutenant Hood and Naval Cadets Boyd and Cluverius, making a gallant inspection in the region of the fire, but was soon obliged to report that nothing could be done. The fire-mains and all other facilities were destroyed, and men were not available for the service.

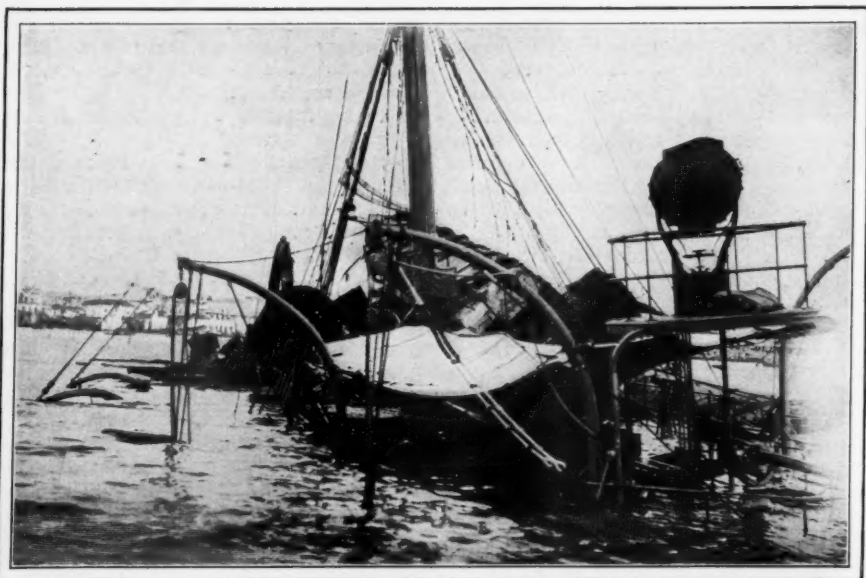
We then began to realize more clearly the full extent of the damage. One of the smokestacks was lying in the water on the starboard side. Although it was almost directly under me, I had not at first identified it. As my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I could see, dimly, white forms on the water and hear faint cries for help. Realizing that the white forms were our own men, boats were lowered at once and sent to the assistance of the injured and drowning men. Orders were given, but they were hardly necessary: the resourceful intelligence of the officers suggested correct measures in the emergency. Only three of our fifteen boats were available—the barge, the captain's gig, and the whale-boat. The barge was badly injured. Two of these were manned by officers and men jointly. How long they were gone from the ship I cannot recall, but probably fifteen minutes. Those of us who were left on board remained quietly on the poop-deck.

Nothing further could be done; the ship was settling rapidly. There was one wounded man on the poop; he had been hauled from under a ventilator on the main-deck by Lieutenants Hood and Blandin just as the water was rising over him. Other boats, too, were rescuing the wounded and drowning men. Chief among them were the boats from the *Alfonso XII*, and from the steamer *City of Washington*. The visiting boats had arrived promptly, and were unsparing of effort in saving the wounded. The Spanish officers and crews did all that humanity and gallantry could compass. During the absence of our boats the fire in the wreck of the central superstructure became fiercer. The spare ammunition that had been stowed in the pilot-house or thrown up from the magazines below was exploding in detail. It continued to explode at intervals until nearly two o'clock in the morning.

At night it was the custom on board the *Maine* to close all water-tight compartments except the few needed to afford passageway for the crew. They had been reported closed as usual that night. Down the cabin sky-

lights the air could be heard whistling through the seams of the doors and hatches, indicating that even the after-bulkheads had been so strained as to admit the water into the compartments. Presently Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright came to me and reported that our boats had returned alongside the ship at the stern, and that all the wounded that could be found had been gathered in and sent to the Spanish cruiser and the *City of Washington* and elsewhere. The after-part of the poop-deck of the *Maine*, the highest intact point above water, was then level with the gig's gunwale, while that boat was in the water alongside. We had done everything that could be done, so far as could be seen.

It was a hard blow to be obliged to leave the *Maine*; none of us desired to leave while any part of her poop remained above water. We waited until satisfied that she was resting on the bottom of the harbor. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright then whispered to me that he thought the forward ten-inch magazine had been thrown up into the burning material amidships and might explode at any time, with further disastrous effects. He was then directed to get everybody into the boats, which was done. It was an easy operation; one had only to step directly from the deck into the boat. There was still some delay to make sure that the ship's stern had grounded, and still more because of the extreme politeness of the officers, who considerately offered me a steadying hand to step into the boat. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright stood on one side and Lieutenant Holman on the other; each offered me a hand. I suggested the propriety of my being the last to leave, and requested them to precede me, which they did. There was favorable comment later in the press because I left last. It is a fact that I was the last to leave, which was only proper; that is to say, it would have been improper otherwise; but virtually all left last. The fine conduct of those who came under my observation that night was conspicuous and touching. The heroism of the wounded men I did not see at the time, but afterward good reports of their behavior were very common. The patient way in which they bore themselves left no doubt that they added new honors to the service when the *Maine* went down. Our boats pulled to the *City of Washington*. On the trip I called, or sent, to the rescuing boats, requesting them to leave the vicinity of the wreck, and informing them that there might be another explosion. Mr. Sylvester Scovel,



VIEW OF THE WRECK FROM THE STERN.

the newspaper correspondent, was asked to translate my request to the Spanish boats, which he did.

On arriving on board the *City of Washington*, I found there a number of our wounded men. They had been carried below into the dining-saloon, where they had been placed on mattresses. They were carefully tended by both officers and crew of the vessel. Every attention that the resources of the vessel admitted had been brought to bear in their favor. The *City of Washington*, then under command of Captain Stevens, did great service. The same was true of the *Alfonso XII*, and, it may be, of the other Spanish vessels also. One or more wounded men were cared for on board the Spanish transport *Colon*.

I walked among the wounded some minutes, and spent a few more in watching the fitful explosion of ammunition on board the *Maine*. Then I went to the captain's cabin, and composed my first telegram to the Navy Department, a facsimile of which is given on page 253. I had already directed that a muster be taken of the survivors, and had sent a request to the captain of the *Alfonso XII* that he keep one or more patrol-boats about the wreck. The relations between the United States and Spain had reached a condition of such extreme tension that the patience of the people of the United States was about exhausted. Realizing this fully

that night, I feared the result of first impressions of the great disaster on our people, for I found it necessary to repress my own suspicions. I wished them, as a matter of national pride and duty, to take time for consideration. Naval officers, no less than other citizens, have unlimited confidence in the sober judgment of the people of the United States. It seemed also to be a duty of my position to sustain the government during the period of excitement or indignation that was likely to follow the reception of the first report; therefore I took the course of giving to my telegram an uncommonly strong advisory character. The facsimile illustration of the telegram shows that, after advising that public opinion be suspended, and signing my name, I erased the name, and added a few more words relative to the visit and sympathy of the Spanish officers. I added these additional words to strengthen the quieting effect of the telegram. After my name had been signed in the first instance, I was informed that a number of Spanish officers—civil, military, and naval—had arrived on board to express sympathy. I went out on the deck, greeted these gentlemen, and thanked them for their visit. Among them were Dr. Congosto, Secretary-General of the island; General Salano, chief of staff to General Blanco; the civil governor of the province, and a number of

others whose names I cannot now remember. I think the captain of the *Alfonso XII* was also there. After asking them to excuse me for a few moments, to complete my telegram, I returned to the captain's cabin, erased the first signature, and added the additional words. I then called in Dr. Congosto, read the telegram to him, and stated that, as there would be great excitement in the United States, it was my duty to diminish it so far as possible. Dr. Congosto had been a Spanish consul in the United States, and a practising physician there for a number of years. He remarked feelingly that my telegram was "very kind."

The next step was to get the despatch over the cable. It was written about fifteen minutes after we left the *Maine*, and had to be taken ashore in a boat, and thence in a cab to the telegraph office. It must therefore have reached the cable office about eleven o'clock. There was a likelihood that the office would be closed at that time of night, but Dr. Congosto promised me the right of way over the cable, and gave directions that the office, if closed, should be reopened. I requested Mr. George Bronson Rea, then correspondent, I think, of "Harper's Weekly," to carry the telegram ashore and send it. He readily consented. At the office he transcribed it on a regular form; then, it appears, he sent the original to a New York newspaper, where it was reproduced. Mr. Rea

soon afterward volunteered to return me the original. It is through his courtesy that it is now in my possession. At the time it was written it did not occur to me that the document would be deemed worthy of preservation.

Having disposed of the telegram, I returned to the Spanish officials. They seemed especially desirous of having my opinion as to the cause of the explosion. I invariably answered that I must await investigation. General Salano, a handsome and distinguished-looking officer, of dignified bearing and address, declared to me that the Spanish authorities knew nothing whatever as to the cause of the destruction of the *Maine*. He said that he made the assertion as a man, an officer, and a Spaniard. I assured him of my ready acceptance of his statement, and remarked that I had not yet permitted myself to give any thought to the question of responsibility for the disaster. The Spanish officers remained only a short time. In the length of their visit, and the character of it, they displayed exquisite tact. General Fitzhugh Lee arrived on board the *City of Washington* soon after we boarded her, and remained all night, I think. It has always seemed to me that it took high courage for the United States consul-general to traverse the city and the water during the uncertainties of those early hours.

After the first muster that night it was



THE CENTRAL SUPERSTRUCTURE, INCLUDING THE CONNING-TOWER, THROWN UPSIDE DOWN.

reported to me that only eighty-four or eighty-five survivors could be found: I have forgotten the precise figures. Only nineteen of the crew of the *Maine* were uninjured. There were, in fact, two hundred and fifty-four of the *Maine's* people lost that night.

not refer to me before he sent the wounded ashore; but I soon came to the conclusion that he had used his best judgment, and with every desire to be kind and sympathetic. The subsequent treatment of our wounded by the Spaniards was most considerate and humane.



CAPTAIN-GENERAL RAMON BLANCO.

One hundred were saved, including the wounded. Seven of the latter died at Havana. Some of the wounded were taken to the landing at the Machina, where they were cared for by the fire organizations of Havana. The wounded who were gathered in by the Spaniards and Americans that night were sent to two hospitals in Havana, the Alfonso XIII and the San Ambrosio. I was inclined to feel offended when the commanding officer of the cruiser *Alfonso XII* did

They did all that they habitually did for their own people, and even more.

This paper was given the form of a personal experience, first, because I alone was personally connected with the complete chain of incidents to be recited; secondly, because the form promised less labor of preparation in the time at my disposal. But the explosion, and its immediate consequences, were too momentous and harrowing, and too varied, to be narrowed down to the view of

one person, even in so personal a narrative. None can ever know the awful scenes of consternation, despair, and suffering down in the forward compartments of the stricken ship; of men wounded, or drowning in the swirl of water, or confined in a closed compartment gradually filling with water. But from those so favorably situated that escape was possible, much may be gathered to enable us to form a conception of the general chaos. It is comforting to believe that most of those who were lost were killed instantly; and it is probably true, also, for many of the wounded who recovered had no knowledge of the explosion; they remembered no sensations, except that they awoke and found themselves wounded and in a strange place.

The phenomena of the explosion, as witnessed by different persons, and the personal experiences of officers and men, may be derived from the "Report of the Naval Court of Inquiry upon the Destruction of the United States Battle-ship *Maine*."¹ I have, in addition, reports from the officers of the *Maine*, and my recollections of conversations with those who were informed in various directions.

Before the court, Captain Frederick G. Teasdale, master of the British bark *Deva*, testified as follows: He was aboard the *Deva*, which was lying at a wharf at Regla, from a quarter to half a mile from the *Maine*. He said, in continuation of his previous testimony: "... sitting at the cabin table writing when I heard the explosion. I thought the ship had been collided with. I ran on deck when I heard the explosion. I felt a very severe shock in my head, also. I seized my head this way [indicating]. I thought I was shot, or something. The transoms of the doors of the cabin are fitted in the studs on the side, and they were knocked out of place with the shock. The first seemed to be a shot, and then a second, or probably two seconds, after the first report that I heard, I heard a tremendous explosion; but as soon as I heard the first report,—it was a very small one,—thinking something had happened to the ship, I rushed on deck, and was on deck just in time to see the whole debris going up in the air. . . . The stuff ascended, I should say, one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty feet up in the air. It seemed to go comparatively straight until it reached its highest point of ascent; then it divided and passed off in kinds of rolls or clouds. Then I saw a series of lights fly-

ing from it again. Some of them were lights—incarescent lights. Sometimes they appeared to be brighter, and sometimes they appeared to be dim, as they passed through the smoke, I should presume. The color of the smoke, I should say, was a very dark slate-color. There were fifteen to twenty of those lights that looked like incandescent lights. The smoke did not seem to be black, as you would imagine from an explosion like that. It seemed to be more a slate-color. . . . Quantities of paper and small fragments fell over our ship, and for some time after."

Mr. Sigmund Rothschild, a passenger on board the *City of Washington*, went on deck about half-past nine with his fellow-passenger Mr. Wertheimer. They drew chairs toward the railing. Mr. Rothschild testified: "In doing so, I had brought my chair just about in this condition [indicating], and had not sat down when I heard a shot, the noise of a shot. I looked around, and I saw the bow of the *Maine* rise a little, go a little out of the water. It could not have been more than a few seconds after that noise, that shot, that there came in the center of the ship a terrible mass of fire and explosion, and everything went over our heads, a black mass. We could not tell what it was. It was all black. Then we heard a noise of falling material on the place where we had been, right near the smoking-room. One of the life-boats, which was hanging, had a piece go through it and made a big hole in it. After we saw that mass go up, the whole boat [*Maine*] lifted out, I should judge, about two feet. As she lifted out, the bow went right down. . . . We stood spell-bound, and cried to the captain [of the *City of Washington*]. The captain gave orders to lower the boats, and two of the boats, which were partly lowered, were found broken through with big holes. Some iron pieces had fallen through them. Naturally, that made a delay, and they had to run for the other boats, or else we would have been a few minutes sooner in the water. Then the stern stood out like this, in this direction [indicating], and there was a cry from the people: 'Help!' and 'Lord God, help us!' and 'Help! Help!' The noise of the cry from the mass of human voices in the boat [*Maine*] did not last but a minute or two. When the ship was going down, there was the cry of a mass of people, but that was a murmur. That was not so loud as the single voices which were in the water. That did not last but a minute, and by that time we saw somebody on the deck in the stern

¹ United States Senate Document No. 207, Fifty-fifth Congress, Second Session.

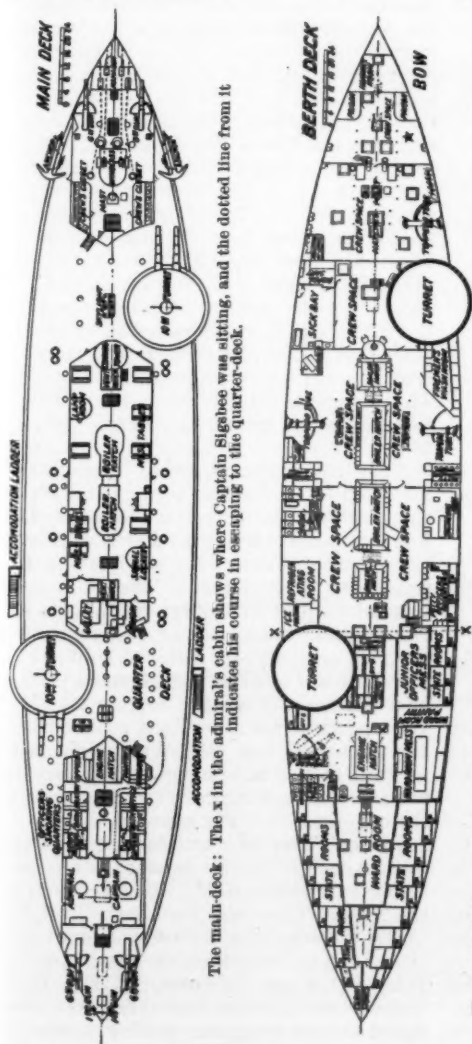
on the quarter-deck down the poop-ladder, and I immediately brought up on an immense pile of wreckage. I saw one man there, who had been thrown from somewhere, pinned down by a ventilator."

whom we heard out in the water. The orders had been given by the captain and the executive officer to lower the boats as soon as they came on deck. I spoke of lowering the gig because I was on the deck before they got

up there, and began to lower it anyway, to pick up these men. As I was saying a minute ago, I found this one man lying there on the quarter-deck in this wreckage, pinned down by a ventilator. With Mr. Blandin's help we got him up just in time before the water rose over him. The captain and the executive officer ordered the magazines to be closed [flooded]. We all saw at once that it would be no use flooding the magazines. We saw that the magazines were flooding themselves. Then the captain said he wanted the fire put out that was starting up in the wreckage. I made my way forward through the wreck and debris, up to the middle superstructure, to see if anything could be done toward putting out this fire. When I got there I found nothing could be done, because the whole thing was gone.

"When I climbed up on this wreck on the superstructure I saw similar piles of wreckage on the port side which I had not seen before, and I saw some men struggling in that, in the water; but there were half a dozen boats there, I suppose, picking them up and hauling them out; and after pulling down some burning swings and things that were starting to burn aft, I came aft again out of the wreckage. There was no living thing up there at that time. Shortly after that we all left the ship. There were two distinct explosions,—big ones,—and they were followed by a number of smaller explosions, which I took at once to be what they were, I suppose—explosions of separate charges of the blown-up magazine. The in-

stant this first explosion occurred I knew the ship was gone completely, and the second explosion only assisted her to go a little quicker. She began to go down instantly. The interval between the two was so short that I only had time to turn my head and see the second. She sank on the forward end—went down like a shot. In the short time that I took to run



The main-deck: The x in the admiral's cabin shows where Captain Sigbee was sitting, and the dotted line from it indicates his course in escaping to the quarter-deck.

The berth-deck, on which most of the officers and crew were quartered; only two persons escaped from the space between the bow and the x near the after-turret. The star indicates where one of the two men saved from the berth-deck was sleeping.

THE COURT. "May I interrupt Mr. Hood a moment? He said several officers jumped into the gig. He does not say for what purpose or what they did. That might leave a bad impression unless he states what the object was."

ANSWER. "They jumped into the gig, commanded to pick up these wounded men

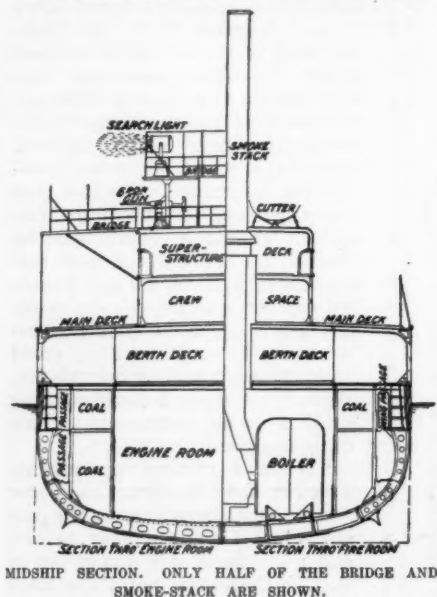
the length of that short superstructure aft, the deck canted down, showing that her bow had gone at once.

"At the same time the ship heeled over considerably to port, I should say about ten degrees, the highest amount, and then the stern began to sink very rapidly, too; so rapidly that by the time I got that gig lowered, with the assistance of another man or

down, I was on the starboard side of the deck, walking up and down. I looked over the side, and then went over to the port side and took a look. I don't remember seeing any boats at all in sight. I thought at the time the harbor was very free from boats. I thought it was about three bells, and I walked over to the port side of the deck, just abaft the after-turret. Mr. Hood came up shortly afterward, and was talking to me when the explosion occurred. I am under the impression that there were two explosions, though I could not be sure of it. Mr. Hood started aft to get on the poop to lower the boats, I suppose, and I followed him. Something struck me on the head. My cap was in my hand. My head was slightly cut, and I was partially knocked over, but not stunned. I climbed on the poop and went on the starboard side, and found Captain Sigsbee there. I reported to him. He ordered the boats lowered at once to pick up any of the wounded. The officers very rapidly got on the poop, and there were one or two men there, but very few.

"The barge and gig were lowered, and just then I heard a man crying out down on the quarter-deck. I went to the ladder, and I saw Mr. Hood trying to pull a ventilator off the man's legs. He was lying in the wreckage, jammed there. The water then was not deep. I went down and helped Mr. Hood to pull this ventilator off, and carried the man on the poop, with the help of Private Loftus, I think it was. It was a private man [marine]. Then the captain told Mr. Wainwright to see if anything could be done to put out the fire. Mr. Wainwright went forward to the middle superstructure, and shortly afterward came back and reported to the captain that it was hopeless to try to do anything. Then in a very few moments the captain decided that it was hopeless, and gave the order to abandon ship. Boats came from the *Alfonso Doce*, and two boats from the *City of Washington*, and those, with our boats, picked up the wounded and sent most of them, by the captain's order, to the *Alfonso*. There were thirty-four sent there. We abandoned ship, the captain getting in his gig after everybody had left, and went to the *City of Washington*."

One of the narrowest escapes of an officer was that of Naval Cadet D. F. Boyd, Jr. I quote a large part of his report to me. It gives all that is known of the case of Assistant Engineer Darwin R. Merritt, who was drowned. "About nine-thirty, as well as I am able to judge, on the night of February



two, the upper quarter-deck was under water, and the stern was sinking so quickly that when I began to pick this man up, whom I spoke of on the quarter-deck, the deck was still out of water. Before I got this ventilator off him—it did n't take very long, as Mr. Blandin assisted to move that to get him up—the water was over my knees, and just catching this fellow's head, the stern was sinking that quickly. The bow had gone down, as I say, instantly."

Special interest attaches to the personal experiences of Lieutenant John H. Blandin, who has since died. The disaster appeared to affect him greatly, and led, doubtless, to the impairment of his health. He had made an unusually long tour of continuous sea duty, and had suffered considerable disappointment because of his failure to secure his detachment from the *Maine*. For certain public reasons it had not been granted him, but it would have come soon. He said: "After the third quarter-watch at nine o'clock was piped

and as I was lifted off my feet, I caught a steam-heater pipe, and reached for the steerage ladder. It was gone. I worked my way along the steam-pipe until I reached the port side of the ship. Water was rushing through the air-ports, and as I reached the side, I heard some one cry: 'God help me! God help me!' I think it must have been Merritt. At that moment I found the two torpedoes that were triced up under the deck-beams, and, twining my legs around them, I worked my way inboard. The water was then at a level of about one foot from the deck-beams. At that moment some burning cellulose flared up, and I was able to reach the hatch-coaming and work my way up on deck. I rushed on the poop, and there found Captain Sigsbee, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, Lieutenants Holman and Hood, and Naval Cadet Cluverius. The remaining boats were away, picking up these men in the water. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and I then went on the quarter-deck awning and on the middle superstructure to help out any wounded.

"When the captain gave the order to abandon ship, we were brought over in the Ward line steamer *City of Washington's* boat. The boats present, as well as I remember, were two of our boats, two from the *City of Washington*, three from the *Alfonso XII*, and several shore boats."

The circumstances connected with the loss of Lieutenant Friend W. Jenkins have been involved in much mystery. Lieutenant Holman testified that he himself, together with Lieutenants Jungen and Jenkins and Chief Engineer Howell, were in the officers' mess-room. All were saved but Lieutenant Jenkins. Mess-attendant John H. Turpin (colored) was in the ward-room pantry, which is next forward of the officers' mess-room. In his testimony Turpin says: "It was a jarring explosion—just one solid explosion, and the ship heaved and lifted like that, and then all was dark. I met Mr. Jenkins in the mess-room, and by that time the water was up to my waist, and the water was running aft. It was all dark in there, and he hollered to me, and he says: 'Which way?' I don't know what he meant by that. I says: 'I don't know which way.' He hollered again: 'Which way?' I says: 'I don't know, sir, which way.' And he hollered the last time; he says: 'Which way?' I says: 'I don't know, sir.' Then I was groping my way, and the water was up to my breast. Mr. Jenkins started forward, and then the whole compartment lit right up. That whole compartment where the

torpedoes were lit right up, and I seen Mr. Jenkins then throw up both hands and fall, right by the steerage pantry. Then I groped my way aft, and got to the captain's ladder—the ladder coming out of the ward-room—just as you come out of the ward-room to go up in the cabin. When I got there the ladder was carried away, and somehow or other the manrope kept fast upon the deck, but the ladder got adrift from it down below in the water. By that time the water was right up even with my chin. Then I commenced to get scared, and in fooling around it happened that a rope touched my arm, and I commenced to climb overhand and got on deck."

Fireman William Gartrell was in the steam-steering room, two decks lower than the officers' mess-room. He was lower down in the ship than any other man that escaped. To reach the level of the officers' mess-rooms he had to run forward about twenty feet, pass through a doorway, spring across to a ladder, climb up two flights of ladders, and pass through another doorway—a narrow and difficult route under the best of conditions (see profile of the *Maine*). I quote his testimony in part: "I could see through the door, sir. It was a kind of a blue flame, and it came all at once. The two of us jumped up, and I went on the port side up the engine-room ladder, and Frank Gardiner he went up the starboard side—at least, he did n't go up, because he hollered to me. He struck the door right there where the partition separates the two doors, and he must have struck his head. He hollered to me; he says: 'O Jesus, Billy, I am gone.' I did n't stop then, because the water was up to my knees. I made a break as quick as I could up the ladder, and when I got up the ladder into the steerage-room the ladder was gone. Everything was dark. I could n't see nothing; everything was pitch-dark, and I gave up, or I started to give up. There was a colored fellow with me; I did n't know his name until afterward. His name was Harris. We got hold of each other. I says: 'Let's give up; there is no hope.' I started in to say a prayer the best I knew how, and I heard a voice. It must have been an officer; it could n't have been a man's voice, because he says: 'There is hope, men.' I knew from that that he was an officer. After that I seen a little light. It looked like an awful distance from me, but I made for that light, and when I got there it seemed like I could see the heavens. I got jammed in the ladder. My head was right up against the deck. I seen the ladder, and I caught hold of Harris, and the two of us hugged

each other. . . . The ladder was hung cross-ways on top. There was n't no ladder that we could walk up. The ladder was up above us. . . . I don't know whether I got out first, or this colored fellow, but when I did get out I tried to say a prayer. I looked where I was, and I saw the heavens and everything, and I tried to say a prayer or something, and I fainted away. I felt some one picking me up, and they throwed me overboard."

The foregoing extracts refer to those who escaped from that part of the ship that was not destroyed. The fearful loss of life was forward. I believe only two men escaped from the berth-deck forward of the officers' quarters, the principal sleeping-quarters of the crew, namely, Charles Bergman, boat-swain's mate, and Jeremiah Shea, coal-passer. I regret that I have no report of Shea's experience. He was sleeping below the great pile of wreckage that is shown distinctly in the pictures of the wreck. Afterward when asked to account for his miraculous escape, he replied: "I think I must be an armor-piercing projectile, sir." Bergman was turned in, in his hammock, which was swung from the beams in the forward crew-space, just abaft the "brig," or prison, on the starboard side. In his testimony Bergman says:

"I heard a terrible crash, an explosion I suppose that was. Something fell, and then after that I got thrown somewhere in a hot place. Wherever that was I don't know. I got burned on my legs and arms, and got my mouth full of ashes and one thing and another. Then the next thing I was in the water—away under the water somewhere, with a lot of wreckage on top of me that was sinking me down. After I got clear of that I started to come up to the surface of the water again, and I got afoul of some other wreckage. I got my head jammed in, and I could n't get loose, so I let myself go down. Then it carried me down farther. I suppose when it touched the bottom somewhere it sort of opened out a bit, and I got my head out and started for the surface of the water again. I hit a lot of other stuff with my head, and then I got my head above the water. I got picked up by a Spanish boat, one of these shore boats, I think."

The narratives of others might be continued at much greater length, but the advisability is lessened by the existence of a very complete record in the report of the court of inquiry.

At 2 A. M. on the night of the explosion I lay down in a state-room of the *City of Wash-*

ington, hoping to get enough sleep to give me a clear head for the difficulties of the following day, which I knew would be great. The bunk was uncomfortable, the weather hot, and the stench from the harbor water disagreeable. A few feet from my state-room the wounded lay. Some of them groaned pitifully, and doubtless unconsciously; one had nausea. I tried hard to ignore all disturbances, but got very little sleep that night.

At daylight I again went among the wounded men. As I patted a wounded Japanese messman on the shoulder, the poor fellow looked greatly pleased and made a futile effort to rise up and be respectful. Then I gazed long and sadly at the wreck of the *Maine*. How great the destruction! She had settled in the mud, and her poop-deck, where we had stood at the last moment, was under water. There was no part of her hull visible except that torn and misshapen mass amidships and three pieces of iron jutting out of the water farther forward. The forward part of the central superstructure had been blown upward and somewhat to starboard, and had folded back on its after-part, carrying the bridge, pilot-house, and six-inch gun and conning-tower with it, and completely capsizing them. The broad surface that was uppermost was the ceiling of the berth-deck, where many men had swung from beam to beam in their hammocks the night before. On the white paint of the ceiling was the impression of two human bodies,—mere dust,—so I was told afterward. The great pile was so torn, twisted, and confused with structural details that the identification of visible parts was only possible after careful study. The foremast had toppled over forward and disappeared. Only one end of the signal-yard was above water; this was well forward of everything else and looked like a spar-buoy. Even the mooring-buoy had gone down. The cellulose from the coffer-dams was still burning.

The *Alfonso XII* and the *City of Washington* had shifted their berths farther from the wreck to avoid the bursting rapid-fire ammunition. The Spanish patrol-boats were on duty. But saddest of all was the reflection that many dead were down there in the wreck and that many homes were made desolate. It was not difficult to conceive what the day and the water would bring forth. My thoughts naturally turned toward Jenkins and Merritt, whose safety was in doubt; we had not wholly given them up for lost. Inquiries were made as to their move-

ments the night before, but no hope could be built up.

The officers of the *Maine* were in good physical condition that morning: none showed signs of nervous shock. The same is true of the uninjured men. None had saved more than he had upon him when the explosion came, and some had been wet by the filthy harbor water; kind-hearted passengers and officers of the vessel had supplied deficiencies so far as possible, but we were a gruesome party. During the day the United States despatch-steamers *Fern*, Lieutenant-Commander W. C. Cowles, commanding, arrived. So did the steamer *Mangrove* of the United States Lighthouse Establishment, with Commander Samuel Belden, U. S. N., on board, and the American passenger-steamers *Olivette* of the Plant line. Assistant Surgeon Spear of the flagship *New York* and Surgeon Clendenin of the army post at Key West came to render assistance.

The day after the explosion of the *Maine*, I sent to Key West, by the *Olivette*, every officer and man that could be spared or who could travel. My desire was to retain no one in Havana that could get away; and thereafter the wounded men were taken from the hospitals and sent to Key West as soon as they could bear the journey. I retained on duty in Havana Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, Paymaster Ray, Dr. Heneberger, Chaplain Chidwick, Lieutenant Holman, and Naval Cadets Holden and Cluverius. I also retained my orderly, Private William Anthony, and a very worthy gunner's mate named Bullock. The greater part of the day was spent on the water, on board the visiting vessels already named, receiving reports, parting with the officers and men, and preparing for the work to come. In the forenoon I sent the following telegram to the Secretary of the Navy:

Advise sending wrecking-vessel at once. *Maine* submerged except debris. Mostly work for divers now. Jenkins and Merritt still missing. Little hope for their safety. Those known to be saved are: officers, 24; uninjured, crew, 18; wounded now on Ward line steamer, in city hospitals and hotels, 59, so far as known. All others went down on board or near the *Maine*. Total lost or missing, 253. With several exceptions, no officer or man has more than a part of a suit of clothing, and that is wet with water. Ward steamer leaves for Mexico at 2 this afternoon. The officers saved are uninjured. Damage was in compartments of crew. Am preparing to telegraph list of saved and wounded. *Olivette* leaves for Key West at 1 p. m. Will send by her to Key West officers saved, except myself and Wainwright, Holman, Hene-

berger, Ray, and Holden. Will turn over three uninjured boats to captain of port, with request for safe-keeping. Will send all wounded men to hospital in Havana.

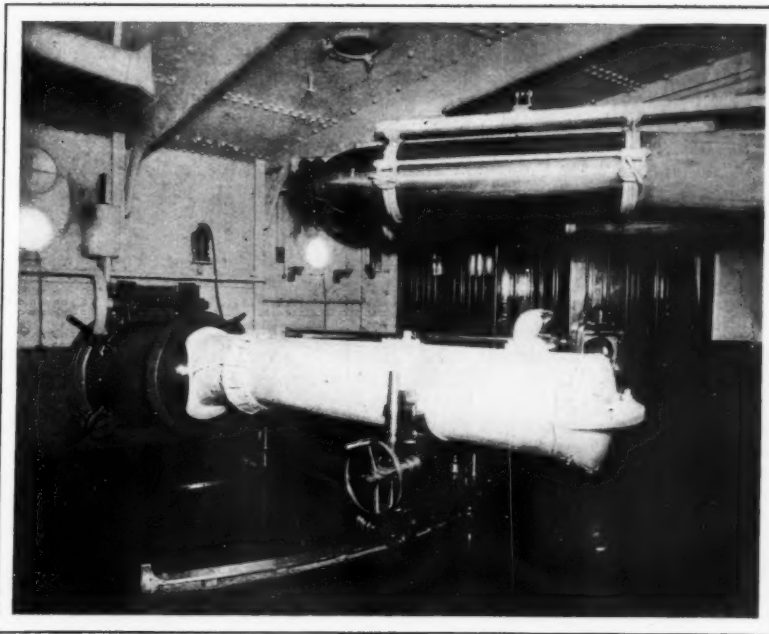
The following telegram was received from the secretary:

The President directs me to express for himself and the people of the United States his profound sympathy with the officers and crew of the *Maine*, and desires that no expense be spared in providing for the survivors and caring for the dead.

The *Olivette* and the *City of Washington* left during the afternoon, the latter for Vera Cruz, Mexico, the wounded men having been transferred from her to the San Ambrosio Hospital. At 4 p. m. I went ashore and took up my quarters at the Hotel Inglaterra, where General Lee lived. Others of the *Maine's* officers were there with me or at another hotel near by. Lieutenant Wainwright preferred to remain on board the *Fern* with his friend, Lieutenant-Commander Cowles. Anthony and Bullock went with me to the Inglaterra. The Inglaterra occupied a central position with respect to the harbor, the palace, the cable office, the consulate, the morgue, and the cemetery. It was the rational residence for me at the time. I remained there about a week. There were many evidences that the people of Havana, as a body, gave us sincere sympathy, at least at that time. That day, General Lee, whose opportunity for judging was better than mine, sent the following telegram to the Department of State:

Profound sorrow expressed by government and municipal authorities, consuls of foreign nations, organized bodies of all sorts, and citizens generally. Flags at half-mast on governor-general's palace, on shipping in harbor, and in city. Business suspended; theaters closed. Dead number about 260. Officers' quarters being in rear and seamen's forward, where explosion took place, accounts for greater proportional loss of sailors. Funeral to-morrow at 3 p. m. Officers Jenkins and Merritt still missing. Suppose you ask that naval court of inquiry be held to ascertain cause of explosion. Hope our people will repress excitement and calmly await decision.

The swirl of responsibilities in which I found myself can well be understood. I had lost my vessel and more than two hundred and fifty of my crew in a foreign port, politically unfriendly at least, where I could not command the resources that were needed. It was a land of one creed. The recovery of the dead was reported to me hour after hour: more were down in the wreck. State papers



THE AFTER TORPEDO-TUBE (SEE PLAN OF THE BERTH-DECK, PAGE 251,
AND TORPEDO-ROOM NEAR THE AFTER-TURRET).

The ladders and hatches by which the officers and others escaped were inboard from this tube. Naval Cadet Boyd clasped his legs around the torpedoes slung to the ceiling, or underside of the main-deck, when the compartment was nearly full of water, and worked his way to the hatch. (See page 254.) Lieutenant Jenkins's body was found wedged against these torpedoes.

must be recovered, the vessel protected, the dead assembled, coffined, and buried. Bereaved families and friends would be emotional and might not be satisfied with my measures. There were questions of diplomacy, policy, investigation, resources, and expense; there were telegrams, private and official, to answer and to frame, during the day and far into the night, and statistics to gather and report. The situation was complex and trying. Although without personal dread of the responsibility as relating to myself or my career, I was much concerned to do only that which would meet the approval of my own government and of the relatives of the deceased men of the *Maine*.

We were face to face with innumerable difficulties when a large measure of relief came from an unexpected source. That night General Blanco, accompanied by the mayor of Havana, visited me at the hotel, where they personally expressed their sympathy and made offers of service. They requested that the authorities of Havana be allowed to give public burial to the dead already recovered from the *Maine*, in order

that public sympathy and sorrow might be shown, and honor done the dead. While it seemed probable that the acceptance of this offer would not meet with approval on all sides among Americans who were most concerned, it was accepted with suitable acknowledgments. General Lee thought as I did in the matter. It is gratifying to remember that we were always in harmony. Relative to the visit of General Blanco and the mayor of Havana, I sent the following telegram to the Secretary of the Navy:

General Blanco called on me personally at the hotel last night, and also the mayor of the city. They have requested me to permit the government here to give a public burial to the dead already found, in order that public sympathy may be expressed thereby, and due honor shown the dead. Ground for the burial has been secured. It is assumed that I am expected by the department to bury the dead here. In fact, it would be impracticable to transport remains to the United States. Means and facilities are lacking. I have accepted the offer of the authorities, and there will be a public funeral at 3 o'clock to-day. All here from the *Maine* will go; also a delegation from the *Fern*.

Fifteen bodies recovered during operations. Operations prevented by rough weather.

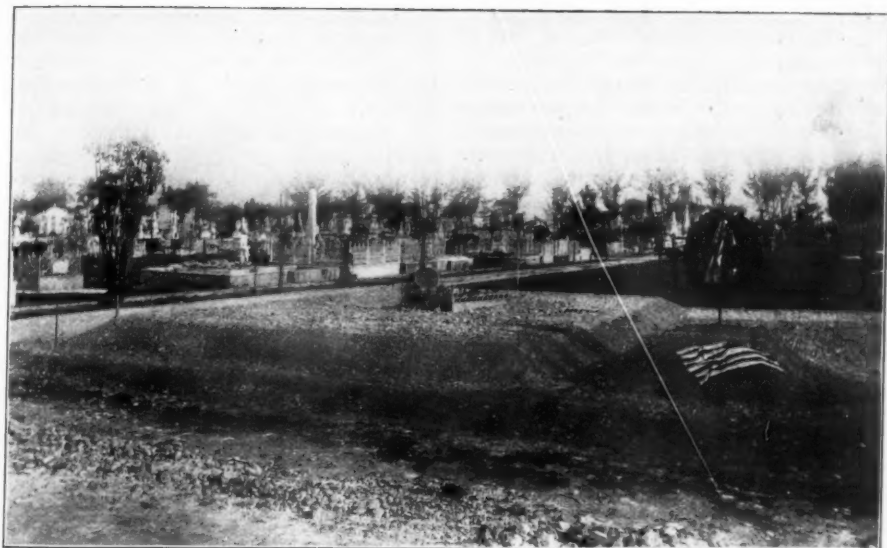
On the afternoon of February 17, funeral services were held over nineteen bodies, the first that were recovered. It was only necessary for the officers of the *Maine* to attend the funeral as mourners for the dead. We were notified that we were to appear at three o'clock at the municipal palace, which forms part of the building in which the government of the island is quartered, and in which the captain-general has his residence. On entering one of the state apartments, we found nineteen coffins, covered with mourning emblems of various kinds and from all classes of people, bearing the names of individuals and organizations—civic, military, and naval. No greater demonstration of sympathy could have been made.

At the gathering in the municipal palace I conversed with Dr. Congosto, and asked him to present me to the Bishop of Havana. Appreciating the sentiments of the relatives of those who were lost, I had previously asked Chaplain Chidwick if some arrangement could not be made whereby prayers might

be read over the Protestant dead by a Protestant clergyman or by myself. He had referred the question to the bishop, who had politely negatived the proposition. I did not like this, because I desired to do everything in my power to comfort the families and friends of the deceased men; therefore, when I was presented to the bishop, I renewed my request with a statement of the difficulties of the case. The bishop was very kind, but had to regret his inability to concede the point. I was much disturbed; in fact, I was indignant, for my mood in the presence of those coffins was one requiring great effort at self-repression; therefore I remarked to Dr. Congosto that if I had been fully prepared for a refusal I should probably not have felt free to accept the offer of the Spanish authorities to take charge of the funeral ceremonies—that I should have preferred to take them under my own charge, in such a way that I could have given to each creed freedom to bury its dead after its own forms. In this I was doubtless lacking in tact. Nevertheless, I was sincere. My position was so difficult that I felt that I could speak plainly to Dr. Congosto, who, as I have already said,



FUNERAL OF NINETEEN OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD, FROM THE MUNICIPAL PALACE, HAVANA.



GRAVE OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD IN THE CEMETERY AT HAVANA.

had lived in the United States. In my opinion, the Bishop of Havana and Chaplain Chidwick were quite acceptable to officiate at the grave of any Christian: but this was not a matter for my consideration alone; others were to be considered. Having failed in my second request, I next requested that Chaplain Chidwick might officiate at the grave. This was promptly granted. I had brought to the palace an Episcopal prayer-book, which I had procured at the last minute, intending to read the service myself, for no Protestant clergyman could be found in Havana; and, in fact, I did read the service, a part at a time, as opportunity offered, chiefly in the carriage on the way to the cemetery, and afterward in my room at the hotel.

The funeral cortège was very imposing. In addition to the hearses, there were many carriages and also a large military, naval, and civic escort, provided by the Spaniards. Even the poor reconcentrados were in line. No such demonstration had been made in Havana for very many years; in fact, I was informed that it had not been paralleled, except in one instance, in the history of Havana. The Bishop of Havana went to the cemetery in person, which, I was also informed, was a most unusual mark of sympathy. As the procession passed through the streets it seemed that all the people of Havana were present along the route, in respectful sym-

pathy. At a certain point the carriages were stopped; the occupants alighted and marched, as an additional token of respect, for some distance, when they again entered the carriages and proceeded therein through the suburbs to the Colon Cemetery, one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. The carriages were left just within the entrance, and the procession continued to the grave on foot.

After the burial I again presented myself to the bishop and apologized for having made a request which could not meet his approval. I thanked him for his sympathy and kindness, and assured him that I believed he had gone to the utmost limits of his authority. He replied that he had done all that he could, and drew attention to the fact that he had buried all of the *Maine's* men in the same plot of ground, without respect to creed, Protestant or Catholic. It was quite true, and the ground was given for all time to the United States, without expense. After the funeral I sent a long telegram to the Navy Department.

The burial of those nineteen men ended the official demonstration on the part of the Spaniards, which was proper. Thereafter, having been furnished the facilities for subsequent burials, we were allowed to proceed in our own way. Chaplain Chidwick, assisted by a most devoted and kind-hearted undertaker, a Spaniard, identified the bodies, saw them prepared for the grave, and then Chaplain

Chidwick conducted the burials so long as we continued to bury the dead at Havana. When it became possible to forward bodies to Key West by steamer, they were sent in that way and buried in Key West. Surgeon Heneberger gave his attention to the wounded and to mortuary statistics, while Paymaster Ray quietly, and with the greatest promptness, managed the financial intricacies of the situation.

I felt that I took upon myself a great



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER RICHARD WAINRIGHT, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "MAINE."

moral responsibility in burying the *Maine's* dead at Havana; but in the tropics it was necessary to bury the dead very promptly, which may well be imagined. Fault was found with me on some sides by a few patriotic citizens of the United States for permitting the Spanish authorities to bury our dead; but I thought that I knew the administration of our government and the people of the United States well enough to count on their approval of my course as the only one practicable under the circumstances in which we were so unfortunately placed. After results showed that I was not mistaken.

It is exceedingly difficult for the American mind to comprehend certain subsequent procedures of the Spanish officials. It can be explained only on the ground that Span-

ish authority in Cuba has so long been dominant and exacting that Spanish officials do not know how to unbend in a practical way, as we understand it, however much they may concede in the way of sentiment and sympathy. I have stated that on the night of the disaster I requested the captain of the cruiser *Alfonso XII* to place patrol-boats about the *Maine* to guard her from intrusion. The request was complied with, and thereafter, for many days, the Spanish boats kept up their patrol. Nobody was allowed to approach the wreck without proper authority; but at first their vigilance extended, adversely, even to the captain and officers of the *Maine*.

On the first or second day after the explosion, I myself attempted to go on board the wreck. I was stopped by a Spanish patrol-boat, which refused to allow me on board, even when it was explained that I was the captain of the *Maine*. My first impulse was to ignore the boats and force a passage on board, but, on second thought, I went on board the *Alfonso XII*, and suggested to her captain that the Spanish boats had misconceived their orders, since they had declined to allow me to board the wreck. The captain explained that it was simply a matter of identification, and that he would give me certain passes for myself and officers whereby I could pass the patrol. I approved this plan on the ground that, having asked him to set the patrol, it was only proper that I should support him in demanding complete identification. But I could not understand why passes had not been sent me before.

Shortly afterward I became very much concerned at the slow recovery of bodies. It was evident that many were down in the wreck. I knew that relatives and friends would be urgent at the Navy Department, and it was very necessary to respect their sentiments. I felt it very keenly. At the American consulate I had met certain Cuban divers, and arranged that they should visit me the next day with a view to going down in the *Maine* for the recovery of bodies. These divers afterward disposed of their services to an American newspaper correspondent, who visited me in their company. He offered—as I then knew, by direction of his paper—to send down the divers entirely at the expense of his paper, for the avowed purpose of recovering the dead. I suspected at the time that his paper had directed him to make an investigation of the wreck of the *Maine*. Of course I promptly declined any effort to anticipate the official



LIEUTENANT FRIEND W. JENKINS, WHO WAS LOST.

investigation, but, finally, when the correspondent surrendered his divers to me and placed them absolutely under my direction, I sent them over to the wreck with an officer, with instructions to allow them to make a descent, under his superintendence, for the sole purpose of recovering bodies. The party was stopped by the Spanish boats with the remark that "no American diver could go down without a Spanish diver, and no Spanish diver without an American diver."

I also was not allowed to go on board to hoist the national ensign. This was taking charge of matters unjustifiably. In respect to these several hindrances, I had received no notification in advance. However grateful I was for the good offices of the Spanish officials, I could not concede such a state of things. Shortly after these incidents, and while I was preparing to visit the *Alfonso XII* to protest, her captain chanced to come aboard the *Fern* to make a return visit of ceremony, I believe, to Lieutenant-Commander Cowles, in command of the *Fern*. I stated the case to the Spanish captain, and asked if the Spanish boatmen had misconstrued his orders. He was requested to take such measures as would insure me thereafter access to the wreck of the *Maine* without any interference, on the presentation of a pass or identi-

fication paper. He was somewhat embarrassed, and courteously explained that he was obeying the orders of Admiral Manterola, to whom I should appeal. I assured him that I fully realized that he must obey his orders, and said that I would carry the case higher. Then the conversation was changed to more agreeable topics.

I had no intention to apply to Admiral Manterola, because I felt that the case should be taken from the hands of subordinates. The matter was reported to General Lee, who made an appointment for us with Captain- and Governor-General Blanco. When we visited General Blanco, there were present, besides himself, only Dr. Congosto, General Lee, and myself. General Lee recited the circumstances to which I have already referred; he did it gravely and with due composure. Although outwardly composed, I was naturally indignant that an officer in my difficult position should be hedged in with vexatious restrictions, and determined to demand that they be ended. I suggested to General Lee that I, as a naval officer, understood international comity as applying to my command, for which reason I hoped that he would trust me to state my view of the case. He at once complied.

I then reminded General Blanco, through Dr. Congosto, who acted as interpreter, that the *Maine* had entered the port of Havana with, at least, the implied assent of the Spanish government; that having so entered, she

ASSISTANT ENGINEER DARWIN R. MERRITT,
WHO WAS LOST.

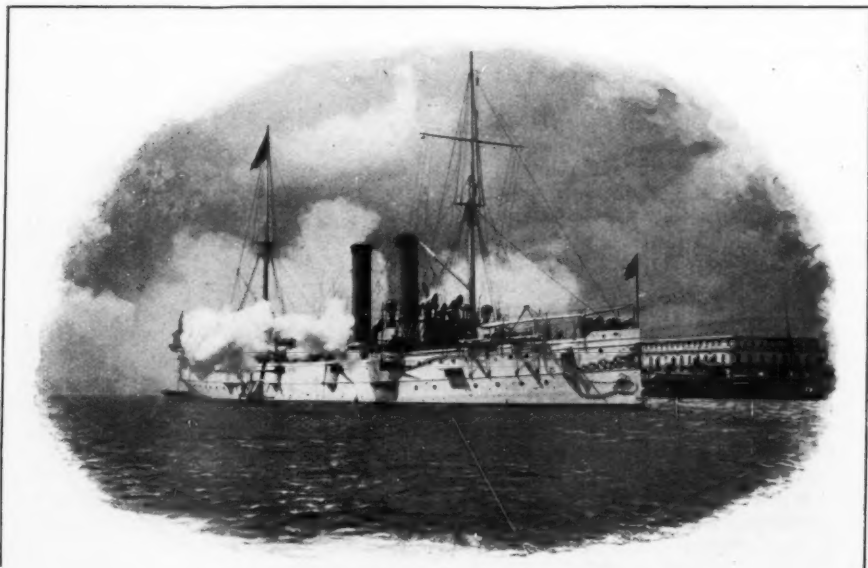
was constructively under the protection of the Spanish government and entitled to extra-territorial courtesy and to exemptions from local jurisdiction and control, as recognized in international law. So far as her internal affairs were concerned, she was entitled, under international usage and courtesy, to be considered a part of the territory of her own country, and under the direction of her own commanding officer, who was responsible to his government. Nevertheless, an attempt had been made to keep me out of my command while my pennant was flying at the masthead; and Admiral Manterola had undertaken to say when I could or could not be permitted to visit my command. I stated further that so long as my pennant flew I could yield no part of my responsibility without orders, and I hoped he would remove restrictions.

General Blanco urged that there should be a joint investigation; that a Spanish law required a Spanish investigation, and Spanish honor was involved. To which I replied that I recognized that the Spanish government had a moral right to investigate the loss of the *Maine*, but that any investigation by the Spanish government within the ship should, properly, be pursued after an appeal directly to the United States government. I said that although I did not believe the United States would consent to a joint investigation, it was probable that the gov-

ernment would desire that Spain should have an opportunity to make an independent investigation.

General Lee took the same ground and entered into the discussion generally. We both agreed that we would take pleasure in approving to the United States government an independent investigation by the Spanish government. General Blanco yielded with the remark that, if the interior of the vessel was subject to the control of the United States, the outside was under the control of Spain. I then said that I should refrain from exploring the harbor. Dr. Congosto replied with some spirit, "You may, if you like." Knowing that the remark should not be taken seriously, I again disclaimed any intention of pursuing our operations into the region surrounding the *Maine*.

The interview was ended pleasantly with the promise of General Blanco to issue immediate orders to Admiral Manterola to give me access to board the *Maine* thereafter. That day the United States national ensign was hoisted, and then hauled down to half-mast, where it remained always, day and night, during the remainder of my stay at Havana. The ensign on board a national ship is hauled down at sundown, and is not again hoisted until eight o'clock the following morning. Since the *Maine* was blown up at 9:40 P. M., it is apparent why her flag was



THE "MONTGOMERY" SALUTING AFTER MOORING AT HAVANA.

not up until I hoisted it on that occasion. In keeping it up, day and night, I desired to make it clear that interference with the ship was interference with the flag. Most of the photographs taken of the wreck of the *Maine* show the flag at half-mast.

The incident which I have related made my position stronger thereafter, so far as pertained to my own control of the *Maine*. It was not again questioned until just before my departure from Havana.

Notwithstanding the sympathy evinced in Havana for the survivors of the *Maine*, the Havana press was not friendly. Certain papers made petty and unfavorable remarks about me, quite different from the tone of the press of the United States in respect to Captain Eulate personally, when the *Vizcaya* visited New York, while the excitement over the loss of the *Maine* was at its highest. On the other hand, a part of our press was merciless toward the Spaniards generally, and this did not tend to make more comfortable the position of the survivors of the *Maine* at Havana. There was reason to believe that the tone of these papers was galling to the Spaniards.

On February 20 I visited the San Ambrosio Hospital to see the wounded men. There had been some cases of yellow fever at the hospital, and we felt concern at that fact, but there was probably no hospital in Havana where yellow fever had not been present at one time or another.

There can be no doubt that the Spaniards gave us the benefit of the best they had at their disposal. To enter the ward where our men were installed it was necessary to pass through a ward of Spanish invalids, many of whom appeared to be convalescent. At the entrance of the ward set aside for our use there was exhibited a characteristic bit of Spanish courtesy. On the wall was a placard demanding that all who entered that room should remove their hats. I visited each cot and talked with each patient, asked his location on board the *Maine* at the time of the explosion, his sensations and experiences, and wished him speedy recovery. They seemed delighted to welcome me, and said pleasant things, in forgetfulness of their own sufferings. At that hospital, Andrew V. Erikson, seaman, and Carl A. Smith, seaman, had died on the 18th, Alfred J. Holland, cockswain, on the 19th, and Harry Jetson, seaman, and Frank Fisher, ordinary

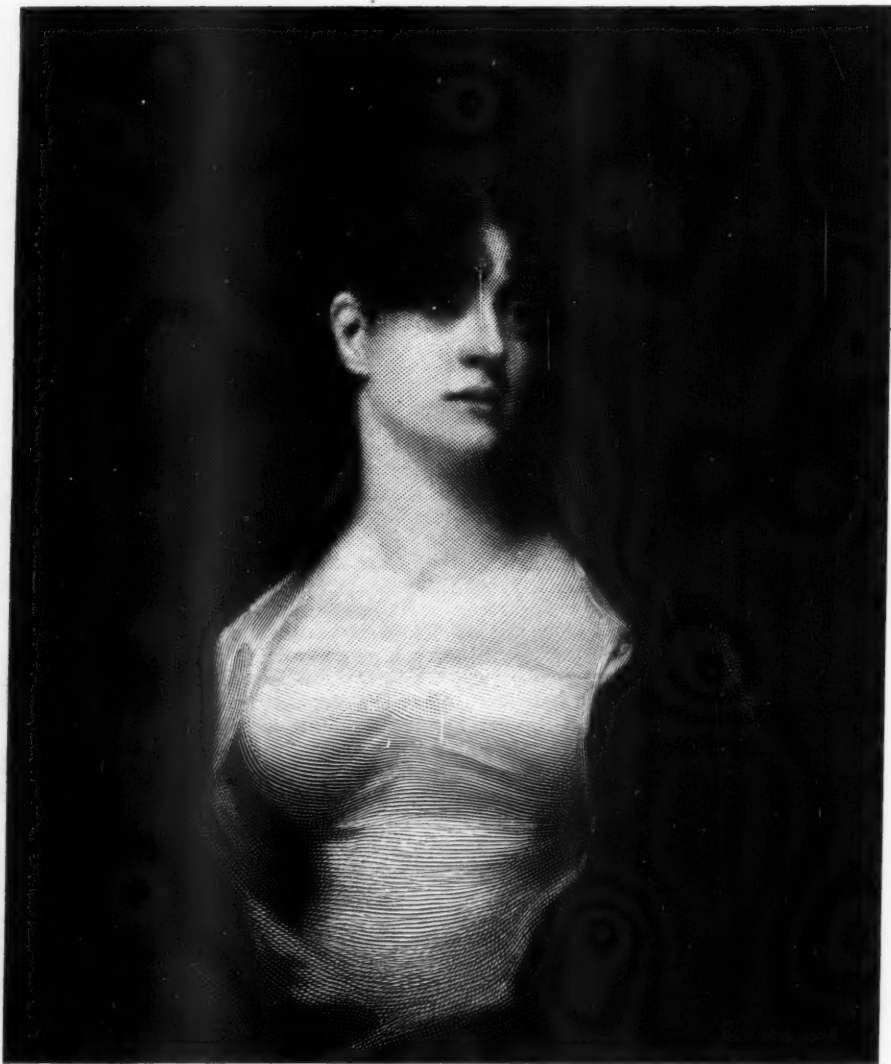
seaman, on the day of my visit. George A. Koebler, apprentice, first-class, and Frederick C. Holzer, ordinary seaman, both young and excellent men, were very low.

Koebler was a handsome, cheery, willing, and capable apprentice, equally a pronounced favorite forward and aft. When there was doubt as to the proper man to employ for any special service, young Koebler was generally selected. He was in everything that was going on on board the *Maine*, and had lately been married in Brooklyn, New York. It was his habit on board the *Maine* to come to me occasionally and ask my advice in his private affairs. I found that he accepted it and acted upon it. He was delirious during my visit, but in some way he became aware of my presence as soon as I entered the ward. He kept calling for me, so I visited him out of his regular turn. He imagined that the *Maine* was to go to New Orleans and leave him at the hospital. He declared that he was able to go on board, and that it was not right to leave him there, and appealed to me to take him with me. He became perfectly quiet and resigned when I assured him that the *Maine* should never leave Havana without him. It was very affecting. Poor fellow! he died on the 22d.

Holzer seemed in better condition than Koebler, and I formed the hope that he would recover. His mind was clear. When I took his hand he said: "Captain, I'm sorry such bad luck has come upon you." I replied: "Thank you, Holzer; I fear you have sailed with the wrong captain this time." He disputed the point with such nice consideration that my hope for him was strengthened, but he died on the 25th. Holzer was Chaplain Chidwick's assistant at religious services; the chaplain had a high regard for him, and felt his loss keenly, as we all did.

It was not until February 23 that I managed to read newspapers from the United States. The tone of the press toward me and the officers and men surprised and pleased me. It was sympathetic and commendatory, and without rebuke. The importance attached to my first telegram was far beyond my anticipation. Although I had hoped that some good effect might flow therefrom, it had not entered my mind that it would reflect on me in a laudatory sense. It was hardly possible that a captain who had just lost his ship should look further than exoneration so soon afterward.

(To be concluded.)



FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, EDINBURGH.

MRS. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. PAINTED BY HENRY RAE BURN.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."¹

PART I. THE SCHEME AND THE PREPARATIONS.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U. S. N.

ON May 29, 1898, Admiral Sampson's flagship, the *New York*, lay at Key West, outside the reef, hurriedly coaling from lighters on both sides. The *Oregon*, just arrived after her notable voyage around Cape Horn, lay near at hand, coaling with equal despatch. It was evident to all that an urgent purpose and a definite objective were in mind.

A few days before the flagship had suddenly left the squadron patrolling along the mouths of the channels of the Bahamas, and had run full speed to Key West. Despatches had come on board giving information that the Spanish fleet, under Admiral Cervera, had put into Santiago harbor; but evidently Admiral Sampson's anxiety was not relieved, for he left the squadron under Commodore Watson to guard the approaches to Havana, despatched the *New Orleans* to Commodore Schley on the south of Cuba, and went post-haste to the nearest coaling-station, taking his flagship alone.

The admiral's purpose was not known to me, but the circumstances of the coaling showed clearly that distant service was in view. I deemed it proper, before leaving for such service, to make known to him certain features of a plan relating to the prospective reduction of Havana, the details of which, if it should be adopted, would require early attention; and it was while making this report that the scheme of sinking the *Merrimac* began to take shape.

THE WRITER'S PLAN TO DESTROY TORPEDOES AT SAN JUAN.

THE reduction of so strongly garrisoned a city by land forces would involve enormous loss of life, but our armored vessels, under cover of night, could run the formidable fortifications, if only the mines and torpedoes could be disposed of. For many weeks, as assistant naval constructor with the fleet, I had been studying the elements of strength and weakness in our own vessels and the vessels of the enemy, particularly from the standpoint of stability and fire service in battle, and I had made special reports to the admiral upon each vessel. This investiga-

tion showed that our vessels were particularly weak before torpedo or mine attack. In fact, the *New York*, the *Wilmington*, and the *Helena* were about the only vessels of the admiral's squadron that could stand a single torpedo blow, and these vessels were among those least adapted for standing the fire of fortifications. The vessels best adapted for running fortifications, the monitors, would sink like a shot under the blow of a torpedo.

This fact had been emphasized during the action at San Juan, Porto Rico, on May 12. It became evident, after three hours' bombardment, that the fortifications could not be reduced at ranges above two thousand yards, and could be reduced at short ranges only after heavy loss. It appeared to me that the best method of reducing San Juan was to run by the fortifications into the harbor. The entrance was of course mined, and it was reported, on good authority, that a vessel had been sunk in such a way as to leave only a narrow space for passage, this narrow space itself being heavily mined. Soon after the bombardment I had reported to the admiral on a method of going in, asking to be allowed to take two steam-launches with volunteer crews, to start about midnight, and slip in close under the shore through the neck from the westward, and then come out by the main channel, dragging it, sweeping the mines, and locating sunken vessels, the exit of the launches to be followed by the entrance of the armored vessels. The admiral had listened to the proposition kindly and apparently with approval, but had replied that until the enemy's fleet was met he could not risk even a single vessel, and that, under the conditions, it was evident that the sweeping of the channel could be only partial at best.

"UNSINKABLES" FOR HAVANA.

I THEN had set to work on the problem of disposing of torpedoes otherwise. The result

¹ Lieutenant Hobson's narrative will be continued in two future papers, treating respectively of the manœuver at the entrance of Santiago harbor, and of the captivity and return of the crew of the *Merrimac*.—EDITOR.

was the outline design of a craft specially constructed to be unsinkable, having the general form of an iron canal-boat, with its own motive power, and rendered unsinkable by being stowed with air-tight cans a foot long, and made indestructible by special arrangements in construction and by the use of wire cables. I had elaborated a plan for the use of five such unsinkable craft, to precede the fleet in entering the harbor of Havana. As the construction and preparation of the unsinkables would require six weeks or two months, I thought it best to make report of my plan to the admiral before the departure from Key West. I did so on May 29.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON ANNOUNCES HIS PURPOSE.

AFTER listening with kindly attention to the plans, the admiral said that at the time it was not a question of how to make a vessel unsinkable while entering an enemy's harbor protected by mines, torpedoes, and artillery, but how to make a vessel sink in an enemy's harbor, and make her sink swiftly and surely; that it was "not a question of an unsinkable, but of a sinkable"; not a question of Havana, but of Santiago; and that at a subsequent date he would consider the question of unsinkables.

He then confided to me that he was about to start for Santiago, where Admiral Cervera's fleet had taken refuge, and that he intended to sink a collier in the channel, stating that he had, indeed, already ordered the commanding officer off Santiago to sink such a collier, naming the *Merrimac*, which was then on the south side of Cuba, but scarcely expected to find it done, though the order had been sent by the *New Orleans*.

He then asked how an iron ship could be scuttled and made to sink quickly. After thinking over the question for some time I replied, in effect, that there seemed to be two effective methods, one to drive off bottom plates from the inside, and the other to explode a series of torpedoes placed advantageously on the outside. We

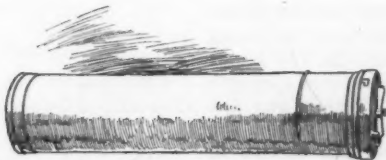
examined the chart of the harbor together, and I expressed full confidence in the practicability of putting the vessel into the channel, and stated that I should be happy to be allowed to endeavor to carry out the work. The admiral then instructed me to study the question in detail and report to him. This was on the morning of May 29. I studied the subject during the afternoon and evening, and thought about it during the night. We got under way about midnight, and stood to the southward, the *Oregon* having already left. We were off Havana early in the morning, were joined by the *Oregon* and the *Mayflower*, and stood to the eastward at full speed.

My study included the complete plans, the choice of circumstances, and the navigation and manœuvering of the vessel, as well as the method of sinking her. All these features were reported upon, and the plans being approved by the admiral, preliminary preparations were begun on the 30th.

THE PLAN OF FEIGNING A CHASE—WHY DISCARDED.

VARIOUS plans were considered. That of feigning a chase suggested itself from the fact that Spanish colliers were supposed to be on their way to Santiago. One had recently been captured by the *St. Paul*, and from her it was learned that others were soon expected. By this method the *Merrimac* would approach by night from the eastward; when about five miles away she would be discovered by blockading vessels, search-lights would be thrown toward her, and fire opened, care being taken to fire wide and throw the lights in front and on the sides, to show the splash of striking projectiles.

The *Merrimac*, upon discovery, would bear in toward the shore to within about two thousand yards, apparently to seek the shelter of batteries; she would throw pitch on the fires to make heavy black smoke, as if forcing to the utmost. She would head in toward the entrance and turn full down the course for entering the channel, blowing her whistle in



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

SHAPE OF THE TORPEDOES USED TO SINK THE "MERRIMAC."

blasts as of fright and distress. The search-light would flash across and show a Spanish flag at her peak. On approaching, the lights would be thrown on the entrance to facilitate her navigation, but carefully avoiding resting upon her. The shore batteries opening on the chasing vessels would be replied to and kept diverted. If they opened on the *Merrimac*, search-lights would be thrown in the gunners' faces.

However, an examination of the chart showed the difficulties of navigation to be so great that no sane captain would attempt to take in a collier at night or under circumstances that did not admit of the utmost deliberation. It was known that tugs were used by single-screw vessels of any size on account of the turn in the channel abreast Estrella Point. (See map, page 271.) The chances seemed to be against the enemy's being deceived, and navigation depending upon search-lights would entail chances of failure.

THE PLAN OF STEALING IN ADOPTED.

THIS plan, and various other plans involving the coöperation of the fleet, were discarded in favor of the simpler plan of going in alone by moonlight, just before the moon should set. Surprise, under any condition, could be only partial at best, since a certain amount of light was absolutely necessary for navigation. The conditions for surprise would be more favorable toward daybreak. Moreover, a flood-tide must be chosen, so that, in case of breaking the anchor gear, the vessel would be set into the channel and have ample time for sinking before the ebb could tend to throw her out, while the chances of being carried by the tide through the whole length of the narrow channel into the inner harbor were very small. The "establishment of the port," or time of high tide, was about eight hours and a quarter, so that the tide would be running strong flood as the moon set. The moon was then approaching full, and calculations showed that it would set at Santiago about half-past three on Thursday, June 2. We were speeding at about thirteen knots,—the *Oregon* had demonstrated her ability to maintain that speed,—and we would therefore arrive off Santiago early Wednesday morning and have most of the day and night of Wednesday for preparations. Thursday was therefore set for entering, though the admiral expressed the opinion that it would be found impossible to complete the preparations in time. The special advantage of Thursday was that there would be an interval of dark-

ness of about an hour and a quarter between the time of moonset and daybreak, while on Friday this interval would be reduced to about half an hour, and on Saturday day would break before moonset. It will be understood that an interval of darkness, though short, might be found of advantage for completing the work or for making escape.

Preparations were therefore begun at once, the greatest amount of detail being required for the process of sinking.

TWO METHODS OF SINKING THE COLLIER.

INVESTIGATION had shown that the two methods of sinking the vessel that first suggested themselves were the only ones practicable—that of driving off bottom plates by forces applied inside, and that of using a series of torpedoes on the outside. Both of these methods were reported on to the admiral, my recommendation being in favor of the torpedo method.

The method of driving off bottom plates consisted in selecting six plates in advantageous positions along the length, about twelve to fifteen feet below the water-line, cutting off all rivet-heads on the inside, leaving the plates simply held in place, then placing a small improvised cannon near the center of each plate, with cross-bars to distribute the force of the explosion and cause the plate to be blown off whole in each case, instead of merely causing a hole to be blown through it. This improvised cannon was to be nothing more than a short length of nine-inch piping, containing black powder, rammed tight, and held by a strut carried up to the deck-beam above, with wedges under the heel, the powder being fired at will by an ordinary electric primer.

It was explained to the admiral that the cutting off of rivet-heads would be difficult under the circumstances and would involve two, if not three, days' delay; in consequence only the torpedo method was practicable for Thursday or Friday. The latter method, therefore, was the one adopted.

The torpedo method was to arrange ten torpedoes on the port side, placed outside abreast the bulkheads and the cargo hatches so as to give the maximum sinking effect to a breach opened up by each, the torpedoes being carried by a fore-and-aft belt-line extending along the outside from end to end about twelve feet below water, each torpedo, in addition, having a hogging-line, or girth-line, extending around underneath the keel, for holding the torpedo in its place. The pur-

pose of the fore-and-aft belt-line was to take up the strain due to resistance in the water.

THE TORPEDOES.

THE form of torpedo selected, after considering all the forms available under the circumstances, was the simple eight-inch charge in its own can or tank, to be fired by its own electric primer. The use of guncotton, placed inside as well as out, was duly considered and discarded. Various difficulties were encountered in the preparation of the torpedoes, important among which was the arrangement for insuring water-tightness in connection with the admission of the wire cable through the can or tank for the purpose of firing. The charge selected was what is known as the reduced charge, being about seventy-eight pounds of brown prismatic powder, this quantity being large compared with the quantities used effectively for torpedoes in previous warfare. The eight-inch charge was made up of two parts in serge sack or bags, as shown on page 269. The tank was as long as the tank for the full charge, and this left the requisite amount of space for arranging for water-tightness. The charge for the torpedo was arranged to be fired by the electric primer, carried in a small bag of four pounds of quick black powder, this bag being in the center between the two charges, as indicated in the sketch, the insulated wire cable passing from the primer through the mouth of the small sack, and up along and outside of one of the charges.

On top of the upper charge were placed two white-pine disks, seven eighths of an inch in thickness, fitting the can more or less tightly, each disk having a hole in the cen-

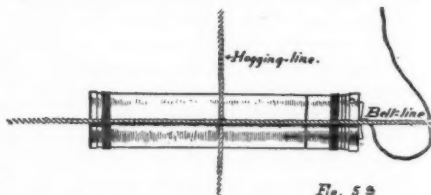
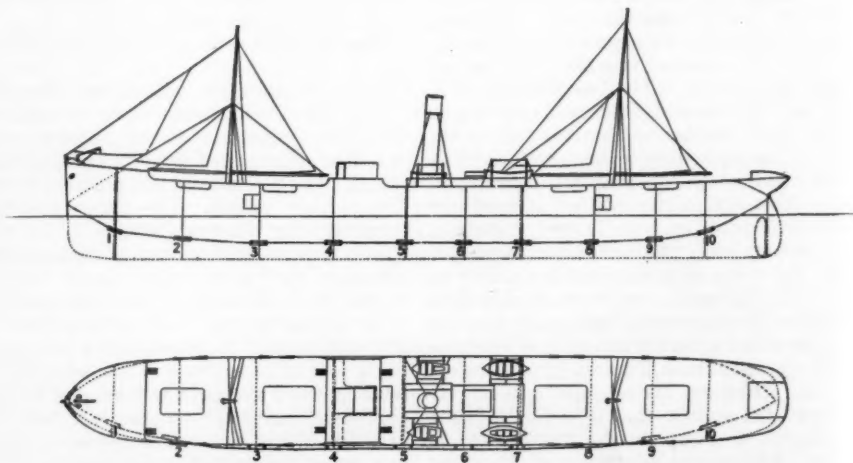


Fig. 5 a

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ATTACHMENT OF THE TORPEDOES TO THE BELT-LINE AND THE HOGGING-LINE.

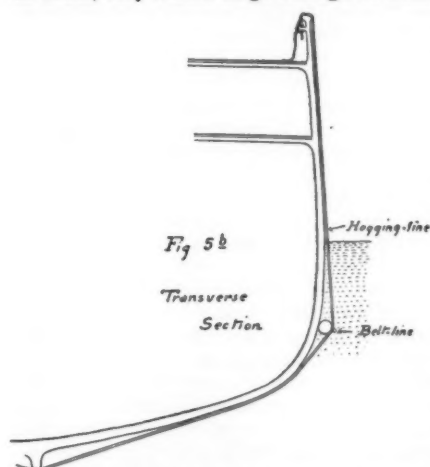
ter for the passage of the wire cable. On top of these disks, and for a depth of about nine inches of the can, was poured hot a gummy substance made up of pitch and tallow, which, while warm, would close all openings and make a substance entirely water-tight, and which, in hardening, would still be pliable and spongy and not easily cracked, acting also as additional insulation for the wire cable passing through it. Care was taken to examine whether this pitch composition, poured in hot, would burn the insulation off the wire; but no difficulty of the sort was met with.

The question of making the cans water-tight had been the subject of a conference with the admiral, in which he had first suggested the use of paraffin; but not having paraffin on board, the mixture of tallow and pitch was decided upon, with the addition of



CONTEMPLATED ARRANGEMENT OF THE TORPEDOES ON THE PORT SIDE. (SEE PAGE 269.)

gum from rubber gaskets intermingled, if it were found necessary to reduce the brittleness. The top of the tank was left the same as usual, only a hole large enough to admit



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE "MERRIMAC," SHOWING POSITION OF THE BELT-LINE HOLDING THE TORPEDOES AND OF THE HOGGING-LINE.

of the passage of the cable was drilled in the center. At the bottom of the can was a short thickness of mineral wool.

The preparation of the torpedoes was begun at once, Gunner Morgan of the *New York* and the gunner's gang being detailed for its execution.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE TORPEDOES.

THE torpedoes, ten in number, were to be secured on the port side at the points determined upon for producing the maximum sinking effect, being held by the belt-line, extending entirely around the vessel from forward aft at a depth of about twelve feet below the water, as above mentioned, the torpedoes lying lengthwise along this belt-line, as indicated above. The wire-cable end or head of the torpedo was pointed aft, in order to reduce the chances of leakage, the eddy created by the torpedo reducing the water-pressure at the hole. In addition, as was mentioned above, each torpedo had a hogging- or girth-line extending completely around the ship, by which the tor-

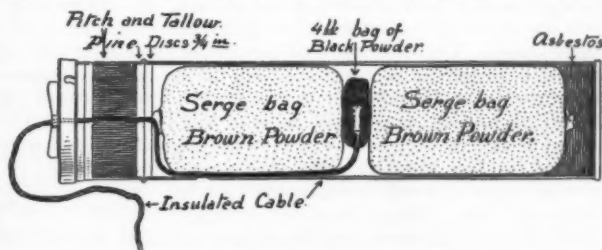
pedo was kept close in to the side and at the proper depth. Two lashings in addition were placed near the ends of each torpedo, securing it more tightly to the belt-line. Torpedo No. 1 was abreast the collision bulkhead, No. 2 abreast the forward cargo hatch, No. 3 abreast the large space forward of the boiler-room, No. 4 abreast the forward boiler-room bulkhead, No. 5 abreast the forward engine-room bulkhead, and so on from forward aft, the positions being chosen, as has already been stated, so as to give the maximum sinking effect. All were placed on the port side, because, in turning with the port helm, it would be the forward side, so to speak, making the inrush of water more rapid than would be the case on the starboard side. At the same time, the fact that all the torpedoes were on the same side would cause a list to port, making the water reach more quickly the level of the cargo ports, and would tend in every way to cause the sinking to be more rapid, while the vessel, being without longitudinal bulkheads, would right herself finally as she went under in deep water. Besides, the crew would abandon the ship from the starboard side.

THE FIRING OF THE TORPEDOES.

THE cables from all the torpedoes were led up to the bridge, and from this position all were to be exploded simultaneously at a given moment.

With a view to affording an additional guaranty of sinking, the sea connections were to be prepared for opening, and all apertures forward and aft were to be opened—all doors, hatches, and manholes on the inside, and the cargo ports in the sides.

The question of firing the torpedoes involved a serious difficulty. Signals were made



SECTIONAL DRAWING OF THE TORPEDOES.

to the *Oregon* and the *Mayflower*, accompanying us, for an electric machine; but neither of these vessels had such a machine, nor did we have one on board the *New York*. It was evident that unless we should find that some

vessel of Commodore Schley's Flying Squadron had such a machine, it would be necessary to fire by batteries, which are particularly fragile; and in such case it was decided to increase the number of cells far beyond the ordinary number required to fire the primers. The questions of wiring and of the amount of cable required careful attention.

These details of the program were approved by the admiral. There was one feature, however, which he did not grant. It seemed to me that there was an element of weakness in the firing of the torpedoes. The number of torpedoes had been fixed at ten, which at first sight would seem excessive. I estimated that if all of them went off the vessel would sink in a minute and a quarter. This number was made large because of the innate weakness of the firing arrangements and the probability of injury before the time for firing. I requested the admiral to allow me to take in addition two war-heads from the torpedoes on the *New York* and place them inside the *Merrimac*, abreast the two most important bulkheads, leading their connections up inside, where they could not be injured by the enemy's fire, thus having at hand at all times a positive means of instantly sinking the ship. When these war-heads were asked for the admiral pondered a moment and then said: "No, I cannot let you have them; two hundred pounds of guncotton on the inside would blow everything to the devil." Those who know the uniformly temperate language of the admiral will understand the emphasis of this reply.

THE GENERAL PLAN OF THE MANŒUVER.

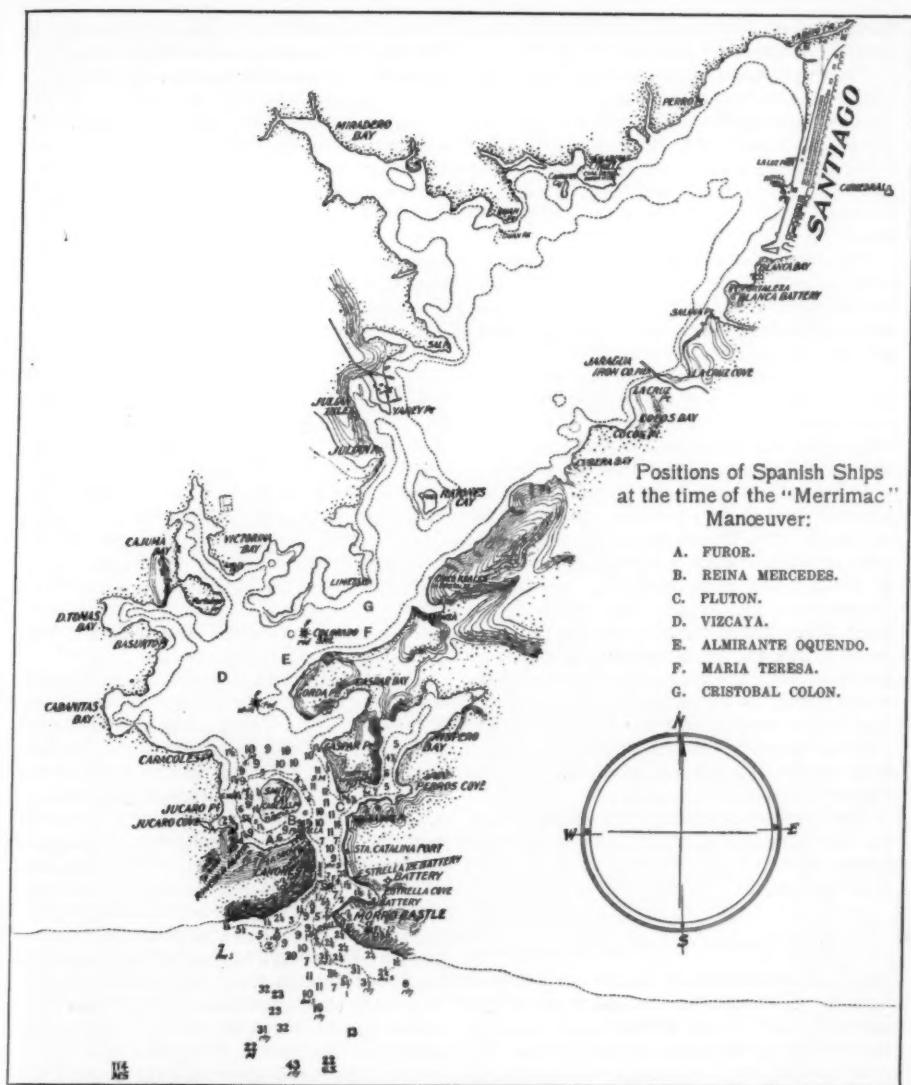
THE parts of the program pertaining to navigation had been studied in connection with the chart of the harbor and the pilotage publications. The difficulties of navigation were of even greater consequence than those associated with the sinking of the vessel. Referring to the map, it will be seen that the entrance is very narrow, and that the shoal water on the left, near the course of the channel, would cause a failure to enter with the slightest deviation or error. Once entered, however, the conditions of the long, narrow channel were favorable for obstruction for some distance. It would therefore be necessary to have the vessel pointed fair, with sufficient speed at the entrance to insure complete control with the helm. The length of the *Merrimac* was about 333 feet, and the width of the channel ranged

from 350 to 450 feet in the narrow portions. It would be necessary, therefore, after swinging the vessel athwart the channel, to catch and hold her in this position. The depth of the channel varied from about five fathoms to ten or eleven fathoms; the vessel would draw about seventeen feet, and the most advantageous position for swinging was carefully chosen. There being only a short distance in which to overcome the speed of the vessel, special elastic arrangements would be necessary to enable the anchor gear to check and absorb the speed, so as to catch and hold the vessel in the athwart position. To realize this elasticity, and at the same time to enable the anchor and chain to work automatically, the chain would be roused up out of the lockers and ranged along the deck. After running out a certain length the chain would begin to break elastic-rope stops, one end of the stop being made fast to the chain, the other to a long rope hawser of larger size, so that each stop before breaking would bring into play the elasticity of the large hawser, which itself would be finally broken.

The manœuver decided upon and approved by the admiral was to approach at full speed, stopping a short distance from the entrance, so that the speed on arriving at the point for the final manœuver would be about from four and a half to five knots. At this point the helm would be put hard aport. As soon as the ship began to swing, the starboard bow-anchor would be let go with sixty fathoms of chain; when in a second position farther in, the starboard stern-anchor would be let drop with forty fathoms of chain, the two permitting the ship to take the desired position, where she would be lying on a span directly athwart. Any additional motion still remaining would be absorbed by the vessel sticking her nose into the shoal on the right side of the channel. If the stern anchor-chain were carried away the movement would cause the vessel to throw her port quarter into the shoal on the port side, the bank being only one and a quarter fathoms deep.

OTHER DETAILS.

THE general plan contemplated a minimum crew of volunteers for its execution, with the simplest form of duty for each member to perform. The anchors were to be slung over the sides and held by simple lashings, ready to be cut with an ax, a man being stationed at each anchor. Only two men were to be kept below, one in the engine-room and one



DRAWN BY D. S. KEELER FROM A UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CHART.

MAP OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

in the boiler-room. One man would be at the wheel and one to assist with the torpedoes, making in all a crew of six men.

The signaling was to be by cord pulls. The men were to lie on their faces at their separate stations with the end of a cord wrapped around the wrist, awaiting the pull from the bridge, where all the cords were to converge. A simple pull would mean to "stand by"; then three steady, deliberate

pulls in succession would be the signal for action.

The plan contemplated having a life-boat in tow at the stern, with a long painter, or line, leading forward. After the performance of duty the first man was to pull in the long painter, haul the boat up toward the ship's side, jump overboard, get into the boat, turn it around to head out, and hold it just off from the ship as it swung; then

each man, after completing his duty, was to jump overboard and get into the boat.

The torpedoes were to be fired at the moment when all was secure and the ship had reached her position athwart the channel. They were to be fired from the bridge. After firing them, I was to jump overboard and join the boat, which would then be ready to pull away, the crew having all had time to reach it.

The boat was to be fitted with life-preservers under the bulwarks and thwarts to prevent sinking when riddled. It was to carry seven rifles, and seven belts with one hundred and fifty cartridges in each.

The uniform was to consist of woolen underwear and two pairs of socks, each man having on a life-preserver, and a revolver-belt with a revolver and a box of cartridges, the cartridges being immersed in tallow.

If I should not appear after the explosion, the boat was to pull away in charge of the senior petty officer present. If the boat were interfered with, it should give account of itself while endeavoring to escape. If destroyed, a rendezvous was fixed on the bank under the Morro, just inside the cove, from which an effort would be made, by creeping along the bank and swimming at the steep parts, to make our way around and well to the eastward of the entrance before putting to sea to try to reach the squadron. In all cases the party would endeavor to keep together and act as a unit.

The question of volunteers being referred to, the admiral expressed the belief that there would be no difficulty in getting the men wanted.

ARRIVAL AT SANTIAGO AND RECONNOITERING.

By Tuesday afternoon all the preparations that could be made beforehand were well under way. The three vessels were speeding onward along the north shore of Cuba. It is a fine coast, with mountains rising straight up from the sea. No wind was stirring, and the clouds hung motionless on the mountainsides. The sky was preparing a weird sunset, remarkable even for the tropics, and the water reflected the weirdness.

The spirit of mystery over land and sea and air and sky extended to the sounds. Even the regular bugle-call to quarters and evening prayers appeared different. All nature seemed to be preparing tragedy. The enemy was near. The time for action in our sacred cause was close at hand. I lingered on deck. The moon rose bright and clear, approaching

its full. Because of singular coincidences in the past I had come to associate important changes with the filling moon. On the ships sped. Cape Maisi light appeared in the distance and drew aft till it lay abeam. We changed our course to the southward, and standing down the Windward Passage, passed close to the land, and caught whiffs of the tropical vegetation. The moon was near its meridian as the vessels rounded the southeastern end of Cuba. To-morrow we should see the sun rise on Santiago.

All hands were up early, and as we went out on deck we made out the Flying Squadron ahead in the distance. As the *New York* stood down toward the *Brooklyn*, there, off the starboard bow, stood the Morro, frowning down on the narrow entrance; back in the distance rose the mountains beyond the city. From aloft we could see the military tops of the *Vizcaya* and the *Cristobal Colon*, behind the cliffs of Cay Smith and Punta Gorda Neck. As the *New York* passed the bearing in line with the inner channel, a shot came out at long range, apparently from the *Vizcaya*. It fell short, of course, but it spoke challenge and defiance, with perhaps a tinge of irritation.

We passed the *Merrimac*, lying to the eastward, locked with the *Massachusetts* coaling alongside, and stopped near the *Brooklyn*. Commodore Schley and his flag-lieutenant came off, and were met by the admiral and his chief of staff and flag-lieutenant, and all went below to the admiral's cabin. Soon the admiral and the commodore came on deck, and the admiral called me aft. The commodore pointed out the location of batteries as he had brought them out in the bombardment of the previous day. The sea batteries to the eastward and westward of the entrance could be made out, though dimly, but the batteries described by the commodore as lying on the slope of La Socapa, the west bank of the channel, could not be located. The galleries and gunports of Morro could be seen, but Estrella Point and the heights of Charrucca and Punta Gorda necks were obscured. I asked for a steam-launch to go in closer to reconnoiter, but my request was declined. After the commodore left, the *New York* stood farther to the westward to get on the bearing, Estrella Point, north, 34° E., the course for entering. The admiral, the chief of staff, the navigator, and I then went up on the forward bridge. There was a division of opinion as to what was really Estrella Point. It was then decided to let me take the steam-launch and go in for reconnoitering. The launch was hoisted out and fired

were lighted. The quartermaster reported the masts and funnel of a small craft behind a neck of land to the westward. The *New* not completed, and work seemed to be going on. All question about Estrella Point disappeared, and I found two good ranges on the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

York dropped the launch and stood down to investigate the craft, which proved to be one of our auxiliaries.

When steam was up on the launch we headed in, though we were delayed by the feed-pump getting out of order. We soon were able to make out distinctly the batteries to the eastward of Morro, and those to the westward of the entrance. They were

mountains behind to help in running in, and mentally photographed the view, noting specially the high points that would facilitate recognizing the entrance at night. We avoided some objects awash that looked as though they might be range-buoys, but stood for the most part straight up the course for entering.

This course leads nearer the western shore,

and one of the crew reported seeing men in the bushes, and then a rifle-bullet passed overhead. The launch was slowed down, and directions were given to have a full head of steam, with plenty of water in the boiler, in order to be independent of the laboring feed-pump, and the cockswain was ordered to stand by to go about.

One of the crew now reported a signal flying from the *New York*, which had come back; it was the general recall. I had desired to find out something about the batteries on the slopes of La Socapa, and to get some sure mark on the western side to guide in entering at night. It soon became evident, however, that the batteries on the slopes could not be seen without actually entering, while the bushes came down to the water's edge on the west, and no mark for guidance could be found. Only the Morro side would be distinct, and the course to pass would have to be regulated by estimating the distance from the Morro. Fortunately, on this side the water was deep, and would permit of passage close aboard. The launch turned and stood out slowly, and when well away went full speed for the *New York*. It was now nearly noon. The *Merrimac* had drifted farther to the eastward. Signal had been sent to all the vessels calling for an electric machine for firing torpedoes, and the torpedoes were well in hand; but half the day was gone, and no preparations had been made on the *Merrimac*.

INSPECTING THE "MERRIMAC."

THE *New York* stood back at speed, and shortly after noon stopped near by. Boatswain Mullen and I went off in a pulling-boat, and crossed over the *Massachusetts* to the *Merrimac*; coaling was going on at all the hatches. The officers of the *Merrimac* were at luncheon, the captain and other officers forming a single mess. Everybody was completely surprised when I announced the purpose of the admiral to have the *Merrimac* sunk in the channel that night, and I was pelted with questions.

Coaling was to continue; the *Merrimac's* crew were already more or less fatigued, and as they would have their hands full in getting their effects away, could give but little, if any, assistance. I made a rapid inspection: the anchors weighed fourteen thousand pounds; the hold contained about twenty-three hundred tons of coal, which lay heaped up against some of the bulkheads where the torpedoes would be placed. A signal was sent to the *New York* to send over one watch,

or half her deck force, and forty coal-heavers, the deck force to be employed in preparing the anchors, chains, belt- and hogging-lines, the coal-heavers to shovel the coal away from the sides at the points of location of the torpedoes, to prevent interference with their action in blowing in the sides and to prevent the clogging of the ruptures.

While waiting for the men from the *New York*, the boatswain and I went below and located the bulkheads, taking tape-measure distances to fix their positions accurately on the outside. Assistant Engineer Crank went with me through the boiler- and engine-rooms, and agreed to the use of part of his own force to do the work of preparing the sea connections for flooding and of opening up the cargo ports and all openings throughout. When all the work was done, we were to go through for final inspection.

The preparation of anchors and chains, belt- and hogging-lines, was explained in full to the boatswain. The starboard chain was to be roused up and ranged along the forecastle; the starboard anchor to be got over the bow; the port anchor to be unshackled and transported aft to the starboard quarter, the port chain being similarly transported; the bow anchor to have sixty fathoms clear, and the stern anchor about forty fathoms, the last fifteen fathoms to have the stops for breaking.

We went into the forehold to look for gear, and found plenty in the *Merrimac's* supply. We selected eight-inch new Manila for the long lengths of elastic hawser, and five-inch new Manila for the stops; a large coil of new four-and-a-half inch Manila would answer admirably for the belt-line and eighteen-thread stuff for the hogging-lines. As we expected the stripping of the ship to begin soon, we set this gear aside to prevent its falling into the hands of some boatswain's mate or other provident pillager.

When I returned to the *New York* to see about the question of personnel and the status of torpedoes, the starboard watch from the *New York* had come over under Naval Cadet Boone, and forty coal-heavers were on their way from the *Brooklyn*. Captain Miller had given directions to the officers and crew of the *Merrimac* to prepare for leaving the ship, and was himself leaving to go to see the admiral.

In reply to the signal for an electric machine, a negative answer had come from all ships. There was not one in the squadron. It seemed a coincidence that the vessels that



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON, COMMODORE SCHLEY, AND LIEUTENANT HOBSON INSPECTING
THE SANTIAGO ENTRANCE FROM THE DECK OF THE "NEW YORK."



THE "MERRIMAC" AS A COLLIER AMONG THE FLEET.

were known to have them were all north of Cuba. Batteries of cells would have to be depended on. The *New York* had only a few spare firing-cells. The fleet was called upon. I requested Lieutenant Roller to take the matter in hand, get together the cells, allowing three or four times the number usually required for the eight-inch primers, arrange the cells for maximum efficiency, test all the cable for insulation, and actually fire trial primers under the conditions of use.

HUNDREDS OF VOLUNTEERS.

WHILE I was on the *Merrimac*, Assistant Engineer Crank had expressed a wish to go in with the ship, and had recommended a machinist and a water-tender, Phillips and Kelly, who had shown themselves competent and reliable, and who wished to go. Captain Miller, who expected to go in, had spoken in high terms of his quartermaster and cockswain, young Deignan. There was advantage in having men for the wheel, the engines, and the boilers from the *Merrimac's* crew, on account of their familiarity with the particular vessel; so I called the three men up, looked at them well, explained the nature of the mission, and asked if they wished to go. All replied affirmatively, so I decided to take them.

The call for volunteers had been made by signal, and names were pouring in by the

hundred. It may be said broadly that the bulk of the fleet was anxious to go. The admiral had thought that perhaps it might be well to have a junior officer, and had asked for volunteers from the junior officers of the *New York*. The junior officers' mess responded en masse. Powell, one of my pupils at the Naval Academy, was on deck when I came on board, and begged me to take him. Eggert, another of my pupils, saw me, and pleaded to go. Men of the *New York's* crew pressed upon me and used all kinds of arguments to persuade me to take them. It was as though a great favor were being asked and every means must be taken to have it granted.

Captain Miller had now returned to the *Merrimac*. When I was about to leave, the admiral sent for me and said that Captain Miller claimed it as his right as commanding officer of the vessel to go in with the *Merrimac*, and that he did not see how his claim could be disregarded. My answer was in effect that I should be happy to serve in any capacity, but that it must be evident to all that Captain Miller could not be anything but a passenger, even if nominally in command, being entirely unfamiliar with the details of the plans, while it was, of course, too late in the day to become properly acquainted with them; that I had carefully reduced the crew to a minimum, and had made the duties the very simplest, and felt it would be unjustifiable, even wrong, to allow a single

man in excess of the requirements, and for this reason had refused the junior officers and all others; that, besides other considerations, we should all certainly be overboard; that my men should be young, athletic, and used to exposure; that probably no one of the age of a commander would be equal to the physical strain; that if there should be a chance to escape we should certainly not abandon the captain, and his presence would probably entail the loss of all; that when the situation was clear to the captain he surely would not insist on going, however great his desire, as he could not really consider it right or his duty to go. The admiral concluded that he would not allow the captain to go.

It was understood with the executive officer of the *New York*, who was handling the list of volunteers, that word would be sent as to the men to be selected.

CHAOS ON THE "MERRIMAC."

I THEN left the *New York*, with the understanding that notice would be sent when all was ready on the *Merrimac*, whereupon the admiral would go on board to inspect.

Matters on the *New York* detained me, and the afternoon had worn well along when I reached the *Merrimac*. The conditions on board can hardly be conceived. Orders had been given to strip the ship, and only a few hours remained in which to do it. Squads from different vessels were everywhere removing articles. The crew of the *Merrimac* were looking to their own effects. The gangways were piled with boxes, cans, and debris of all kinds. A barrel of beer had gotten adrift. To my horror, the port bower-chain had not been unshackled; the boatswain and his gang were still at work



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

LIEUTENANT HOBSON RECONNOITERING THE HARBOR ENTRANCE.



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE "TEXAS."

THE "MERRIMAC" COALING THE "TEXAS" AT SEA. THE SAILORS HOISTING IN A SHARK AT THE BOW.

on it, and still it resisted; the starboard anchor and chain were still untouched. The coal-heavers, misunderstanding the instructions given, had been shoveling coal from port to starboard. Men in the stripping squads were everywhere in the way. It was impossible to tell who belonged to the working squads and who did not. Utter confusion existed, and under the circumstances would admit of but slight remedy. Even the gear laid aside for belt- and hogging-lines, stops, and hawsers, had been pillaged. It was evidently to be a desperate fight against time.

TRouble WITH ANCHORS AND CHAINS.

THE idea of getting the fourteen-thousand-pound anchor aft had to be abandoned, but there was a heavy stream-anchor already aft and another forward. We slung the one forward from the cargo boom to the deck of the *Massachusetts*, which dropped aft; then we took it up with a cargo boom aft, and proceeded to lash the two stream-anchors together, crown to ring, or tandem fashion, which would give the two combined as great holding-power as the heavier bower-anchor.

When we started rousing up the starboard chain, the anchor windlass worked badly. Soon the port anchor-chain was unshackled, and it was apparent that the heaviest work would come in getting the chain aft; for the fifteen-fathom lengths could not be unshackled, as the shackle-pins could not be driven out; so the heavy chain, the very largest size manufactured, would have to be transported aft in one piece the whole length of the ship.

To save time, we started rousing this chain up without stopping the rousing up of the starboard chain. The windlass utterly rebelled. About thirty fathoms of the latter chain were already up, and it started back by the run into the locker. It was fairly heart-rending to see the chain go charging back, undoing the results of such hard work. More than half had run back before it could be checked. The port chain would have to wait till the starboard chain was completely up. The sun was setting before the heavier work could be begun, when finally the chain started up, and after getting aft as far as the deck-house, would not budge farther. I appealed to all the men from all the gangs. They took hold, some with their

hands, some with the chain-hooks, some with ropes' ends. The chain started up, but soon stopped again. No effort could make it move a second time. Darkness was setting in. The search for lanterns showed that the strippers had preceded us in the lamp-room; only two or three lanterns, and those in bad shape, could be found. The men were nearly exhausted, having been working without relief and without supper. We turned steam on the after-winch, determined to make them haul the chain aft, but no tackles could be found; all had been taken off. We used part of the coil for belt-line, and after breaking it several times finally started the chain, and this measure gave promise of getting the required amount aft in course of time.

FINAL PREPARATIONS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

HOGGING-LINES had been started by means of a weight put over the bow in a span of the line, carrying it below the keel, a man on each side walking aft outside of everything till the desired point was reached. As bad fortune would have it, the lines already put over became entangled, and nearly all had to be hauled in, and the work done over. Moreover, the strippers having got to the gear laid aside, as mentioned above, the stuff for hogging-lines was found to be missing. In fact, the hawsers were just being started over the side, and the coil for the belt-line was on deck, when we caught and saved them. So material for the hogging-lines had



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

HAULING THE ANCHOR-CHAIN TO THE STERN.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

STRIPPING THE "MERRIMAC."

to be improvised by unreeving tackles from the cargo booms and by searching among the debris. The *Massachusetts*, after transporting the stream-anchor aft, had shoved off, and with her departure the stripping abated. Now only a squad from the *Texas* and the force from the *Brooklyn* remained, besides the men from the *New York*. The *New York* hailed, and said she would send off the port watch to relieve the starboard watch. We had been drifting steadily to the

eastward; the *Texas* and the *Brooklyn* were not in sight. The coal-heavers could do no more work in the darkness below, so the two squads were sent to the *New York* with the *New York's* starboard watch when the port watch came off. The steam-launch had brought off the gunner, with the torpedoes, batteries, and wire, and some dynamo-men were sent for to help in running the wires. It was dark, for the moon was obscured, and we had little lantern-light; but the men just arrived were

fresh, and the interfering groups were gone, so we could work with more organization.

Cadet Boone took a squad and started the belt-line, and when the belt-line was around at the height of the rail, where the torpedoes were to be attached, he continued with the same men to get the hogging-lines in place.

Assistant Engineer Crank had been at work with his men below, and now reported the cargo ports opened and the sea connections prepared, all ready for inspection. I went below with him and found things in excellent shape; the nuts were off the bonnet of the main injection, a strut held the bonnet in place, and it required only a blow to knock the strut out and release the bonnet, which was under a head of about fifteen feet of water-pressure. The smaller connections and also the condenser discharge, which went overboard below the water-line, would be readily cut in two by the blow of an ax. All openings, hatches, manhole covers, etc., were opened. At Mr. Crank's suggestion we had already admitted about seven hundred tons of water to the double bottom. Ensign Luby of the *Merrimac*, who had been lending a hand during the day, took charge of the stern anchors. As soon as these should be lashed together and slung over the side, and the chain bent on and ranged clear, the boatswain was to take the most of the men to get the bower-anchor over and put on the stops and hawsers. The gunner and his own men and the dynamo-men were leading the wires to the positions on the rail, ready to connect with the short lengths coming out of the torpedoes. The torpedoes were to be attached the last thing, and secured to belt-line and hogging-lines at the height of the rail, where it was intended they should remain for inspection by the admiral.

I had hoped to report the vessel ready by midnight, but this hope had been early abandoned. Toward ten or eleven o'clock the different tasks were advancing along together, and there seemed to be a fighting chance of being ready before moonset, when the gunner reported an insufficient quantity of wire; a mistake had been made in the quantity first reported and supposed to be at hand. The *New York* had remained near us, and I hailed for her steam-launch and went on board, but no wire was to be found. The vessels of the squadron were out of sight, but a Norwegian steamer, fitted out for cable service, lay at a distance. I ran down to her in the launch. She did not have what we wanted, but had any quantity of an insu-

lated wire that would answer. We took a coil, and came back by the *New York* for items of which a memorandum had been left, such as life-preservers, boat equipment, signal-cord, new axes for cutting the anchor lashings, seizing stuff for securing the torpedoes, an ensign, etc.

THE "MERRIMAC'S" FLAG.

WITH regard to the ensign, I had asked Captain Miller about the ensign of the *Merrimac*. He said that he had already considered the matter, but had found that the strippers had taken off the ensign and the contents of the signal-chest, and even the signal-halyards. In fact, the men had been so keen for relics and souvenirs, that nothing seemed to have escaped. He said that he had, however, an enormous flag, blue field, or background, with "Maine" across it in large letters, which he proposed to have bent on. But I was particularly anxious for a large national flag, and put it down on the list of items for the executive officer to get us on the *New York*. I was a little afraid they would not let us have the flag, so I asked the executive officer not to say anything about it to the captain until we were gone, and told him that I should not hoist it while running in, or while doing so could in any way affect the success of the effort, but that I did wish very much to hoist it after firing the torpedoes, as the vessel sank. The executive officer was not convinced, and his instinct of the risk involved was true; for though the captain let me have the flag without asking any questions, and it was bent on the halyards at the bridge ready for hoisting, it was never hoisted, for after the work was done, and the *Merrimac* was sinking, and a strong impulse set in to have the flag flying, it was clear, lying at the muzzles of the enemy's guns, that any movement to hoist it would betray our position and cost the life of all. Responsibility for the group forbade the attempt.

TRIAL TRIP AND INSPECTION.

BEFORE leaving the *New York* the captain said that we had drifted twelve or fifteen miles to the eastward. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and it was necessary to start to the westward without delay. The admiral had ordered the *Mayflower* and one of the other vessels to place themselves on a range with the course, with the harbor for a starting-point.

The admiral was to come off to inspect

with the boats that came to take off the men to the *New York*. Montague, the only member of the volunteer crew not already on board, came off with me.

While on the *Merrimac*, Mullen, the boatswain, had asked to go. As the letting go of the bow anchor would be especially perilous, with the running out of the chain and the breaking of stops and hawsers, and no one would appreciate the danger better than the boatswain, he was accepted.

About the same time, Charette came to me and said that he had put down his name with the volunteers before leaving the *New York*, and he hoped I would take him, for he had served with me when I was a midshipman on the *Chicago*. I remembered his service well, and good service it was. He had been in the dynamo-room, and was afterward gunner's mate, and was the very man to help with the torpedoes and be at hand for anything that might arise. This left only one more man to choose—the man to cut the lashing of the stern anchor. There would be advantage in having a man who could best handle the men in case Mullen and I did not appear. After consultation with the executive officer of the *New York*, Montague, the chief master-at-arms of that vessel, was selected, and the crew was complete.

It was about midnight when the launch reached the *Merrimac*. After discharging, it was sent back to the *New York*, and preparations were made for getting under way. It had been arranged that we should have a trial spin before going in. Mr. Crank would remain in charge of the engines till the last moment, having a good head of steam and everything in shape. The run to the westward would answer for the trial, and directions were given for a full-speed run, at the highest safe and sure speed. We were under way by half-past twelve, and stood to the westward, making fifty-two revolutions, approaching nine knots. The *New York* stood on also, but was soon left behind. She had the steam-launch in tow, and apparently could not tow it faster without losing it.

The last few hours had seen large progress all along the line. The stern anchor was over the side, and the chain was being bent on and ranged clear. It was so situated that in coming under strain it would tear the bulwarks out, tear up the hatch-coaming, and bring up against the mainmast. With the length of chain extending to the chain-lockers at the bow, large elasticity would be realized. The bower-anchor was over the bow, slung and lashed; breaking-stops were being

put on, eight stops between forty fathoms and sixty fathoms; and the hawser was in place. It was not practicable to take the hawser over the deck-house, as it was only about seventy-five feet long; so another of the same length was added, both to be broken at sixty fathoms, before the rigidity of the anchor fastenings should "bring up"; one of the hawsers carried the stops, which were far enough apart to allow the hawser to spring back and recover its elasticity after each strain. The belt-line was around and at the height of the rail; the hogging-lines were in place. The gunner reported that at the final test on the *New York* the battery could fire only six primers. The six most important positions were selected, and the torpedoes were secured in place while the wiring went on.

A mist had come over the moon. The coast-line was obscure. A heavy black cloud appeared in the southeast, and the horizon was thickening to the south and southwest, and began to threaten the last hours of the moon. Soon the *New York* was out of sight; apparently she was making only five or six knots. Captain Miller was sitting on the bridge; Deignan was at the wheel; the ship replied well to the helm, and the gallant captain told about her steering and manœvering qualities, and other virtues, still expecting to go in with his ship. He had let me take complete charge, and I had not thought it necessary to tell him of the admiral's final decision.

The light became so dim that the headlands could scarcely be made out with the night-glasses. About two o'clock a craft was sighted ahead, then another, on a southwesterly line of bearing with the first. We concluded that they must be the range vessels; so the helm was put up, and we stood out, to turn upon their line of bearing from seaward, keeping on the range, in readiness for the start after the *New York* should arrive. One of the craft began to show up an intermittent light; was it a private signal? I had not been notified of any signal to expect from a range vessel, and gave no reply, but kept pointed in toward the craft.

It seemed as though the *New York* had lost us. It must have been nearly three o'clock before her boats came alongside and the admiral came on board. It had been decided, with the short time remaining, not to wait for his inspection of the torpedoes, and the hogging-lines had been hauled down; the last ones aft were being hauled down when

he came on board and inspected. He said he thought we were well out, probably five or six miles, so I asked that the torpedo-boat should go and find out what the unknown craft were. When it returned it reported that they were vessels belonging to the press. The one that had showed the light was perhaps simply a little timid, with an idea of being run down.

The admiral carefully inspected the anchor and chain aft and on the forecastle. Everything was in readiness for letting go—blocks under the lashings, with axes at hand. The wiring was complete and responded to the test, the firing ends being on the starboard side of the bridge, ready to make contact. Montague and Charette had led off the signal-cords, and, with the boatswain, had got the life-boat out and put in the arms and equipment. The boatswain considered that the boat in question would tow better alongside than astern, a long line being got out from forward, another from abreast the boat. When the after hogging-lines were hauled home, the *New York's* men were ordered into the boats. Before leaving, Cadet Boone asked earnestly to be allowed to remain, but he had to be refused like the others. The admiral went on the bridge to wait till the men were off, and was the last to leave. On coming on board, the admiral had gone up on the bridge, and as he spoke to Captain Miller, I heard an exclamation of disappointment from the latter.

Though bitterly disappointed, the generous captain came up to say a kind word and wish us success. Assistant Engineer Crank, who was still in the engine-room, was to remain on board till the last stretch, when he was to be taken off by the torpedo-boat that would accompany us to that point.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT—OFF AT LAST.

THE moon had now gone behind a bank rising up from the horizon; it must have been beyond its setting-time before the admiral left. When I had referred to the lack of light and the obscurity of the coast-line, the admiral gave reassurance as to the conditions when we should be closer, based on the principle that the intensity of light varies inversely as the square of the distance. But the absolute necessity of adequate light had been growing on me.

The admiral said good-by with a simple word of kindness. With us who knew him,

such a word from Admiral Sampson would outweigh a volume.

When the launch shoved off with the admiral, its propeller fouled one of our lines, and it must have been half an hour in clearing. It must, indeed, have been after four o'clock when we finally started. Dawn had not tinged the east, but it was certainly near at hand. We started up slowly, then at full speed. The life-boat charged out from the side, ready to capsize. We slowed down and shortened the breast-line. As we started ahead again, it charged back and forth as before. It was evident that the boat could not be towed at full speed. Time was pressing, and it had been questionable from the first if there would be a chance to use the boat. We must approach at full speed for success. So I decided not to slow down again. The boat plunged back and forth, then with a wide sheer capsized and broke adrift, floating away bottom up.

We were now clear. The men, stripped to underclothes, put on revolvers and belts and life-preservers, took their stations, and tied the signal-cords to their wrists. Soon the vessels of the squadron showed up, rather to the eastward; then we caught the outline of the *Morro* itself. There was only a short distance to stand to the westward to make the course for entering, north, 34° E. A rose tinge appeared in the east; day was breaking. We should find ample light to enter by.

THE RECALL AND POSTPONEMENT.

SUDDENLY a hail came from close aboard on the port side; the torpedo-boat, the *Porter*, came tearing up, and Lieutenant Fremont, her commander, announced that the admiral directed the *Merrimac* to return. It would not do to disobey; but would not the admiral reconsider? I knew that light was necessary in any case, and felt that we could make the entrance. My reply was a request to the lieutenant to return to the flagship and ask the admiral to let us go on, as I felt sure that we could make it. The *Merrimac* did not slacken. It was arranged that, in case the admiral consented, the torpedo-boat should have four red lights turned on the *New York's* signal-hoist. I told Charette to keep a lookout for the red lights, and we stood on. The torpedo-boat reached the flagship and started back at full speed. But no red lights appeared. The admiral was inexorable. We should have to wait another day.

(To be continued.)

*If life's compact to attest,
 Now Twenty-one Years I've been a Guest;
 I've been regaled with the best,
 And feel quite satisfied.
 'Tis time that I retire to Rest;
 Good-bye, I thank you! — Friends, Good Night.*

April 22, 1784 —

FACSIMILE OF A POEM IN FRANKLIN'S HANDWRITING.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN'S PHYSIQUE, ILLNESSES, AND MEDICAL THEORIES.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Sterling," etc.

IN his autobiography Franklin relates that his father "had an excellent constitution of body, was of middle stature, but well set, and very strong," qualities all inherited by the son. From the maternal side the boy derived "likewise an excellent constitution"; and he asserts that "I never knew either my father or mother to have any sickness but that of which they dy'd, he at 89, and she at 85 years of age."

This heritage of soundness and strength was a large element in the success Franklin achieved. He himself took pride that in the printing-office where he worked during his first London sojourn, "on occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands." After he set up as a printer for himself, he often worked till far into the night, a diligence which led a Philadelphian to remark that "the industry of that Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from my club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." Even after the necessity for severe labor was over, in his "scheme of employment for the 24 hours of a natural day," for sleep he allowed himself only six hours, or those between ten and four.

If his constitutional and muscular vigor enabled him thus to tax his body, it did not save him from the illnesses his parents had escaped. In 1727, so he states, "when

I was just pass'd my twenty-first year, I was taken ill. My distemper was a pleurisy which very nearly carried me off. I suffered a great deal, gave up the point in my own mind and was rather disappointed when I found myself recovering, regretting, in some degree, that I must now, sometime or other, have all that disagreeable work to do over." In 1735 he had a second attack of this complaint, of so serious a character that the left lung suppurated. Prior to these two seizures, too, he thought he had avoided an illness only by "having read somewhere that cold water, drank plentifully, was good for a fever," and when "in the evening I found myself very feverish," "I followed the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, and the next morning was well again." This is the more interesting since for many years afterward the usual treatment for fevers involved the entire denial of water to the sufferer.

In another way Franklin differed from his own generation in not dreading water. Not merely did he approve of water internally, but externally as well. Swimming, he maintained, was one of the most healthful and agreeable exercises in the world, and if one did "not know how to swim, . . . a warm bath, by cleansing and purifying the skin, is found very salutary. . . . I speak from my own experience, frequently repeated, and that of others, to whom I have recommended this." In the year 1778, when suf-

fering from a cutaneous trouble, he says, "I took a hot bath twice a week, two hours at a time," with the utmost benefit; and a subsequent neglect, when he "hardly bathed in those three months," served to bring on a second attack. In the last years of his life, when suffering from a complication of maladies, Cutler relates that he "used a warm bath every day," in a "bathing vessel said to be a curiosity. It is copper, in the form of a Slipper. He sits in the Heel, and his legs go under the Vamp; on the Instep he has a place to fix his book, and here he sits and enjoys himself. About the time I left the city of Philadelphia, they chose him President of the Executive Council. His accepting the office is a sure sign of senility. But would it not be a capital subject for an historical painting—the Doctor placed at the head of the Council Board in his bathing slipper?"

As Franklin was in advance of his times in the use of water, so, too, he led the way in preaching the value of fresh air. In a letter to his friend Dr. Dubourg, he said:

I greatly approve the epithet which you give, in your letter of the 8th of June, to the new method of treating the small-pox, which you call the *tonic* or bracing method; I will take occasion from it to mention a practice to which I have accustomed myself. You know the cold bath has long been in vogue here as a tonic; but the shock of the cold water has always appeared to me, generally speaking, as too violent, and I have found it much more agreeable to my constitution to bathe in another element, I mean cold air. With this view I rise almost every morning and sit in my chamber without any clothes whatever, half an hour or an hour, according to the season, either reading or writing. This practice is not in the least painful, but, on the contrary, agreeable; and, if I return to bed afterwards, before I dress myself, as sometimes happens, I make a supplement to my night's rest of one or two hours of the most pleasing sleep that can be imagined. I find no ill consequences whatever resulting from it, and that at least it does not injure my health, if it does not in fact contribute much to its preservation. I shall therefore call it for the future a *bracing* or *tonic* bath.

This theory he is to be found advocating constantly. "Another means of preserving health, to be attended to, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed-chamber," he averred. "It has been a great mistake the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air that may come in to you is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, so often breathed, of a close chamber." Elsewhere he wrote: "Physicians, after having for ages

contended that the sick should not be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped that they may in time discover likewise that it is not hurtful to those who are in health, and that we may then be cured of the *aerophobia* that at present distresses weak minds, and makes them choose to be stifled and poisoned, rather than leave open the window of a bed-chamber, or put down the glass of a coach." A most amusing glimpse of his proselytizing is given in John Adams's autobiography. During a journey in 1776,

At Brunswick, but one bed could be procured for Dr. Franklin and me, in a chamber little larger than the bed, without a chimney, and with only one small window. The window was open, and I who was an invalid and afraid of the air of night, shut it close. "Oh," says Franklin, "don't shut the window, we shall be suffocated." I answered I was afraid of the evening air. Dr. Franklin replied, "The air within this chamber will soon be, and indeed is now, worse than that without doors. Come, open the window and come to bed, and I will convince you. I believe you are not acquainted with my theory of colds?" Opening the window, and leaping into bed, I said I had read his letters to Dr. Cooper, in which he had advanced, that nobody ever got cold by going into a cold church or any other cold air, but the theory was so little consistent with my experience, that I thought it a paradox. However, I had so much curiosity to hear his reasons that I would run the risk of a cold. The Doctor then began a harangue upon air and cold, and respiration and perspiration, with which I was so much amused that I soon fell asleep, and left him and his philosophy together, but I believe they were equally sound and insensible within a few minutes after me, for the last words I heard were pronounced as if he was more than half asleep. I remember little of the lecture, except that the human body, by respiration and perspiration, destroys a gallon of air in a minute; that two such persons as were now in that chamber, would consume all the air in it in an hour or two; that by breathing over again the matter thrown off by the lungs and the skin, we should imbibe the real cause of colds, not from abroad, but from within.

Even Franklin, however, could have a surfeit of air, and he described an experience on the frontier which his liking for fresh air brought upon him. "As to our lodging," he related, "it is on deal feather-beds, in warm blankets, and much more comfortable than when we lodged at our inn the first night after we left home; for, the woman being about to put very damp sheets on the bed, we desired her to air them first; half an hour afterwards she told us the bed was

ready, and the sheets *well aired*. I got into bed, but jumped out immediately, finding them as cold as death, and partly frozen. She had *aired* them indeed, but it was out upon the hedge. I was forced to wrap myself up in my great coat and woolen trowsers."

"He that lives carnally, won't live eternally," Poor Richard assured his readers, and he reinforced this with the couplet

Against Diseases here,
the strongest Fence
Is the defensive Virtue,
Abstinence.

Elsewhere he makes his opinion more specific by declaring that "a full belly is the mother of all Evil," and advises that "to lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals," for, "Three good meals a day is bad living." This caution the proverb-maker himself seems to have regarded early in life. "At 16 years of age," he says, "I happened to meet with a book written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconvenience, and I was frequently chided for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother, that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me." Such was Franklin's enthusiasm for the theory that he became not merely a disciple, but a propagandist of Tryon, and in entering Samuel Keimer's employment as a journeyman printer he so worked upon his

employer, who was "a great glutton," that

He agreed to try the practice if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. We had our victuals dress'd, and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes, to be prepar'd for us at different times, in all which there was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and the whim suited me the better at this time from the

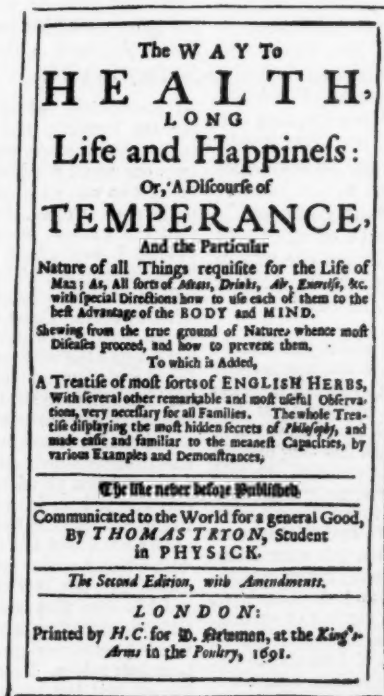
cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteen pence sterling each per week. I have since kept several Lents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience, so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy gradations. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously, tired of the project, long'd for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and order'd a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him; but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation, and ate the whole before we came.

Undoubtedly, as all this indicated, economy was quite as strong a motive with Franklin as abstemiousness, for he tells of his taking lodgings in London where "our supper was only half

an anchovy each on a very little strip of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us," because of its greater economy. But though motives of thrift induced him to sup thus frugally, he seems to have had as well a special prejudice against the late suppers that the fashion of early dining then made customary.

Dine with little, sup with less:
Do better still; sleep supperless,

He recommends; for, "Eat few suppers and you'll need few medicines." In the same vein he told a correspondent: "In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery,



FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF THOMAS
TRYON'S BOOK.

The Antidivilians, were all very sober
 For they had no Wine, & they brewed in October.
 All wished, had Livers on a Minkeif shill thinking,
 For there can't be good Living where there is not good Drink.

Derry down

'Twas honest old Noah first planted the Vine,
 And mended his Horns by drinking its Wine;
 And afterwards justly the drinking of Water decri'd;
 For he knew that all Mankind by drinking it dy'd.

Derry down

On ~~the~~ this Piece of the story plainly we find
 That Water's good neither for Body or Mind;

~~The~~ ~~Water~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~thing~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~for~~ ~~drinking~~;
 That Virtue & Safety ~~is~~ Wine-drinking's found
 While all that drink Water defer to be drown'd.

Derry down

To Safety, & ~~the~~ ~~honesty~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~life~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~

A DRINKING-SONG IN FRANKLIN'S HANDWRITING, IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed, as there is a difference in constitutions, some rest well after these meals; it costs them only a frightful dream and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till doomsday. Nothing is more common in the newspapers than instances of people who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead abed in the morning." He even carried his theory so far as to approve of a physician "who prescribes abstinence for the cure of consumption. He must

be clever because he thinks as *we* do." "I saw few die of hunger," Poor Richard affirmed; "of eating—100,000."

This moderation, taught by maxim and example, was due to discretion rather than to desire, and though Poor Richard insisted that all should "Eat to live, and not live to eat," his double, as time wore on, failed to live up to his own good advice; and such temperance as he exercised was due to motives of economy rather than to control of appetite. "The poor man," he said, "must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach to his meat," and

when opportunity or prosperity enabled him to gratify his appetite, he had occasion often to reprove himself for his want of self-control as a trencherman. His father trained him, he states, so that "little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table, whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind, so that I was bro't up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent to what kind of food was set before me, and so unobservant of it that, to this day, if I

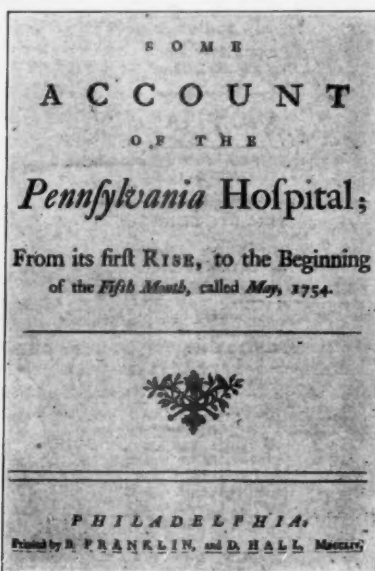
you eat one another, I don't see why we may n't eat you." So I din'd upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.

This anecdote is not the only evidence that Franklin thoroughly enjoyed the palatable things of life. In a voyage across the Atlantic, in 1726, he states that the pilot "brought on board about a peck of apples with him; that seemed the most delicious I ever tasted in my life; the salt provisions we had been used to gave them a relish." On the frontier, thirty years later, he thanked his wife for a supply of provisions, telling her: "We have enjoyed your roast beef, and this day began on the roast veal. All agree that they are both the best that ever were of the kind. Your citizens, that have their dinners hot and hot, know nothing of good eating. We find it in much greater perfection when the kitchen is four score miles from the dining room. The apples are extremely welcome, and do bravely to eat after our salt pork; the minced pies are not yet come to hand." Again, when in England, he apparently craved certain American dishes, for his wife wrote him: "I have Sente to you two Barrels of apels which I hope will prove good. I cold not get Sume Indea meal and Buckwheat flower. But I shall by the next opertunity." Such shipments were evidently a yearly practice, for a twelvemonth before this Franklin had written to his wife:

The buckwheat and Indian meal are come safe and good. They will be a great refreshment to me this winter; for, since I cannot be in America, everything that comes from thence comforts me a little, as being something like home. The dried peaches are excellent; those dried without their skins. The parcel in their skins are not so good. The apples are the best I ever had, and came with the least damage. The sturgeon you mention did not come; but that is not so material.

Perhaps the frankest indication of Franklin's personal likings is afforded in his acknowledgment that "many people are fond of accounts of old buildings and monuments, but for one, I confess that if I could find in any Italian travels a receipt for making Parmesan cheese, it would give me more satisfaction than a transcript of any inscription from any old stone whatever."

Franklin began life equally temperate in the use of liquor. He set so good an example to



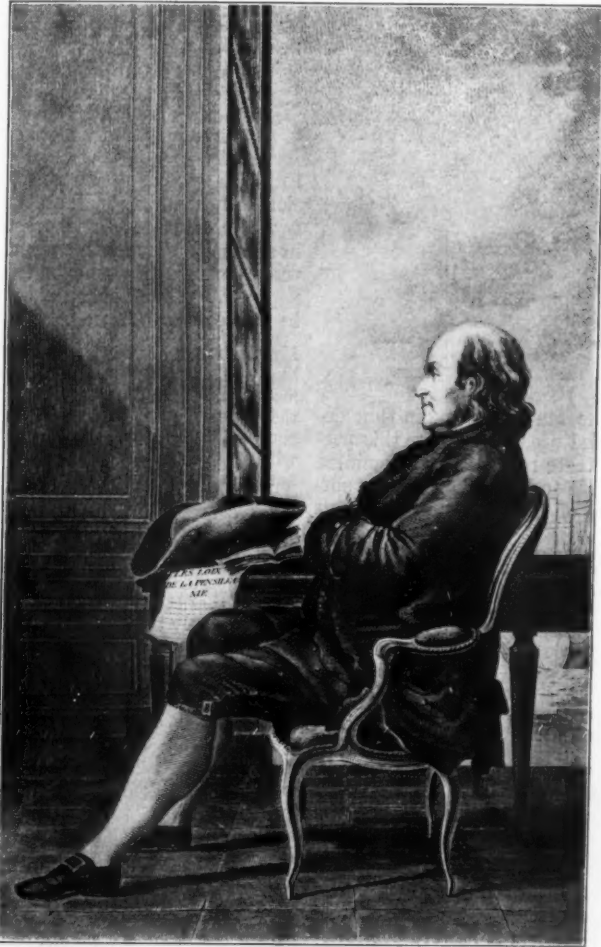
FRANKLIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

am asked, I can scarce tell in a few hours after dinner what I dined upon." None the less Franklin had a very positive relish for his food. He tells an amusing story of how he came first to abandon vegetarianism, when on a voyage from Boston, "Being becalm'd off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and haul'd up a good many"; which Franklin deemed "a kind of unprovoked murder."

But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanc'd some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If

his beer-drinking fellow-journeymen in London that they christened him the "Water-American," and Poor Richard has many a wise saw and maxim inculcating the evil of winebibbing. Yet here, again, it seems to

I doubt not but *moderate Drinking* has been improved for the Diffusion of Knowledge among the ingenious Part of Mankind, who want the Talent of a ready Utterance, in order to discover the Conceptions of their Minds in an entertaining



FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. FROM A COPPERPLATE, AFTER A DRAWING BY L. C. DE CARMONTELLE. IN THE COLLECTION OF CLARENCE S. BEMENT, ESQ.

have been more a matter of prudence than of preference.

At the time he adopted vegetarianism, the lad wrote an essay for the "New England Courant" on the "Vice of Drunkenness, the better to reclaim the good fellows who usually pay the Devotions of the evening to Bacchus"; but his disapproval was not extreme, for the sage of sixteen maintained that

Vol. LVII.—37.

and intelligible Manner. "T is true, drinking does not *improve* our Faculties, but it enables us to use them, and therefore I conclude, that much Study and Experience, and a little Liquor are of absolute Necessity for some Tempers, in order to make them accomplish'd Orators.

So, too, he seems never to have been a total abstainer. When only nineteen years of age he discussed a business matter at the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL
IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S WINE-GLASS.

tavern "over the Madeira," and in time developed a decided predilection for this particular wine; a taste reproved by a feminine friend, who wrote to him, when he was suffering from one of his attacks of the gout:

I own I thought you much indisposed when I saw you in Craven Street, and I allow that I was conceited enough to think I could have prescribed better things than Madeira and Curagoa; not that I am an enemy to either in a healthy state, or in some diseases, but you appeared to me to have, at the time you took them, too much on your stomach of the nature of sour to take any more without being more injured than benefited, tho' taken with your usual moderation.

To his friend Strahan, Franklin laughingly confessed: "You will say my *advice* 'smells of Madeira.' You are right. This foolish letter is mere chit-chat *between ourselves* over the *second bottle*." Elsewhere, in speaking of finding some flies in a bottle of Madeira, which revived after months of imprisonment, he expressed the wish, if it were possible,

To invent a method of embalming drowned persons in such a manner that they may be recalled to life at any period, however distant; for having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America a hundred years hence, I should prefer to any ordinary death the being immersed in a cask of Madeira wine with a few friends till that time, to be then recalled to life by the solar warmth of my dear country!

Nor was this particular beverage the only one for which Franklin showed a liking. As

time wore on, the Poor Richard who advised his readers to "Drink water, put the money in your pocket, and leave the dry bellyach in the punch-bowl," apparently recanted, for he printed in his Almanac the following doggerel:

Boy, bring a bowl of china here,
Fill it with water cool and clear;
Decanter with Jamaica ripe,
And spoon of silver, clean and bright,
Sugar twice-fin'd in pieces cut,
Knife, sieve and glass in order put,
Bring forth the fragrant fruit, and then
We're happy till the clock strikes ten.

Franklin speaks of himself, on one occasion, as "put in a good humour by a glass or two of champagne," and presumably it was in another such moment when he composed the drinking-song shown in facsimile on page 287. To a French abbé and intimate he wrote, late in life:

My Christian brother, be kind and benevolent like God, and do not spoil his good work. He made wine to gladden the heart of men; do not, therefore, when at table you see your neighbor pour wine into his glass, be eager to mingle water with it. Why would you drown *truth*? . . . Do not, then, offer water, except to children; 't is a mistaken piece of politeness, and often very inconvenient. I give you this hint as a man of the world; and I will finish as I began, like a good Christian, in making a religious observation of high importance, taken from the Holy Scriptures. I mean that the apostle Paul counselled Timothy very seriously to put wine into his water for the sake of his health; but that not one of the apostles or holy fathers ever recommended putting *water to wine*.

No one, however, knew better than Franklin the results of undue eating and drinking; but, as he made "Madame Gout" say of him-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRANKLIN'S LIBRARY CHAIR, SHOWING THE SEAT
TURNED UP TO FORM A LADDER. IN THE POS-
SESSION OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

self, "You philosophers are sages in your maxims and fools in your conduct." Referring to an illness, he said: "But as this speedy recovery is, as I am fully persuaded, owing to the extreme abstemiousness I have observed for some days past at home, I am not without apprehension that, being to dine abroad this day, to-morrow, and next day, I may inadvertently bring it on again." At another time, he took "note of a week's diet

the foregoing of his dinner, and he ends his record with the words, "had a good Night, am better." Another illness he blames to his having eaten "a hearty supper, much cheese, and drank a good deal of champagne." Yet again, he "dined, and drank rather too freely at M. d'Arcy's," with a resulting "little pain in my great toe."

This lessening of his early austerity as to food and drink led in time to a corpulence



THOMAS CADWALADER, M.D.



JOHN BARD, M.D.



PHINEAS BOND, M.D.



JOHN JONES, M.D.

SOME AMERICAN DOCTORS OF FRANKLIN'S TIME. DRAWN BY KENNETH H. MILLER FROM OLD PICTURES.

and health," and he chronicles that after a dinner at "Dolly's"—a famous London chop-house—he "felt symptoms of cold—fullness." Dinner the day following brought on a cold, in which he takes some pride, because he had "predicted it." Still continuing to eat, he the next morning records that he had a "very bad night" and a "little soreness of Throat." This induced him to diet, even to

over which Franklin joked not a little. In 1757 he described himself to a friend as "a fat old fellow"; in the "Craven Street Gazette" he styles himself "Dr. Fatsides," refers in the same sheet to "the great person (so called from his enormous size)," and explains a non-attendance at church by the fact that "the great person's broad-built bulk lay so long abed, that . . . it was



JOHN FOTHERGILL, M.D., F.R.S.



SIR WILLIAM WATSON, M.D.



SIR JOHN PRINGLE, M.D., F.R.S.

SOME BRITISH DOCTORS OF FRANKLIN'S TIME.
DRAWN BY KENNETH H. MILLER FROM OLD PICTURES.

too late to dress." His increase of flesh, as he here suggested, brought with it a physical indolence. As early as 1749 Franklin confesses to "a little natural indolence," and in speaking of a business matter which called for a journey, he wrote, "I am grown almost too lazy to undertake it." Fifteen years later, apropos of an intended visit, he told a friend: "I love ease more than ever, and by daily using your horses I can be of service to you and them by preventing their growing too fat and becoming restive."

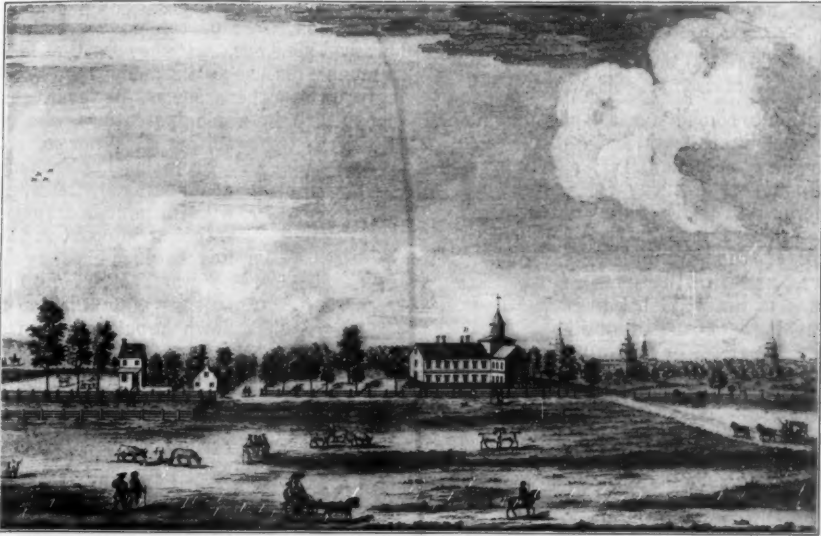
He was not his only accuser in this respect. John Adams, in 1778, said of him: "[Franklin] loves his Ease, hates to offend, and seldom gives any opinion till obliged to do it. . . . But if he is left here alone even with such a Secretary, and all maritime and Commercial as well as political affairs and money matters are left in his Hands, I am persuaded that France and America will both have reason to repent it. He is not only so indolent that Business will be neglected, but you know that although he has as determined a soul as any man, yet it is his constant Policy never to say 'yes' or 'no' decidedly but when he cannot avoid it." In this opinion, apparently, Franklin joined, for he told a friend: "I find the various employments of merchant, banker, Judge of Admiralty, consul, etc. etc., besides my ministerial functions, too multifarious and too heavy for my old shoulders, and have therefor requested Congress that I may be relieved; for in this point I agree even with my enemies, that another may easily be found who can better execute them." With this physical inactivity, Franklin himself believed he had become intellectually idle.

For my own part [he says], everything of difficult discussion, and that requires close attention of mind and an application of long continuance, grows rather irksome to me, and where there is not some absolute necessity for it, as in the settlement of accounts, or the like, I am apt to indulge the indolence usually attending age, in postponing such business from time to time; though continually resolving to do it.

At first Franklin combated his tendency to physical ease by forcing himself to take exercise. "Dr. Fatsides made 469 turns in his dining-room," he chronicled in the "Craven Street Gazette," and that this was habitual is implied by an entry in John Adams's diary, where it is recorded that "Dr. Franklin, upon my saying the other day that I fancied he did not exercise so much as he was wont, answered, 'Yes, I walk

a league every day in my chamber; I walk quick, and for an hour, so that I go a league; I make a point of religion of it." Even so late as 1771, his sister, in writing to Mrs. Franklin, said: "We shall Nither of us now Atain to what my Brother writs me of Himself that He has Lately walkd ten miles without Resting, & is in fine Helth which I am shure you & I Joyn in Blessing God for." About the same date, too, Franklin wrote his son concerning the dumb-bell: "By the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to one hundred beats in a minute,

gout, and that a light one, since I left you. It was just after my arrival here, so that this is the fourth winter I have been free." A year later he reiterated this, saying: "I am now and have been all this winter in very good health, thanks to God. I only once felt a little admonition, as if a fit of the gout would attack me, but it did not." In 1770 he did not fare so well. "As to myself," he said, "I had, from Christmas till Easter, a disagreeable giddiness hanging about me, which, however, did not hinder me from being about and doing business. In the Easter



FROM A PRINT IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL. FROM AN OLD COPPERPLATE.

counted by a second-watch, and I suppose the warmth generally increases with the quickness of pulse."

If Franklin did not live according to Poor Richard's maxims, he at least illustrated some of them. "Be temperate in wine, in eating, girls, and sloth, or the gout will seize you that plague you both," his Almanac for 1734 warned its patrons. As early as 1749 the disease was upon him, but in a mild form, and he was quickly able to tell his mother that "my leg, which you inquire after, is now quite well." From this time, during the next twenty years, he had "once in two or three years a slight fit of the gout, which generally terminated in a week or ten days." These attacks, like his first, were not serious, and in 1768 he wrote his wife: "I have had but one touch of the

holidays, being at a friend's house in the country, I was taken with a sore throat, and came home half strangled. From Monday till Friday I could swallow nothing but barley water, and the like. On Friday came on a fit of the gout, from which I had been free five years. Immediately the inflammation and swelling in my throat disappeared; my foot swelled greatly, and I was confined about three weeks; since which I am perfectly well, the giddiness and every other disagreeable symptom having quite left me." Again, in 1772, he explained his lack of news, because, "being gouty of late, [I] seldom go into the city." Evidently the ailment was still of a mild form, for he told Mrs. Franklin: "I thank you for your advice about putting back a fit of the gout. I shall never attempt such a thing. Indeed I have not much



FROM AN OLD FRENCH PRINT, AFTER A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

JACQUES-ÉTIENNE MONTGOLFIER.

occasion to complain of the gout, having had but two slight fits since I came last to England."

Upon his return to America, in 1775, Franklin noted that "I immediately entered the Congress, where, and with the Committee of Safety, I sat a great part of that year and the next, ten or twelve hours a day, without exercise." This served to bring on another attack, which is of special interest because of its relation to a bigger event. As is well known, Franklin was appointed one of the committee to prepare a Declaration of Independence on June 10, yet eleven days later he wrote: "I am recovering from a severe fit of gout, so that I know little of what has passed there [in Congress], except that a Declaration of Independence is preparing." Sent to Canada a little later in this same year, the travel and exposure so told upon him that he sat "down to write to a few friends by way of farewell," for "I begin to apprehend that I have undertaken a fatigue that at my time of life may prove too much for me." "I find I grow daily more feeble. . . . Some symptoms of the gout now appear, which makes me think my indisposition has been a smothered fit of that disorder, which my constitution wanted strength to form completely."

Late in 1776 Franklin sailed for Europe as commissioner to the court of France, and scarcely had he entered upon his duties when

his chronic malady came upon him. One of his fellow-commissioners was forced to apologize to the French Foreign Office because "the Treaty with the Farmers General has been retarded, on account of Dr. Franklin's illness," and Franklin cautioned a correspondent: "Don't be proud of this long letter. A fit of the gout, which has confined me five days and made me refuse to receive company, has given me a little time to trifle." In 1779 another seizure further interfered with his diplomatic duties. "A severe fit of the gout, with too much business at the same time necessary to be done," he gives as his difficulties, but says elsewhere: "I don't complain much, even of the gout, which has harassed me," because "they say that is not so much a disease as a remedy"; and he jokingly ends, "there seems, however, some incongruity in a plenipotentiary who can neither stand nor go."

From this time Franklin's gout seriously interfered with his ministerial duties. In going to court in 1780, he records in his diary that he was "Much fatigued by the going twice up and down the palace stairs, from the tenderness of my feet and weakness of my knees; therefore did not go the rounds"; and a year later he noted: "Went to Court and performed the round of levees, though with much pain and difficulty through the tenderness and feebleness of my feet and knees."

Another twelve months forced him to apologize for not having paid



AFTER AN OLD ENGRAVING BY F. BONNEVILLE.

COUNT ALESSANDRO DI CAGLIOSTRO.



FROM AN ENGRAVING BY F. BONNEVILLE.

JOSEPH-IGNACE GUILLOTIN.



FROM AN OLD FRENCH PRINT.

FRIEDRICH ANTON MESMER.

"my devoirs at Versailles," because, "since my last severe fit of the gout, my legs have continued so weak that I am hardly able to keep pace with the ministers, who walk fast, especially in going up and down stairs." From that time he was always represented at court by his grandson.

Franklin's treatment of his gout was decidedly original.

I forgot to acquaint you [he told his friend Dr. Small] that I had treated it (my gout) a little cavalierly in its last two accesses. Finding one night that my foot gave me more pain after it was covered warm in bed, I put it out of bed naked; and, perceiving it easier, I let it remain longer than I at first designed, and at length fell asleep, leaving it there till morning. The pain did not return, and I grew well. Next winter, having a second attack, I repeated the experiment; not with such immediate success in dismissing the gout, but constantly with the effect of rendering it less painful, so that it permitted me to sleep every night. I should mention that it was my son who gave me the first intimation of this practice. He being in the old opinion, that the gout was to be drawn out by transpiration; and having heard me say, that perspiration was carried on more copiously when the body was naked than when clothed, he put his foot out of bed to increase that discharge, and found ease by it, which he thought a confirmation of the doctrine. But this method requires to be confirmed by more experiments, before one can conscientiously recommend it.

He even turned his torture to his own improvement and to the amusement of his friends. "You know," he wrote one, "that Mme. le Goutte has given me good advice often," and his "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout" is one of his most delight-

ful pieces of persiflage, of which, unfortunately, owing to its length, only the beginning and the end can be quoted.

Midnight, 22 October, 1780.

FRANKLIN. Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

GOUT. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

FRANKLIN. Who is it that accuses me?

GOUT. It is I, even I, the Gout.

FRANKLIN. What! my enemy in person?

GOUT. No, not your enemy.

FRANKLIN. I repeat it, my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

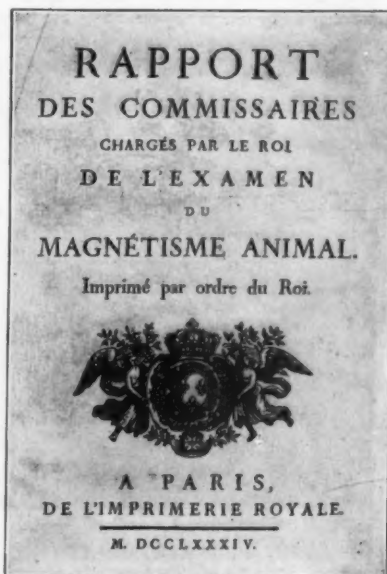
GOUT. The world may think as it pleases: it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man, who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another, who never takes any. . . .

FRANKLIN. Ah! how tiresome you are!

GOUT. Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

FRANKLIN. Ohhh! what a devil of a physician!

GOUT. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy? One or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.



TITLE-PAGE OF THE REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON MESMERISM. FROM FRANKLIN'S OWN COPY IN THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



DRAWN BY S. WEST CLIVEDON.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE ABBÉ RAYNAL'S THEORY
OF THE DEGENERACY OF AMERICANS.

FRANKLIN. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint, that I have also not been unfriendly to you. I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

GOUT. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you indeed, but cannot injure me. And, as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy?—but to our business,—there.

FRANKLIN. Oh! oh!—for Heaven's sake leave me! and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

GOUT. I know you too well. You promise fair; but, after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend*.

If the gout was Franklin's chronic disorder, it by no means saved him from other maladies of the flesh. In 1755 he wrote a relative: "I have been ill these eight days, confined to my room and bed most of the time, but am now getting better." Soon after his arrival in England, in 1757, he was seized with an intermittent fever, "got from making experiments over stagnant waters," which "continued to harass me by frequent relapses." No sooner was he well from this than "I had a violent cold and something of a fever," and

It was not long before I had another severe cold, which continued longer than the first, attended by great pain in my head, the top of which was very hot, and when the pain went off, very sore and tender. These fits of pain continued sometimes longer than at others; seldom less than twelve hours, and once thirty-six hours. I was now and then a little delirious; they cupped me on the back of the head, which seemed to ease me for the present; I took a great deal of bark, both in substance and infusion, and too soon thinking myself well, I ventured out twice, to do a little business and forward the service I am engaged in, and both times got fresh cold and fell down again. My good doctor [Fothergill] grew very angry with me for acting contrary to his cautions and directions, and obliged me to promise more observance for the future. . . . I took so much bark in various ways, that I began to abhor it; I durst not take a vomit, for fear of my head; but at last

I was seized one morning with a vomiting and purging, the latter of which continued the greater part of the day, and I believe was a kind of crisis to the distemper, carrying it clear off; for ever since I feel quite lightsome, and am gathering strength; so I hope my seasoning is over, and that I shall enjoy better health during the rest of my stay in England.

Clearly Franklin had forgotten Poor Richard's admonition to "Be not sick too late, nor well too soon."

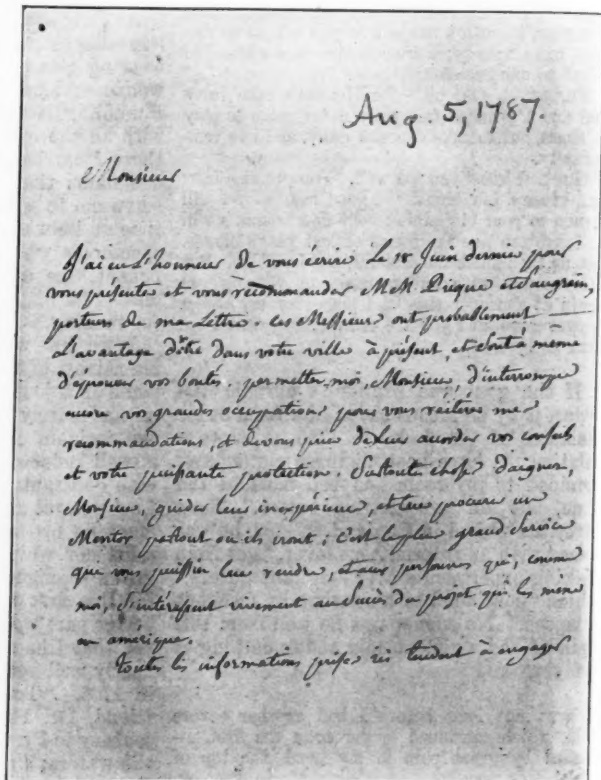
As early as 1755 his eyesight was more or less affected, and four years later he was wearing glasses, for he "could not find" a woman friend "at the Oratorio in the Foundling Hospital, . . . though I looked with all the eyes I had, not excepting even those I carried in my pocket." In 1776 he complains that "my eyes will now hardly serve me to write by night," and from this time on he was compelled to use the double spectacles which he invented for his own benefit, the upper half of the lens being curved for distant vision, and the lower half for reading.

With his waxing flesh came a certain clumsiness of body, which resulted, in 1763, while on a journey, in a bad fall, from which he had barely recovered when he repeated the accident and "put my shoulder out. It is well reduced again, but is still affected with constant, though not very acute pain. I am not yet able to travel rough roads, and must lie by awhile as I can neither hold reins nor whip with my right hand till it grows stronger." If travel was responsible for this first mishap, it served Franklin in better part upon other occasions. "I wrote you that I had been very ill lately, I am now nearly well again, but feeble," he chronicled in 1766. "To-morrow I set out with my friend, Dr. Pringle (now Sir John), on a journey to Pyrmont, where he goes to drink the waters; but I hope more for the air and the exercise, having been used; as you know, to have a journey once a year, the want of which last year has, I believe, hurt me, so that, though I was not quite to say sick, I was often ailing last Winter, and throughout the Spring." In this hope he was not disappointed, for upon his return he informed a correspondent: "I have only time to assure you that I have been extremely hearty and well ever since my Return from France, the Complaints I had before I went on that Tour, being entirely dissipated; and fresh Strength and Activity, the Effects of Exercise and Change of Air, have taken their place." The beneficial results, however, were

by no means lasting, for very quickly he was "meditating a journey somewhere, perhaps to Bath or Bristol, as I begin to find a little giddiness in my head, a token that I want the exercise I have yearly been accustomed to." "I was," he records at this time, "sometimes vexed with an itching on the back, which I observed particularly after eating freely of beef. And sometimes after long confinement at writing, with little exercise, I have felt sudden pungent pains in the flesh of different parts of the body, which I was told was scorbutic. A journey used to free me of them." "My constitution," he observed, "and too great confinement to business during the Winter seemed to require the air and exercise of a long journey once a year. Which I have now practiced for more than twenty years past."

During a trip in Ireland in 1773, Franklin, "after a plentiful dinner of fish the first day of my arrival," was taken sick, and though not invalided, he did not altogether recover for four or five weeks. "On my return I first observed a kind of scab or scurf on my head about the bigness of a shilling. Finding it did not heal, but rather increased, I mentioned it to my friend, Sir J. P., who advised a mercurial water to wash it, and some physic. It slowly left that place, but appeared in other parts of my head. He also advised my abstaining from salt meats and cheese, which advice I did not much follow, often forgetting it"—a forgetfulness of Poor Richard as well, for the Almanac-maker had counseled: "Cheese and salt meat should be sparingly eat." This skin-disease was increased in his voyage to America in 1775, during which he "necessarily ate more salt meat than usual." The diet and his sedentary life in Congress brought on "frequent giddiness," he suffered much from a number of large boils, and "apprehended dropsy." In his passage to France in 1776,

I lived chiefly on salt beef, the fowls being too hard for my teeth. But, being poorly nourished, I was very weak at my arrival; boils continued to vex me, and the scurf extending over all the small of my back, on my sides, my legs, and my arms, besides what continued under my hair, I applied to a physician, who ordered me Mr. Bellosto's pills and an infusion of a root called —. I took the infusion awhile, but it being disagreeable, and finding no effect, I omitted it. I continued to take the pills, but finding my teeth loosening, and that I



FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM JOSEPH-

had lost three, I desisted the use of them. I found that bathing stopped the progress of the disorder. I therefore took the hot bath twice a week, two hours at a time, till this last summer. It always made me feel comfortable as I rubbed off the softened scurf in the warm water; and I otherwise enjoyed exceeding good health. I stated my case to Dr. Ingenhousz, and desired him to show it to Sir J. P., and obtain his advice. They sent me from London some medicine, but, Dr. Ingenhousz proposing to come over soon, and the affair not pressing, I resolved to omit taking the medicine till his arrival. In July, (1778) the disorder began to

diminish at first slowly, but afterwards rapidly; and by the beginning of October it had quitted entirely my legs, feet, thighs, and arms, and my belly; a very little was left on my sides, more on the small of my back, but the whole daily diminishing.

The disobedience to the orders and advice of his various doctors, already recorded, make Franklin's views on the profession worth glancing at; and possibly his reason for the

a poor fool that killed himself with quacking, 'I was well, I would be better, I took Physick and died,' and that this really represented his opinion of most drugs is shown in another instance. Jefferson relates an incident which occurred during a discussion in the Continental Congress over a partial suspension of the non-importation association.

I was sitting by Dr. Franklin and observed to him that I thought we should except books; that

we ought not to exclude science, even coming from an enemy. He thought so too, and I proposed the exception, which was agreed to. Soon after it occurred that medicine should be excepted, and I suggested that also to the Doctor. "As to that," said he, "I will tell you a story. When I was in London, in such a year, there was a weekly club of physicians, of which Sir John Pringle was President, and I was invited by my friend Dr. Fothergill to attend when convenient. Their rule was to propose a thesis one week and discuss it the next. I happened there when the question to be considered was whether physicians had, on the whole, done most good or harm? The young members, particularly, having discussed it very learnedly and eloquently till the subject was exhausted, one of them observed to Sir John Pringle, that although it was not usual for the President to take part in a debate, yet they were desirous to know his opinion on the question. He said they must first tell him whether, under the appellation of physicians, they meant to include old women, if they did he thought they had done more

good than harm, otherwise more harm than good."

Yet during all his life Franklin's closest friends were, for the most part, medical men. In Philadelphia, Thomas Bond, Phineas Bond, John Bard, Thomas Cadwalader, and John Jones; in London, Sir John Pringle, Sir William Watson, John Fothergill, William Hewson, and Edward Bancroft; and on the Continent, Barbeu Dubourg, Ingenhousz, and Guillotin were among his greatest intimates and co-workers. Upon one occasion, in writing

des Français qui veulent s'établir en Amérique, à l'égard de
la profession de médecin, et qui se font entre eux des
rivaux, et se disputent le titre de docteur, et de
surtout les amis de l'Amérique. M. de Jefferson m'a dit
qu'il y avait là des gens à considérer, et qu'il y en avait
dans le Kentucky, qui voyaient avec plaisir les
docteurs et les étudiants, et qu'ils les regardaient
comme des gens à qui on ne peut pas refuser
la science, et qui ont des idées justes.
Je pense que vous voudrez bien agréer que j'en
délivrerai ceux qui j'ai pu l'occasion de vous demander
et de vous adresser mes respects, et de vous prier de
leur parler de vos voyages, et de leur adresser
l'honneur de vos souhaits, et de leur dire
bonjour, et de leur dire avec respect et respect
Monsieur
Ignace Guillotin
Paris 5 août 1775

IGNACE GUILLOTIN TO FRANKLIN.

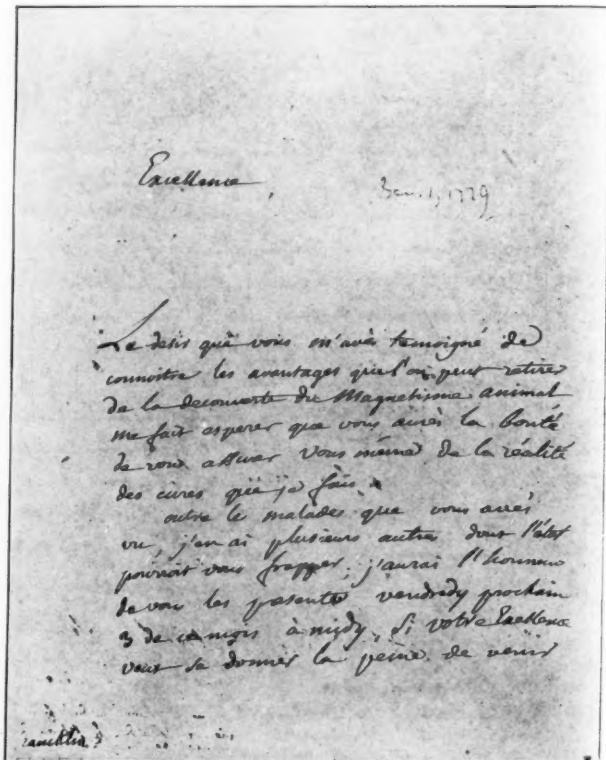
neglect is to be found in his declaration that "There are more old drunkards, than old doctors." "He's the best physician that knows the worthlessness of the most medicines," asserted Poor Richard, for "Many Dishes, many diseases; many medicines, few cures," and even these "few cures" the Almanac-maker was apparently not willing to give to the profession, for he claims that "God heals and the doctor takes the fee." In one of Franklin's squibs he quotes with evident approval the "Italian Epitaph upon

to his "Honoured father and mother," he told them: "I apprehend I am too busy in prescribing and meddling in the doctor's sphere, when any of you complain of ails in your letters. But as I always employ a physician myself when any disorder arises in my family, and submit implicitly to his orders in every thing, so I hope you consider my advice, when I give any, only as a mark of my good-will, and put no more of it in practice than happens to agree with what your doctor directs."

He refers also, as an object-lesson, to Lord Chatham, of whom "it is said that his constitution is totally destroyed and gone, partly through the violence of the disease, and partly by his own continual quacking with it." During the last year of his life, too, he drew up a "Plan for a Medical School."

In another way, too, Franklin proved that his girds at physicians and medicine did not wholly represent his real opinion. "In 1751," his autobiography states, "Dr. Thomas Bond, a particular friend of mine, conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in Philadelphia, . . . but the proposal, being a novelty in America, and at first not well understood, he met with but small success. At length he came to me, with the compliment, that he found there was no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it. . . . I enquir'd into the nature and probable utility of his scheme, and receiving from him a very satisfactory explanation, I not only subscrib'd to it myself, but engag'd heartily in the design of procuring subscriptions from others. Previously, however, to the solicitation, I endeavour'd to prepare the minds of the people by writing on the subject in the newspapers, which was my usual custom in such cases, but which he had omitted." Not content with these newspaper articles, Franklin later drew up, and published in pamphlet form,

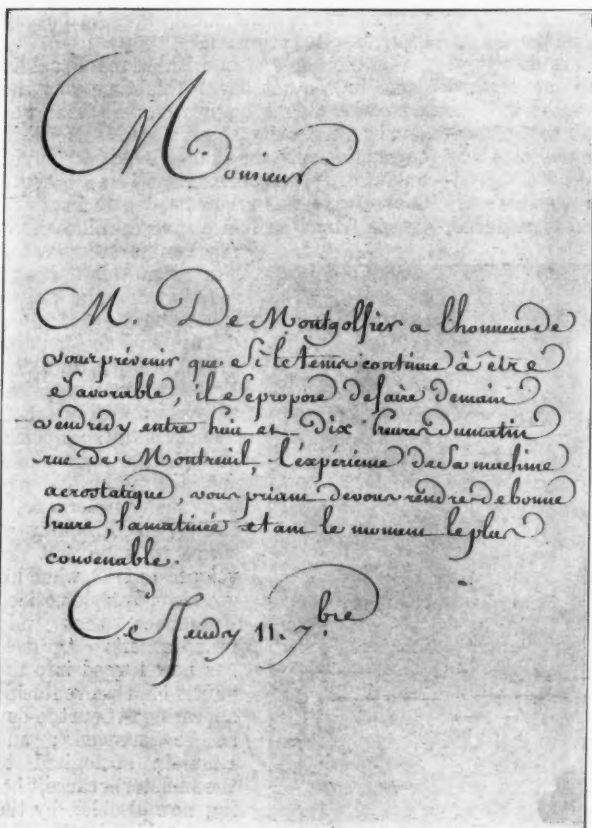
"Some Account of the Pennsylvania Hospital," from which it is learned that his subscription was twenty-five pounds, and that for a number of years he was one of the board of governors. He also succeeded in obtaining a grant of funds from the Assembly, by a shrewd bit of management, and long after he declared: "I do not remember any of my political manœuvres, the success of which gave me, at the time, more plea-



LETTER FROM FRIEDRICH ANTON MESMER TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

sure, or wherein, after thinking of it, I more easily excus'd myself for having made use of cunning."

Nothing, perhaps, better showed his attitude toward all quacks than a service he rendered in 1784. Mesmer, after being discredited in Vienna, chiefly at the hands of Franklin's friend Ingenhousz, came to Paris in 1778, and began the practice of his pretended cure-all; but with very slight success, Franklin himself then happening to be the moment's fashion. In time, however, his séances became, in the words of one writer, the



LETTER FROM JACQUES-ÉTIENNE MONTGOLFIER TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
FROM ORIGINAL IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

one friend, "I continue as hearty as at my age could be expected, and as cheerful as ever you knew me"; and to another he expressed the hope that he might "live as long as I have done, and with as much health, who continue as hearty as a buck, with a hand still steady, as they may see by this writing." To still a third he wrote:

For my own part, I do not find that I grow any older. Being arrived at seventy, and considering that by travelling farther in the same road I should probably be led to the grave, I stopped short, turned about, and walked back again; which done these four years, you may now call me sixty-six. Advise these old friends of ours to follow my example; keep up your spirits, and that will keep up your bodies; you will no more stoop under the weight of age than if you had swallowed a handspike.

His manner of attaining such a frame of mind was simple. "One means of becoming

content with one's situation is the comparing it with a worse. Thus, when I consider how many terrible diseases the human body is liable to, I comfort myself that only three incurable ones have fallen to my share, viz.: the gout, the stone, and old age; and these have not yet deprived me of my natural cheerfulness, my delight in books, and enjoyment of social conversation."

This cheerfulness was not merely assumed on paper, and those who met the doctor in his years of pain all tell the same story. Little Miss Adams, who saw him several times in 1784, says in her journal that "he is now near 80 years old, and looks in good health," and adds that "Dr. F. has something so venerable in his appearance that he inspires one with respect. I never saw an old man more so." Miss Deborah Logan, who saw him still later, says: "He was fat, square-built, and wore his own hair, thin and grey: but he looked healthy and vigorous. His head was remarkably large

in proportion to his figure, and his countenance mild, firm and expressive." Manasseh Cutler, who, in meeting him, "felt as if I was going to be introduced to the presence of an European Monarch," remarked: "But how my ideas changed, when I saw a short, fat, trunched old man, in a plain Quaker dress, with a bald pate, and short white locks. . . . His voice was low, but his countenance open, frank, and pleasing." During ten years of almost constant suffering, Franklin continued to visit among his friends whenever he was able, and received callers, even when so ill that, as upon one occasion, he had to have them "shown up into his bedchamber, where he sat in his nightgown, his feet wrapped up in flannels and resting on a pillow, he having for three or four days been much afflicted with the gout and the gravel." Nor did he cease to entertain, and Jefferson describes a dinner

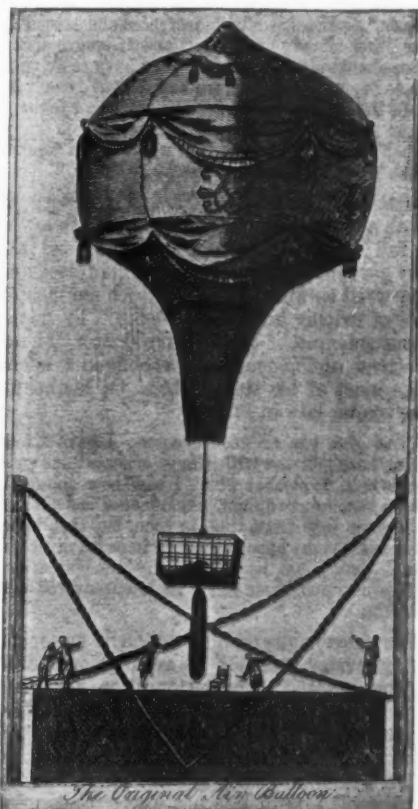
that shows how his sense of humor was ever uppermost, suffer as he might.

He had a party to dine with him one day at Passy, of whom one half were Americans, the other half French, and among the last was the Abbé [Raynal]. During the dinner he [the Abbé] got on his favorite theory of the degeneracy of animals, and even of man, in America, and urged it with his usual eloquence. The Doctor at length noticing the accidental stature and position of his guests, at table, "Come," says he, "M. l'Abbé, let us try this question by the fact before us. We are here one half Americans, and one half French, and it happens that the Americans have placed themselves on one side of the table, and our French friends are on the other. Let both parties rise, and we will see on which side nature has degenerated." It happened that his American guests were Carmichael, Harmer, Humphreys, and others of the finest stature and form; while those of the other side were remarkably diminutive, and the Abbé himself particularly, was a mere shrimp. He parried the appeal, however, by a complimentary admission of exceptions, among which the Doctor himself was a conspicuous one.

An amusing assistant to the royal commission, in giving a quietus to mesmerism, was the invention, just at the time that craze was highest, of the balloon, with a consequent shifting of interest by the fickle Paris public. Franklin himself followed the experiments of Montgolfier, the inventor, with the closest attention, not merely because of his scientific interest, but as well because of a personal one. "The progress made in the management of balloons," he told a correspondent, "has been rapid. Yet I fear it will hardly become a common carriage in my time, though being easiest of all voitures it would be extremely convenient to me, now that my malady forbids the use of old ones over a pavement." The pain all motion gave Franklin at one time threatened to cause his continuance in France, even after the Congress had consented to his return; for his French friends insisted that he could not bear the journey, and the sufferer himself hesitated. The difficulty was finally overcome by the kindness of Marie Antoinette. "When I was at Passy," Franklin recorded, "I could not bear a wheel carriage; and being discouraged from my project of descending the Seine in a boat, by the difficulties and tediousness of its navigation in so dry a season, I accepted the offer of one of the King's litters, carried by large mules." "I found the motion . . . did not much incommode me. It was one of the Queen's, carried by two very large mules," "which walked steadily and easily, so that I bore the

motion very well." "I came to Havre de Grâce in a litter," he wrote a friend from Portsmouth, "and hither in the packet boat; and, instead of being hurt by the journey or voyage, I really find myself very much better, not having suffered so little for the time these two years past." "I was not in the least inconvenienced by the voyage, but my children and my friend Mr. Veillard were very sick." In this connection it is interesting to note that Franklin was apparently never a victim to seasickness in any of his eight ocean crossings.

His voyage to America appears to have benefited him as much as travel always did; he accepted public offices and fulfilled their duties, and he seemed, indeed, to take pride in what strength yet remained to him, for, in showing a friend a book, "so large that it was with but the greatest difficulty the Doctor was able to raise it from the low



MONTGOLFIER'S FIRST BALLOON, FROM THE "TOWN AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE," LONDON, 1783.

shelf and lift it on to the table, with that senile ambition common to old people he insisted on doing it himself, and would permit no person to assist him, merely to show us how much strength he had remaining." Yet evidences of his physical disabilities were not wanting. As president of Pennsylvania, he had to be carried to the state-house in a litter, and in the Federal Convention he had all his speeches read by his colleague James Wilson, "it being inconvenient to the Doctor to remain on his feet."

In 1788 a material change occurred in his health, of which he sent word to Ingenhousz:

You may remember the cutaneous malady I formerly complained of, and for which you and Dr. Pringle favored me with prescriptions and advice. It vexed me near fourteen years, and was at the beginning of this year as bad as ever, covering almost my whole body, except my face and hands; when a fit of the gout came on, without very much pain, but a swelling in both feet, which at last appeared also in both knees, and then in my hands. As these swellings increased and extended, the other malady diminished, and at length disappeared entirely. Those swellings have some time since begun to fall, and are now almost gone; perhaps the cutaneous disease may return, or perhaps it is worn out. I may hereafter let you know what happens. I am on the whole much weaker than when it began to leave me.

Another twelvemonth "found me very ill with a severe fit of the stone, which followed a fall I had on the stone steps that lead into my garden, whereby I was much bruised and my wrist sprained so as to render me incapable of writing for several weeks." From the consequences of this fall the doctor did not recover, and henceforth was obliged to spend the most of his time in bed. Of his health he wrote, late in 1789:

I can give you no good account. I have a long time been afflicted with almost constant and grievous pain, to combat which I have been obliged to have recourse to opium, which indeed has afforded me some ease from time to time, but then it has taken away my appetite and so impeded my digestion that I am become totally emaciated, and little remains of me but a skeleton covered with a skin.

His friends urged him to have an operation performed, but he refused, and John Adams stated: "On the question, for example, whether to be cut for the stone. The young, with a longer prospect of years, think these over-balance the pain of the operation. Dr. Franklin, at the age of eighty, thought his residuum of life not worth that price. I should have thought with him, even taking the stone out of the scale."

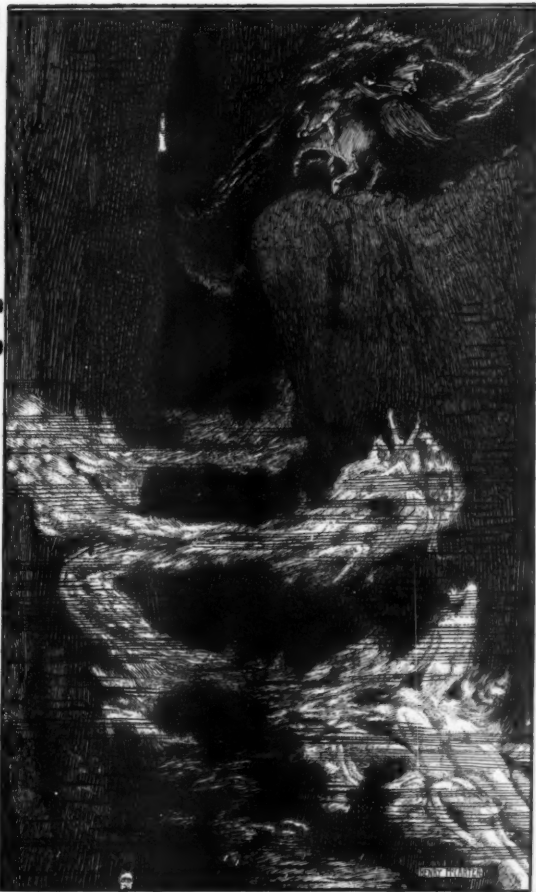
In April, 1790, Franklin was seized with the illness which terminated his life, an account of which was drawn up by his attending doctor, John Jones.

The stone, with which he had been afflicted for several years, had for the last twelve months confined him chiefly to his bed; and during the extremely painful paroxysms, he was obliged to take large doses of laudanum to mitigate his tortures—still, in the intervals of pain, he not only amused himself with reading and conversing cheerfully with his family, and a few friends who visited him, but was often employed in doing business of a public as well as private nature, with various persons who waited on him for that purpose; and in every instance displayed, not only that readiness and disposition of doing good, which was the distinguishing characteristic of his life, but the fullest and clearest possession of his uncommon mental abilities; and not unfrequently indulged himself in those "jeux d'esprit" and entertaining anecdotes, which were the delight of all who heard him.

About sixteen days before his death he was seized with a feverish indisposition, without any particular symptoms attending it, till the third or fourth day, when he complained of a pain in the left breast, which increased till it became extremely acute, attended with a cough and laborious breathing. During this state when the severity of his pain drew forth a groan of complaint, he would observe—that he was afraid he did not bear them as he ought—acknowledged his grateful sense of the many blessings he had received from that Supreme Being, who had raised him from small and low beginnings to such high rank and consideration among men—and made no doubt but his present afflictions were kindly intended to wean him from a world, in which he was no longer fit to act the part assigned him. In this frame of body and mind he continued till five days before his death, when his pain and difficulty of breathing entirely left him, and his family were flattering themselves with the hopes of his recovery, when an imposthumation, which had formed itself in his lungs, suddenly burst, and discharged a great quantity of matter, which he continued to throw up while he had sufficient strength to do it; but, as that failed, the organs of respiration became gradually oppressed—a calm lethargic state succeeded—and, on the 17th of April, 1790, about eleven o'clock at night, he quietly expired, closing a long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months.

According to John Adams, "it was the opinion of his own physician, Dr. Jones, he fell a sacrifice at last, not to the stone, but to his own theory, having caught the violent cold which finally choked him, by sitting for some hours at a window, with the cold air blowing upon him." "Nine men in ten are suicides," asserted Poor Richard.

(To be continued.)



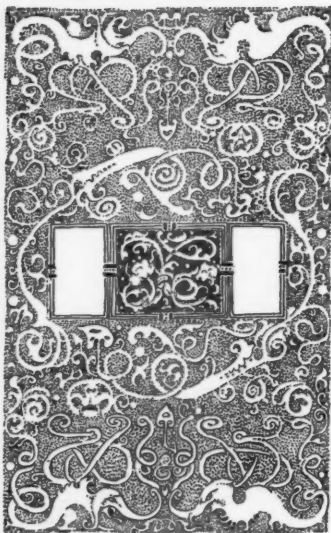
THE ROAD 'TWIXT HEAVEN AND HELL.

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

LAST night my lord was not at home—
"Nay; I was out on moor and fell."
And thy black horse is frothed with foam,
As thou didst drive him well—
"He galloped all night, till dawn grew white,
On the road 'twixt heaven and hell."

How does it look along that road?

"The chasm is steep and sheer,
Slippery for footing and heavily trod,
And the rocks are ragged and drear.
The wind of death blows over the heath
And into the soul like fear."



What didst thou see along the track?

"A scurry of leaves wind-tossed,
White like faces thrust out of the black,
Thinned and edged with the frost.
They whirled about till they all went out
Into the night and were lost."

What was that sound I thought I heard
When I was lain in bed?

"Maybe the sullen rock that stirred
Beneath my horse's tread.
Three times, I say, that rock gave way
And plunged among the dead."

The first time that the rock gave way,
What was it kept thee back?

"'T was thy soft hand upon the rein
That held me to the track.
Thy face shone white along the night
And laughed out of the black."

Nay, then, it was no hand of mine,
For I was safe in bed!

"I swear by God that hand was thine
By which my steed was led,
Else were I lost and a thin ghost
That smokes among the dead!

"With desolate sighs that way was full,
And I rode there alone.
Sometimes there was a grinning skull
That I mistook for stone,
And every rock my steed's hoofs struck
Was thin like empty bone."

The next time that the rock gave way,
What kept thee from the rim?

"Mystrugglingsteed strove hard for speed;
He leaped from brim to brim.
To my cold breast my child clung fast:
I could not fall with him!"

Nay, then, it was no child of thine,
For he is not yet born!

"And had it not been child of mine,
That way had been forlorn.
I held him tight through the dark night,
And even until the morn.

"The fear that bounded close behind
Was like a lean dog held at bay.

I felt his hot breath on the wind,
And I dared not to stay.
Like a bloodhound that seeks the wound,
He followed all the way."

The third time that the rock gave way,
 What was it helped thee then?
 "That path that broke before, behind,
 Cried out like living men,
 And far below, like sluggish snow,
 Slow things moved through the fen.

"The woman running at my side,
 Who had a bleeding breast,
 Even as a star swings off the tide,
 She cleared that chasm deep and wide,
 Nor stopped one whit to rest.

We whirled behind; like the storm-wind
 We followed in her quest.

"I felt her tears blown through my heart,
 Cold as a blast of winter rain.
 The blood she shed had left me dead,
 Had I not eased her pain.
 I pressed my kisses on her mouth,
 And we sped on again!"

That woman running at thy side,
 Why should she bleed for thee?
 I had rather that thou last night had died,
 Than not be saved by me.
 My breast is whole as mine own soul,
 And is as fair to see!

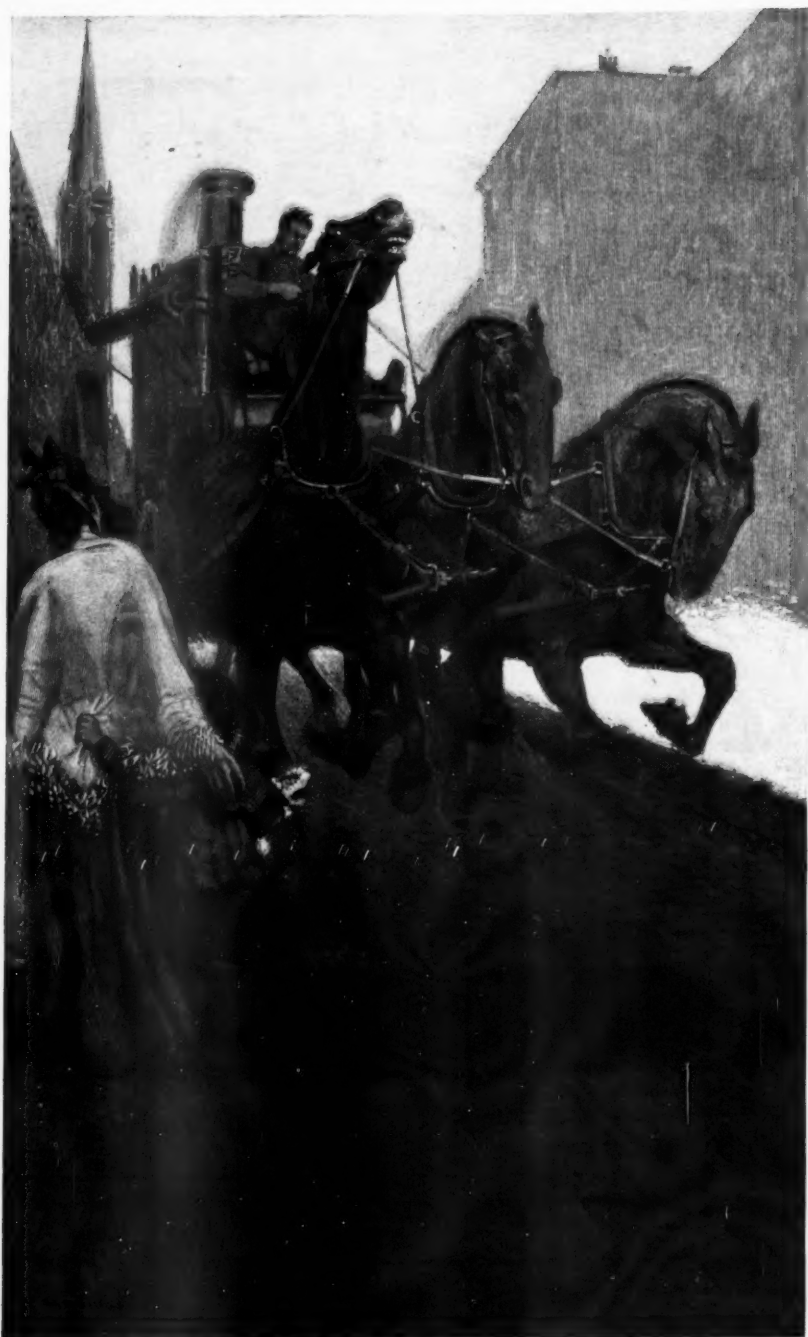
"What then? dost thou forget that road
 All blackened with the storm;
 Hast thou no memory for the goad
 That pierced thy hurrying form?
 Thyself for cold cried in the wold;
 Hast thou so soon grown warm?"

That, in God's truth, my soul went out
 To help thee in that need,
 I cannot then keep more in doubt,
 Since thou hast seen me bleed;
 But that in the wold I cried for cold
 I have forgot indeed!

If, in God's truth, my spirit went
 To where thy course was set,
 I have forgotten I was forspent,
 My wounds I do forget;
 But there shall be one memory—
 Thy kiss is on me yet!

Last night my lord was not at home—
 "Nay; I was out on moor and fell."
 And thy black horse is frothed with foam,
 As thou didst drive him well—
 "He galloped all night, till dawn grew white,
 On the road 'twixt heaven and hell."





DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE

"TO THE CURB HE SWUNG THE HORSES."

THE BALLAD OF CALNAN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

WHEN you hear the fire-gongs beat fierce along the startled street,
See the great-limbed horses bound, and the gleaming engine sway,
And the driver in his place, with his fixed, heroic face,
Say a prayer for Calnan's sake—he that died on Christmas day!

Cling! Cling! Each to his station!
Clang! Clang! Quick to clear the way!
(Christ keep the soldiers of salvation,
Fighting nameless battles in the war of every day!)

In the morning, blue and mild, of the Mother and the Child,
While the blessed bells were calling, thrilled the summons through the wire;
In the morning, blue and mild, for a woman and a child
Died a man of gentle will, plunging on to fight the fire.

Ring, swing, bells in the steeple!
Ring the Child and ring the Star, as sweetly as ye may!
Ring, swing, bells, to tell the people
God's good will to earthly men, the men of every day!

"Thirty-four" swung out a gleam, with her mighty, bounding team;
Horses' honor pricked them on, and they leaped as at a goad;
Jimmy Calnan in his place, with his clean-cut Irish face,
Iron hands upon the reins, eyes a-strain upon the road.

Clang! Clang! Quick to clear the way!
(Sweetly rang, above the clang, the bells of Christmas day.)

Tearing, plunging through the din, scarce a man can hold them in;
None on earth could pull them short: Mary Mother, guard from harm
Yonder woman straight ahead, stony-still with sudden dread,
And the little woman-child, with her waxen child in arm!

Oh, God's calls, how swift they are! Oh, the Cross that hides the Star!
Oh, the fire-gong beating fierce through the bells of Christmas day!
Just a second there to choose, and a life to keep or lose—
To the curb he swung the horses, and he flung his life away!

Ring, swing, bells in the steeple!
Ring the Star and ring the Cross, for Star and Cross are one!
Ring, swing, bells, to tell the people
God is pleased with manly men, and deeds that they have done!

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN OLD CUBA.

FOURTH PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN S. JENKINS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER
OF MINIATURES, WRITTEN IN 1859.¹

THE BULL-RING.

UP to within a few years past the bull-baits, cock-fights, and displays of a like character took place in the city of Havana; but one of the reforms of General Tacon banished them from the city to the town of Regla, on the other side of the harbor. By some strange perversion of morals, these brutal sights are always enacted on Sunday or some one of the many religious festivals.

Bull-baiting is undoubtedly a cruel sport, and the better classes of the Spaniards do not usually countenance it with their presence. Once a boy of seven, son of one of the matadors, was announced to appear in full dress and kill a bull-calf: but when the time came, the child exhibited fear and began to cry; upon which the spectators derided him and his father, and pelted them with oranges in token of their displeasure.

The bull-fights were varied at times by matters calculated to amuse the audience. A matador would incase himself in a round frame, made of iron hoops, over which was stretched some strong cloth, and, thus protected, would throw himself before the bull, which dashed at him, and tumbled him over and over, amid roars of laughter from the audience. Again, the figure of a fat woman filled with explosives, and dressed in a gaudy style to excite the beast, would be placed in the middle of the arena. The bull would rush upon it, but, finding that it did not move, would sheer off and pass it by. Then the spectators would yell with applause, crying out: "He is a very polite bull; he will not hurt a woman!" This movement would be repeated several times, when at last the bull would drive his horns into the figure, and the crackers and rockets would explode suddenly with great noise and confusion.

COCK-FIGHTING.

EVERY species of gambling was forbidden by General Tacon except betting on cock-fights,

and this exception doubtless gave cock-fighting a greater stimulus. While I was in Cuba I did not once see monte or any other game of cards played for money. If a person lost money, and complained to Tacon, he would require the amount lost to be returned, and would imprison the participants in the game. The Spaniards are born gamblers, and will even bet on the color of an uncut watermelon. At times several doubloons would be staked. The principal cocking-mains were fought at Regla and Guanabacoa, but in every country village there was a cockpit and a billiard-table. The cock-fights are exclusively attended by men, and men of all classes are found there—the baron and the beggar, the priest and the layman, mingling with true democratic equality.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

It is by no means easy to become acquainted with young Spanish girls of wealth and position, and if by some fortuitous circumstance this difficulty is overcome, it will be found that the fair ones prefer as husband or lover one of their own customs, language, religion, and manners. All these are accumulated barriers in the path of the American gallant. Our cold manners and careful speech do not please the frank and buoyant Teresa or Catalina, who loves the extravagant compliments and devoted professions of the gay Don Juan. He dances the bolero with faultless step and graceful ease; he has a smile for her on the *paseo*, when her volante moves slowly by, and with an elegant twirl of the fan she daintily throws him a kiss. These little coquetries are the sunshine and flowers of their May, that would darken and wither in the chill of our wintry manners. But if the foreigner is so fortunate as to find his love returned, he must then prove that he left his own country single and is a Catholic, and must fee the priest liberally and give the bride presents of costly jewels suited to her station in life.

In most of the cases of marriage between

¹ Mr. Jenkins was United States Consul in the Navigator's (now Samoan) Islands in 1856. These extracts have been selected and edited by his great-nephew,

Joseph Cooper Boyd, Esq., of Baltimore. As stated in a previous paper, the author's first visit to Cuba was made in 1835.

Americans and Cubans that have come under my observation, the former have married beneath them socially, and would be ashamed to introduce their wives among their own kindred; they naturally grow sick of their bargains, and the union results unhappily. The whole circle of the wife's kindred prove their gratification at the marriage by living in numbers upon the new American connection. This habit of imposition by these idle fellows without means or occupation has been reduced to a system; "loafing around" is a perfect science with them.

SIDE-SADDLES.

LADIES' saddles in Cuba are constructed with the horn on the opposite side from that on which it is placed with us, so that the left leg must be thrown over the horn instead of the right. As the left is the proper bridle-hand according to correct equestrian-ship, I regard the Spanish saddle for women as correct in principle and ours wrong, for the former places the rider on the right side of the horse, with her left hand forward to the reins.

POISONOUS INSECTS.

IN the soft climate on the southern side of Cuba there is nothing to disturb the pleasure of existence except mosquitos and *alacrans*, or scorpions; for while a huge snake of the boa-constrictor species is sometimes encountered, it is considered harmless, as, in fact, are all the reptiles of the island. *Alacrans* and mosquitos are, however, a great pest, and the last-named are so numerous that it is very desirable for the traveler in that part of the country to carry a net with him. The poisonous *alacran* has a body very much like a crab, with a tail of sufficient length to make the creature from three to five inches long in all. The tail is a succession of diminishing joints terminating in a curved sting, which, as it is not retractile, is always exposed. These ugly creatures infest the houses, get under the bedclothes, or even in the clothes on one's person, and when disturbed they instantly sting. The wound is slight, but the posion is so acrid that it is extremely painful, and though not dangerous to life in grown persons, children are often killed. I knew of one instance where one of these venomous creatures secreted itself in a gourd, and a woman who drank from it was stung on the tongue and came near dying.

There is an insect in Cuba called the *bebehana*, a kind of ant, which constructs high conical mounds and does great injury to

lands. Indeed, the first question asked by a purchaser usually is, "Are there any *bebehanas* on the land?" The value of the land is greatly diminished by their presence. The destructive power of these insects is remarkable and is exercised with great rapidity, as the following illustration of their methods will show: They will select a tree, sometimes two or three miles from their mound, and march to it in a procession about a foot wide, when they ascend, pick off its leaves piecemeal, and bear them home. If a leaf is large, several ants will each take a strip, while they bear away the small leaves entire. In this way, in forty-eight hours these busy depredators will strip the largest tree of every leaf, and transport them to their nests in the earth. The crowded procession of workers, each bearing aloft its piece of leaf, presents a curious spectacle, and when a light breeze blows across them, waving the leaves, it looks like an army with a multitude of green banners. The Spanish government has offered the sum of two hundred thousand dollars to any one who will devise some method of exterminating this pest.

There is another ant still more destructive, called by the Spaniards the *comeje*, the jaws of which are so formidable that it can destroy every sort of wood, even the toughest, with great ease.

A planter who had built a costly residence of wood near Simonal owned a great many fowls, of which he was very fond, and ordered his negroes to cut the warts on the trunks of trees, which are filled with the larvæ of this ant, and feed them to the chickens. In this way these ants were introduced into the timbers of his residence, and when the astonished owner discovered their presence, the ravages were such that he was forced to have extensive repairs made at once; but their depredations continued in spite of every effort to arrest them. The large timbers of the house were honeycombed, and it was literally destroyed. These ants eat out the interior of the timber without cutting through the surface, so that it will look sound on the outside when it is ready to crumble to pieces.

CUBAN DRINKS.

THE Cubans are a very sober people, and, while there are caf  s, drunkenness is rare. The most common and popular of their drinks is composed of white sugar, water, and the white of an egg; another is a drink of absinthe and water; then absinthe and a

decoction of aniseed mixed, which they call *champorian*. *Orchata* is also a favorite drink; it is made from the juice of almonds, and is as white as milk. During the summer the water of a green cocoanut flavored with a little gin is sometimes indulged in. Light wines are often used at table as substitutes for tea and coffee, which are ill adapted for such a warm climate. *Agrass*, which is the pure juice of the grape, costing twenty-five cents a glass, is a drink of the wealthy. This list contrasts favorably with our formidable catalogue of brandy smashes, cocktails, punches, etc., which the Spaniards regard with horror, and never use except when Americans drink with them.

I once asked an old Cuban why he did not have his son taught to speak English. He very significantly shook his head, and replied that as soon as a Spaniard learned English he began to drink cognac and soon became worthless.

A SPECULATION IN MINT JULEPS.

AFTER the introduction of ice from Boston into Havana an enterprising Yankee named Welsh conceived the idea of making a large fortune by introducing a new drink into Cuba—nothing less than the fragrant mint julep. The idea seemed plausible, and success was assured if the dons could be brought to appreciate it. Desiring to have the good thing all to himself, Welsh bought from the captain-general a monopoly of manufacturing it throughout Cuba. Just think of it! the sole right to make *iced mint juleps* for the whole of Cuba! The monopolist had already a vision of an outpouring of doubloons from the horn of fortune.

The usual form was gone through of fitting up an elegant saloon and advertising an opening on a certain day, when iced mint juleps would be served for the first time in Havana. The first day curiosity brought crowds. The dons drank, contracted their brows, held their breaths, paid their money, and departed without a word. About four hundred juleps went down Spanish throats; but the next day the sales dropped to fifty, and the next there were still fewer, until finally the saloon of the newcomer was passed by for the old cafés. If you asked a don how he liked the mint julep, he shrugged his shoulders, and replied that it was too irritating. Welsh's visions of gold vanished into thin air, leaving him with a very real load of debt, of which he relieved himself by escaping to the United States.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

THE stranger is bewildered by the boundless generosity of the Spanish and their profuse offers of favor or service. If you admire a diamond ring or a costly pin worn by a Spaniard, or even look often at it, it is unhesitatingly offered you, and its acceptance is urged. When a visit is paid, part of the salutation is to place everything at the disposal of the visitor; nothing is too costly or dear to be excepted from the offer. But bear in mind that all this is empty compliment and formal ceremony, as no breach of good manners could be greater than to accept the proffer, and no one would be more astounded at such an act than the ceremonious Spaniard. I recall an amusing incident illustrating the truth of my statement. An American who had only recently arrived in Cuba, and knew little of the Spanish language or customs, was the guest of a wealthy planter. When the latter happened to display a costly watch, and the American expressed his great admiration of it, the polite Spaniard instantly begged him in such a pressing and apparently sincere manner to accept it that the American rather reluctantly did so, and put it in his pocket with many expressions of thanks. The astonished and chagrined don was fairly outdone, but could say nothing, and indicated his surprise only by an altered manner. A day or two after, the donor met a neighboring American planter, and narrated the occurrence to him with great warmth and in terms by no means flattering to his countryman. The American assured the indignant Spaniard that the visitor had accepted the watch only through his ignorance of the manners of the country, and that it should be returned. Soon after this, meeting his countryman, he inquired the time. The Spaniard's splendid watch was exhibited, and, to display his knowledge of the language, the possessor placed it at his *disposicion*. It was promptly accepted, and the other could say nothing, as he had acquired it in the same manner. When the American planter again met his Spanish friend, he returned him his watch, and narrated the manner in which he had recovered it, to the great amusement of the don; but cautioned him in the future to be less lavish in his offers to our matter-of-fact people.

The proper thing for a guest when a nobleman offers his palace is to protest that he is too humble to occupy such a sumptuous residence, and that it is suitable only for one

as distinguished as the owner. At table the Cuban gentleman will offer you his glass of sugar and water, or any dainty that he may have on his plate, and your reply should be: "May you have a good appetite for it, señor." Such things are mere formal salutations among well-bred people, and are intended only as indicative of friendship, although, unhappily, occasionally misunderstood, and some scenes occur in consequence. Notwithstanding this formality, the Spaniards are truly a very kind and hospitable people, and the stranger may be certain of meeting with true friends wherever he may go in this country.

FAMILY CUSTOMS.

IN my rambles through the island I made it a rule, whenever I entered a town or new partido, to call on the *alcalde*, or captain, of the partido, and through this important official I would be introduced to the leading men of the country or place, and frequently invited to visit them at their homes. If opportunity offered, I would paint the miniatures of themselves or some member of their family, which would act as an announcement of my profession and procure me patronage.

No people are more cheerful in their homes, and the Spanish father and husband is proverbial for his kindness and agreeable demeanor toward his family. The young women of the wealthier classes never wear the same dress twice, but after it is once worn it is given to the housemaids, so that, with the exception of the jewels, these servants are as finely dressed as their mistresses. This fact renders costly jewels the principal feature in the toilet of a Spanish beauty. The young women in humbler circumstances usually wear white dresses which can be washed. Much of the time of the young people of both classes is spent in cut-

ting out and making new dresses, or satin shoes upon which a thin sole of leather is stitched. These housewifely occupations are more necessary as these *demoiselles* rarely read, but depend upon evening games, dances, or music for their recreation.

The slaves reared in the house with the planter's own children as nurses or maids are much attached to their owners, and the family is to them; indeed, the relation is as loyal on the part of the slaves and as kind on that of the family as I have found it under similar circumstances in South Carolina.

A NEGRO FESTIVAL.

NEGROES have amusements peculiar to themselves, which they greatly enjoy. The feast of "All Kings' day," the 12th of January, is a holiday as peculiarly devoted to their festivities as Christmas with us is a time of unrestrained jollity. The negroes of many African tribes mingle in a grotesque saturnalia, marked by the utmost extravagance of costume, representing every wild device of bird, beast, or devil of which the barbarous imagination can conceive, accompanied by the most frantic cries and gestures. Thus are brought out in bold relief the wild spirit and savage customs of the Africans. The more subdued and civilized housemaids, loaded up with the utmost finery that their young mistresses place on them, will at first reject with disdain the proffered gallantries of their strapping and gaudy admirers; but their native character gradually asserts itself despite their prudery and veneer of civilization, and by night they may be seen mingling in the savage dance, as bold and barbaric as the wildest, making the most hideous of grimaces, their finery reeking with dust and perspiration, and they themselves half dead from excitement and exertion.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

"Loose, Disunited, and Unrelated."

IN his article in *THE CENTURY* for September Mr. Whitelaw Reid, since appointed a member of the Peace Commission, earnestly called attention to the evils of admitting our tropical annexations into full statehood. The following is Mr. Reid's emphatic language:

The chief aversion to the vast accessions of territory with which we are threatened springs from the fear that ultimately they must be admitted into the Union as States. No public duty is more urgent at this moment than to resist from the very outset the concession of such a possibility. In no circumstances likely to exist within a century should they be admitted as a State of the Union. The loose, disunited, and unrelated federation of independent States to which this would inevitably lead, stretching from the Indian Archipelago to the Caribbean Sea, embracing all climes, all religions, all races,—black, yellow, white, and their mixtures,—all conditions, from pagan ignorance and the verge of cannibalism to the best product of centuries of civilization, education, and self-government, all with equal rights in our Senate and representation according to population in our House, with an equal voice in shaping our national destinies—that would, at least in this stage of the world, be humanitarianism run mad, a degeneration and degradation of the homogeneous continental Republic of our pride too preposterous for the contemplation of serious and intelligent men. Quite as well might Great Britain now invite the swarming millions of India to send rajahs and members of Parliament, in proportion to population, to swamp the Lords and Commons and rule the English people. If it had been supposed that even Hawaii, with its overwhelming preponderance of Kanakas and Asiatics, would become a State, it could not have been annexed. If the territories we are conquering must become States, we might better renounce them at once and place them under the protectorate of some humane and friendly European power with less nonsense in its blood. This is not to deny them the freest and most liberal institutions they are capable of sustaining.

As serious as are the problems now upon us in connection with the accessions to national territory already made in Atlantic and Asiatic waters, this is as nothing to the difficulties which may be feared if Porto Rico, Hawaii, and other islands of the tropics should ever be brought into the Union as sovereign States. The troubles connected with questions of race and religion, especially the former, are disturbing enough in some of our home communities. Even as we write, a race war in one of the States of the Middle West is counting its dead and wounded by the dozen. But add to ineradicable race tendencies the permanent element inherent in the effect of a tropical climate upon the character and disposition of the people, and the difficulty of securing a homogeneous self-governing citizenship in these islands of the

sea is a hundredfold enhanced—a citizenship which should be reasonably homogeneous with that of the continental States, and to which these States would willingly accord a constant hand in the home government—a voice in the selection of presidents and in the making of national laws.

Imagine a hotly contested Presidential election in the United States, and the balance of power held in Porto Rico or in Hawaii! Could our national compact stand many strains of this nature? But the optimist will say: "Why is such a midsummer madness as statehood for our new territorial acquisitions given a moment's consideration? Whoever suggests that our people will be so foolish is unpatriotic—the unprofitable concocter of political bugaboos."

Yet when certain official emissaries of the American government—the very first sent out by us—actually hold up to the people of these islands in reported utterances the hope of ultimate statehood, the time has come for serious apprehension and strenuous protest. If ever this country shall drop to pieces by its own weight it will be on account of the consummation of schemes like this. We all know how easy it has been for a majority party to increase its margin in the United States Senate by the unwarranted creation of new States. Sooner or later the pressure will come to thrust one or more of these islands into the partizan circle. It must be resisted by the effectual barrier of enlightened public opinion.

Sidneys of Our Day.

No fact connected with the recent war is more striking than the uniform testimony as to the heroic patience and knightly courtesy of the sick or wounded American soldiers. The accounts by eye-witnesses of the Santiago campaign differ in many particulars, but all agree in this. The stories of the Sir Philip Sidney stamp are told alike of our regulars and volunteers, and of soldiers from all parts of the country.

If these stories have to do more with the army than with the navy it is only because there were fewer casualties in the navy. In the present number of *THE CENTURY*, Captain Sigsbee, in referring to the wounded at the time of the blowing up of his vessel, says that "the patient way in which they bore themselves left no doubt that they added new honors to the service when the *Maine* went down." That was a scene that would have gone well into Stevenson's chronicle of gentlemanliness, where the dying sailor in the Spanish hospital, instead of deploring his own fate, actually offered condolence to the captain for his "bad luck" in losing his ship.

The noble bearing of our men stricken in battle, along with the kindness and courtesy of our officers and men toward the defeated enemy,—the saving of lives, and the endeavor to alleviate the distress of the gallant men who surrendered,—these exhibitions of the finer and rarer qualities of manhood, added to the record of bravery made by white and black, regular and volunteer, all these are national possessions that can never be taken away from us, that can never work us injury; they are of more real value than any territorial possessions that the war has brought or may bring to these United States. For it remains forever true that it is the manhood, the nobility, the character of its people, and not the extent of its territory, that makes a country great.

Mr. Riis's Lay Sermon.

A FEW weeks ago the well-known author of "How the Other Half Lives," and of the article on "The Passing of Cat Alley" in this number of THE CENTURY, while endeavoring to steal an autumn rest from the engrossing and entertaining duties of a Mulberry-street reporter, had in turn a small part of his vacation mercilessly stolen from him by the pastor of a New England country church. The zealous pastor induced Mr. Riis to occupy a week-day evening pulpit, and the lay preacher made an impromptu address to the people of one of the most charming valleys in the picturesque Berkshire region. It was an interesting spectacle, the lover of metropolitan throngs, the prowler among tenements, the expert of the East

Side,—“the most overcrowded city district in the civilized world,”—the philanthropist who is always trying to get city boys to go into the country, as “the best way out,” here taking up the problem at the other end, and eloquently urging the country boy to stay out and be happy, impressing upon him the misfortune of being doomed to the twenty-five-foot tenement, and praising the unappreciated joys of life in the open. Mr. Riis wanted to see cattle on all their hillsides, and pictured to the eager youths who listened the prosperity that might be theirs along the line of “dollar butter.”

Let no one press too strenuously the inquiry as to whether these young men and maidens will find the metropolis more irresistible or less, after the lay preacher's description of some of its more startling constrictions and other peculiarities; whether an aroused curiosity will draw them to the social center, or the good advice keep them contented at the circumference.

But whatever may be the destiny of the rising generation of that particular valley, it is pleasant to get proof now and then of the fact that not every Eastern farm is on the road to abandonment. The most casual observation shows here and there, among the old farms, evidences of thrift and reasonable prosperity. Occasionally one hears tales—let us hope they are not altogether “fairy-tales”—of young men who went West, struck the wrong district, or met with other ill luck, and coming back to the old country home, found that hard work, with intelligence and economy, could make the abandoned homestead blossom again as the rose.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

The New Race.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

HAS there of late been something like the carrying of a war into the camp of the enemy? We of this new Western World, by various implications,—openly, too, at times,—have constantly and calmly asserted that our Old-World brethren (our Latin brothers in particular) are perhaps too erotic; and now, through the mouths of various illustrious representatives visiting us, we are suddenly told in turn that upon this question we are scarcely qualified to sit as jury. From more than one foreign quarter, not always directly, and yet plainly enough, it has been asserted that the American is a thin-blooded brother at best, and so unimpassioned that as children may play safely with some broken-spirited monarch of the forest, so the American woman rejoices in a freedom made possible for her by spiritless devotion in the American man as a race. The first impulse, of loyal

believers in an American race to be—it can hardly be said to exist, save in swaddling-clothes, as yet—is to repudiate utterly any such doctrine. But as most of such criticism has its kernel of truth, palatable or unpalatable, we well know that America is, after all, the only civilized country in the world which allows its young men and maidens of the so-called upper classes to frolic as so many young lads together, or, quite as often, as so many lasses. It would be quite impossible to deny this as a charge, did we disapprove it as a national custom, which the average American does not. It would be equally impossible to attempt to deny that the same average American would be chary in intrusting to his young sons and daughters the same freedom if thrown into the atmosphere and the society of any world other than his own. In his own world there seems to exist some element of safety for his children, positive or negative, on which he pins a faith unflinching and justified. In the

American's answer to the question as to what creates this element of safety must lurk the whole significant creed of this our social experiment. If it be true, as our critics assert, that our young folks are happily safe in their freedom of relation because the temperament of the native American happens to be a cold temperament, then our social experiment has proved nothing. But if this freedom of relation has begotten its own safety, then we have proved everything. Unquestionably the relations of American men and American women are based less on a question of sex than are the relations of any other race, and sex is less a dominant motive in their intercourse than the history of races has ever before shown; but for this condition we must hold both sexes responsible. Primarily the American woman is different from her Old-World sisters in almost every respect save that she is a woman like themselves. Some years ago,—even so far back in the history of the American woman's progress,—an elderly and observant student, leaving his own country and spending some years abroad, on coming home was brought at once face to face with a streetful of his countrymen and -women. To use his own words: "I was never more moved than when I suddenly saw again the eyes of our American girls. I had not seen a woman's eyes in years, it seemed to me. They looked me full in the face, and their eyes were like the eyes of eagles, so beautifully fearless, so unconscious." Let us compare this with the covered face of the Eastern woman, the timid German eye, the Spanish girl's seductive glances, the French girl's coquetry, the embarrassed gaze of the English-woman. The eye most absolutely the opposite of the Eastern woman's shrouded coquetry is the Western woman's eye with its eagle-like quality. Coquette the American woman may be as an individual, piquant as a type she is, but as a race representative she is not coquettish. She faces the man frankly with open gaze, and in their relation there is less of the alluring withdrawal that invites pursuit, less of hunter and the hunted, than exists in any other race or any other nation. Whatever the difficulties, whatever the dangers besetting the feet of our new and too often bewildering development of womanhood, these are problems that belong to other questions. On the present question alone few could deny to her that she has helped to develop in her American brother something which he could never have learned alone. He is not cold, nor is he calculating, as she well knows; but in him, the representative man of a new world, she, the woman of a new world, has helped to create a chivalry so new as to be easily open to mocking by those understanding neither its presence nor its origin. The conspicuous foundation of the relations of American men and

women may be serene comradeship, but underlying this foundation—and, we straightly contend, because of it—there is a subtle change from old traditions, which our keen critics, but half discovering, wholly misunderstand. Reversing that well-known definition of a physician's pity, "Pity, ceasing to be an emotion, becomes a motive," passion in this new race seems relegated from its old place as a motive to the less conspicuous place of an emotion. If this is to be cold, the American is a cold product. Shall we look upon this change as a virile sign of human progression expressing itself in a new people, or as a sign of race retrogression and emasculation? This is a question for us to decide. Also in the same connection we have such unimportant details to consider as to which human characteristics are properly emotions, which motives; and only after carefully defining not merely our own attitude of mind, but the highest attitude on all these trifling questions, can we be properly equipped to fight for the verity of our well-defined principles against criticism armored in "truths that are half of the truth."

Note on "The Secret-Language of Childhood."

It may interest you to know that the article by Oscar Chrisman on "The Secret-Language of Childhood," in the May CENTURY, inspired the solution of a riddle which has puzzled many people.

One day last fall I went with some friends to see the grave of Edgar Allan Poe, in the churchyard of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Fayette street, Baltimore, Maryland. The sexton, who has held his position there for many years, was most courteous, and anxious to show us everything of interest. He pointed out, on one of the graves in the same graveyard, an inscription containing some curious characters, which, he said, many professors had tried, without success, to decipher, and, so far as he knew, no one had ever succeeded in discovering what they stood for.

Becoming interested, I took a copy of the unknown characters, and, as well as I can remember, the inscription read thus: After name, date, etc., came: "an affectionate husband, a kind father, and a

FAITHFUL BROTHER
CJF>NCL UFE>NOF.

I showed the characters to one or two professors, who could make nothing of them, then laid the paper away, and almost forgot it.

In reading Mr. Chrisman's article not long ago, I saw at once that in his cipher (at the bottom of page 55) lay the answer to my puzzle, and the key being applied, the unknown words became "faithful brother."

A. M. Keith.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Truman Wickwire's Gloves.

TRUMAN WICKWIRE was as rich as he was mean, and if you had known Truman you would have considered him wealthy from any point of view. He had inherited a small fortune, and did not need to work, but still kept at his trade of wheelwright. He lived in a little hill town in north-eastern Connecticut, and, as luck would have it, was married. Whatever luck was in the proposition was on his side, for his wife, a meek, good-tempered little woman, led a dog's life through his dictatorial ways.

One day he could not find his gloves. He was going to a funeral, and although at any other time gloves would have been an absurdity, for a funeral they were a necessity.

Mrs. Wickwire was at work in the kitchen; for Truman had never grown rich enough to relieve his wife of the smallest detail of housework, and she slaved for his comfort, as she had any time these twenty years.

He came to the door of their bedroom, which opened off the kitchen, and, in his rough, unpleasant bass, shouted:

"Sayrah, where 's my gloves?"

Mrs. Wickwire looked up despairingly. "Why, Truman, I 'm sure I don't know. Where 'd you put 'em when you last had 'em? You wore 'em to Zelia Higgins's funeral, did n't ye?"

"Well, as I wear 'em to every funeral, an' she was the last t' die hereabouts, of course I did. But that don't tell me where they are. I ask you."

"Well, really, I dunno, Truman. I 'll go look for 'em." She was mixing dough when she spoke, but she got up and washed her hands, and began a fruitless hunt of a half-hour without protest. Whether she ever felt like protesting or not, she certainly never uttered a complaint.

At the end of half an hour she went to him in the barn, where he was harnessing the old sorrel. "Truman, I can't find them gloves."

He was feeling in a particularly bad humor, as the old horse had just trod on his foot, and he glared at her a moment without speaking. A faint tinkle of the butcher's bell came up the road, borne on the south wind, and it gave him a malicious idea. As he climbed into the wagon to go to the funeral without his gloves, he said:

"Sayrah, you must ha' lost those gloves, an'



DRAWN BY FREDERICK G. STABLE.

"YOU MUST HA' LOST THOSE GLOVES."

until you find 'em you can't buy any meat. Do you hear me?"

"What 'll you do?" was her answer.

"Don't you worry about me. I guess I won't be meat-hungry before you find 'em. Git ap."

He cut the horse viciously with his whip, and started north a minute before the butcher drove up to the house.

If Mrs. Wickwire was disappointed at not having been invited by her husband to go to the funeral, she did not show it. She walked slowly out to the butcher's wagon. Although as lean as hard work could make her, she was very fond of meat, a fact of which her husband was well aware. Through force of habit she said to the butcher: "What you got?"

The butcher, Darius Hunt, was a jovial man, and he answered her with his time-honored rigmarole of "Ham, ram, lamb, beef, an' mutton."

"I can't buy any meat to-day," she said, in her mild little voice. As she spoke, she lifted the lid that covered the end of his wagon, and sniffed hungrily at the fresh meat.

"What 's matter? Lost pocket-book, or is it gettin' to be Lent, or what is up?" Mr. Hunt's merry eyes beamed above his fat red cheeks, and he looked the picture of beefy good nature.

"Mr. Wickwire won't let me buy any meat, because I can't find his funeral gloves."

Mr. Hunt dropped his cleaver and burst out laughing. "Well, is that his latest?"

He had served the Wickwires for years, and was, besides, a member of the same religious society, so he knew the oddly assorted couple with all the thoroughness that country people sometimes give to acquaintanceship.

"Well, now, Mis' Wickwire, you ain't so stout that you've got to stop meat to reduce your weight, an' jes so long as I swing my bell on this route I'll let you have what meat you want, an' I'll look to Truman for my money. You've always paid cash, but I'm not afraid of losin' my money—not while I have a tongue in my head," he added significantly.

Mean in most things, Mr. Wickwire did not stint himself on meat, and at dinner he ate nearly half a steak before he remembered his dictum.

Then he uncorked his vials. "How in thunder did you get this meat? Did n't I tell you not to buy any? Have you found my gloves?"

The meek little woman replied: "No; but Mr. Hunt insisted on me takin' what I needed."

Wickwire stretched his lips into a snarling smile. "Well, I won't insist on payin' him what he needs in the way of money. You did n't pay him, did you?"

"Why, no; you told me not to buy any."

The smile became an unpleasant laugh. "Well, if he wants to give us meat, all right; but I did n't order the meat, and I won't pay for it, not if he supplies us for the rest of our lives."

His anticipation of getting the best of the butcher put him in such good humor that he ate twice as much as usual, and vouchsafed some interesting details of the burial he had attended.

East Whitfield was four miles from the Center, and as Mr. Wickwire did not "farm it," being a wheelwright, they relied on the butcher for all their meat.

Darius Hunt came Wednesdays and Saturdays. The next Saturday he drove up and rang his bell. Mrs. Wickwire was out in the garden picking currants to make jelly for her husband. She hurried out to the wagon. She always hurried to everything, so that no one might be kept waiting on her account.

"Good morning. Ham, ram, lamb, beef, or mutton? Wickwire found his gloves yit?"

"No, he has n't; but it put him in real good humor to get that meat. He says he ain't a-goin' to be responsible for it." Mrs. Wickwire said this with misgivings. It was her duty to tell the butcher that he was likely to get no payment for his meat; but she feared that he would refuse to let her have any more, and then she knew enough of Truman to fear his tongue at a meatless dinner.

"He ain't a-goin' to be responsible, ain't he? Well, I ain't a-goin' to git thin over that end of it. What 'll ye have to-day?"

That afternoon the butcher met Mr. Wickwire in the Center. He was going into the hardware-store, which stood next to the office of the "Whitfield Witness." He had come into town on business, and was dressed in his Sunday best.

"Afternoon, Truman," said Hunt, in his hearty, pleasant voice.

Wickwire turned and looked at him.

"Hm," he grunted.

"Got a little bill against you for meat."

Both men walked over to the curbstone to be out of the way of the Saturday crowd.

"Don't concern me; I did n't order it," said Wickwire.

"No; but your wife did, and I guess you're responsible for her debts."

"I told her not to buy any more meat—"

"Until she had found your old gloves. Well, you have a right to be as mean as it is your nater to be, but ef you don't pay spot-cash now, I'm a-goin' right in to see my good friend Editor Mason here in the 'Witness' office, an' he'll print the hull story, an' it'll be good readin' fer people hereabouts. Tryin' to starve a wife into findin' your mis'able gloves!"

Wickwire knotted his brows. He knew that, although the butcher was a good-natured man, he had plenty of determination. He did not care to have the story go any farther, and yet he hated to go back on his word to his wife. While he hesitated, Hunt took a step in the direction of the "Witness" office.

Instantly Wickwire became rattled, and felt in every pocket but the right one for his purse. At last his hand went into his coat-tail pocket and—pulled out the missing gloves.

He looked at them in sheepish wonder for a minute.

The butcher broke the silence. "It's clear that Mrs. Wickwire don't go through your pockets."

Charles Battell Loomis.

A Child's Primer of Natural History.
TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD,
(SECOND SERIES.)



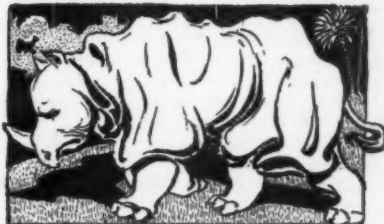
The El-e-phant.

THIS is the El-e-phant, who lives
With but one aim—to please.
His i-vo-ry tusk he free-ly gives
To make pi-a-no keys.
One grief he has—how-e'er he tries,
He nev-er can for-get
That one of his e-nor-mous size
Can't be a house-hold pet.
Then does he to his grief give way,
Or sink 'neath sor-row's ban?
Oh, no; in-stead he spends each day
Con-tri-ving some un-sel-fish way
To be of use to Man.



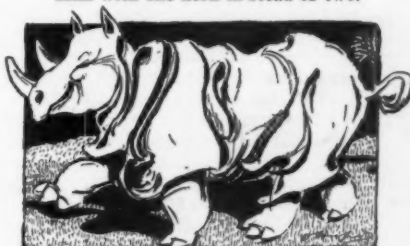
The Wolf.

OH, yes, the Wolf is bad, it's true;
But how with-out him could we do?
If there were not a wolf, what good
Would be the tale of RID-ING-HOOD?
The Lit-tle Child from sin will fly
When told the wick-ed Wolf is nigh;
And when, ar-rived at Man's es-tate,
He hears the Wolf out-side his gate,
He knows it's time to put a-way
Idle fri-vol-i-ty and play.
That's how (but do not men-tion it)
This prim-er hap-pened to be writ.



The Rhi-no-ce-ros.

So this is the Rhi-no-ce-ros!
I won-der why he looks so cross.
Per-haps he is an-oyed a bit
Be-cause his cloth-ing does not fit.
(They say he got it read-y made!)
It is not that, I am a-fraid.
He looks so cross be-cause I drew
Him with one horn in-stead of two.



Well, since he cares so much for style,
Let's give him two and see him smile.

The Dog.

HERE is the Dog. Since time be-gan,
The Dog has been the friend of MAN.
The Dog loves MAN be-cause he shears
His coat and clips his tail and ears.
MAN loves the Dog be-cause he'll stay
And lis-ten to his talk all day,
And wag his tail and show de-light
At all his jokes, how-ev-er trite.
His bark is far worse than his bite,
So peo-ple say. They may be right;
Yet if to make a choice I had,
I'd choose his bark, how-ev-er bad.



Two Points of View.

HIS.

WHEN Biddy goes, what rapture fills
My being's core! New luster glows
From hearth and wall and window-sill;
These things get dusted, I suppose,
When Biddy goes.

When Biddy goes the steak is rare;
My morning cup her absence shows;
The kettle laughs, the range fire glows;
The omelet 's served without compare:
I kiss the dear cook 'neath the rose,
When Biddy goes.

When Biddy goes, my soul 's my own,
My house my castle; plenty flows;
I gain in actual adipose.
My wife 's a queen upon her throne,
Dispensing comfort, joy, repose,
When Biddy goes.

When Biddy goes, the sweet old ways
Come back to mock this day of shows—
The mutual service that love pays,
The thrift, the cheer, the jest, the praise,
The hominess one's walls inclose—
When Biddy goes.

But this reflection makes me sad;
Our bliss may end in no one knows
What dolor; for our urgent ad-
Vertisement dogs her flying toes,
When Biddy goes.

HERS.

WHEN Biddy leaves, my courage mounts
To meet the test. The house receives
A scrubbing straight from floor to eaves.
On each neglected spot I pounce,
Split all my nails, and spoil a founce,
When Biddy leaves.

When Biddy leaves, I write "Endure"
Upon a heart that swells and heaves;
I dig out corners with a skewer,
While every bone and muscle grieves,
When Biddy leaves.

When Biddy leaves I joke and smile
And chat, and poor dear John believes
I like it all! Alas! the while
I feel Time gather in his sheaves
Till some new maid my doom reprieves,
When Biddy leaves.

When Biddy leaves—ah! there 's the rub,—
Such webs of work life round me weaves
I do not read, I lose my club,
I dread a call, I loathe each tub
And broom with hate no man conceives,
When Biddy leaves!

Julia Boynton Green.

The Guide-post.

OLD Guide-post, standing at the turn
Where the three long roads meet,
So grim and gaunt where all is fair,
And summer days so sweet,
You look as wise as if you knew
More ways than these of Meadow View.

The letters on your time-stained face
Are somewhat blurred by moss;
In crowds about your crumbling base
The friendly daisies toss.
A gray old owl you hold upon
Your shoulder in the twilight wan.

To you a mother bird confides
Her downy little nest;
And oftentimes the whippoorwill
Is all night long your guest,
And gives to every passing gale
The burden of his eerie tale.

And here is where true lovers meet
When summer moons rise fair,
And primroses, like day's lost light,
Are opening everywhere,
As if there were some spell of good
Within your sleepy neighborhood.

Old Guide-post, when my path I missed
Where wintry drifts were tossed,
You guided me to Nellie's door,
And there my heart I lost.
"Two miles to Bromley Mill," you say,
But my swift thoughts fly all the way.

And now, oh, what rare grace were yours,
How I would bless your name,—
I 'd celebrate you in a song
Which love would give to fame,—
If you, by any sort of art,
Would point the way to Nellie's heart!

Susan Hartley Swett.

On and Off.

MRS. GRUNDLE, wontedly so calm,
Sits just now in an excited wonder,
With two coins upon her open palm:
"Oh! to think that man made such a blunder!"

"Jared, run at once and call him back!
Some would let him lose this extra money:
But I 've honesty, whate'er I lack;
So, I hope, will ever have my sonny."

"See! for quarters, halves he 's given me!
Call him back, that stupid Mr. Squiers!"
Jared gives a glance, then shouts with glee:
"Ma, he 's right! You 're in your magnifiers!"

From this little story let me make
A suggestion for our daily living:
Wear your Grundle-glasses when you take;
Never put them on while you are giving.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

FOR
House Cleaning
& Washing
Clothes, Dishes
Glass ware
Silver, etc.

SAVES
Time
Patience
Money Health
Wear
and Tear



FAMOUS CLEANSING
DIRECTIONS
On Each Package.

NOT ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS.

Copyright 1898
Roberts Detroit

"A perfect food — as wholesome as it is delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO'S

Breakfast Cocoa



"Has stood
the test of
more than 100 years'
use among all classes,
and for purity and
honest worth is une-
qualled".

Medical and Surgical Journal.

**COSTS LESS THAN
ONE CENT A CUP.**

Trade-Mark on every Package

**Walter Baker & Co^o
Limited**

DORCHESTER, MASS.

**Established
1780.**

Registered Trade-Mark



LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
NATURAL HISTORY
1893



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY CECILIA BEAUX, AT GLEN RIDGE, N. J., AUGUST 30, 1886.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.